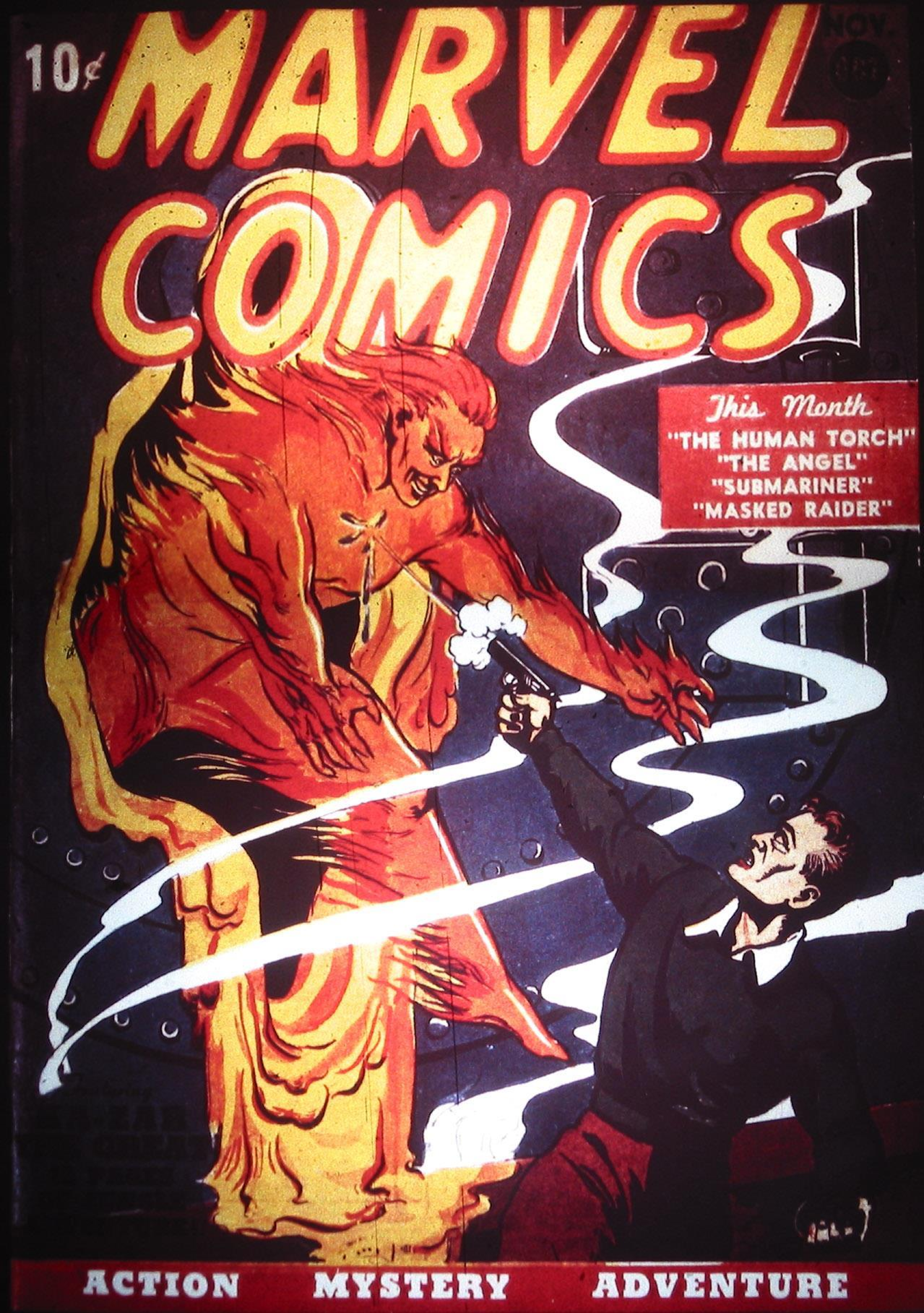
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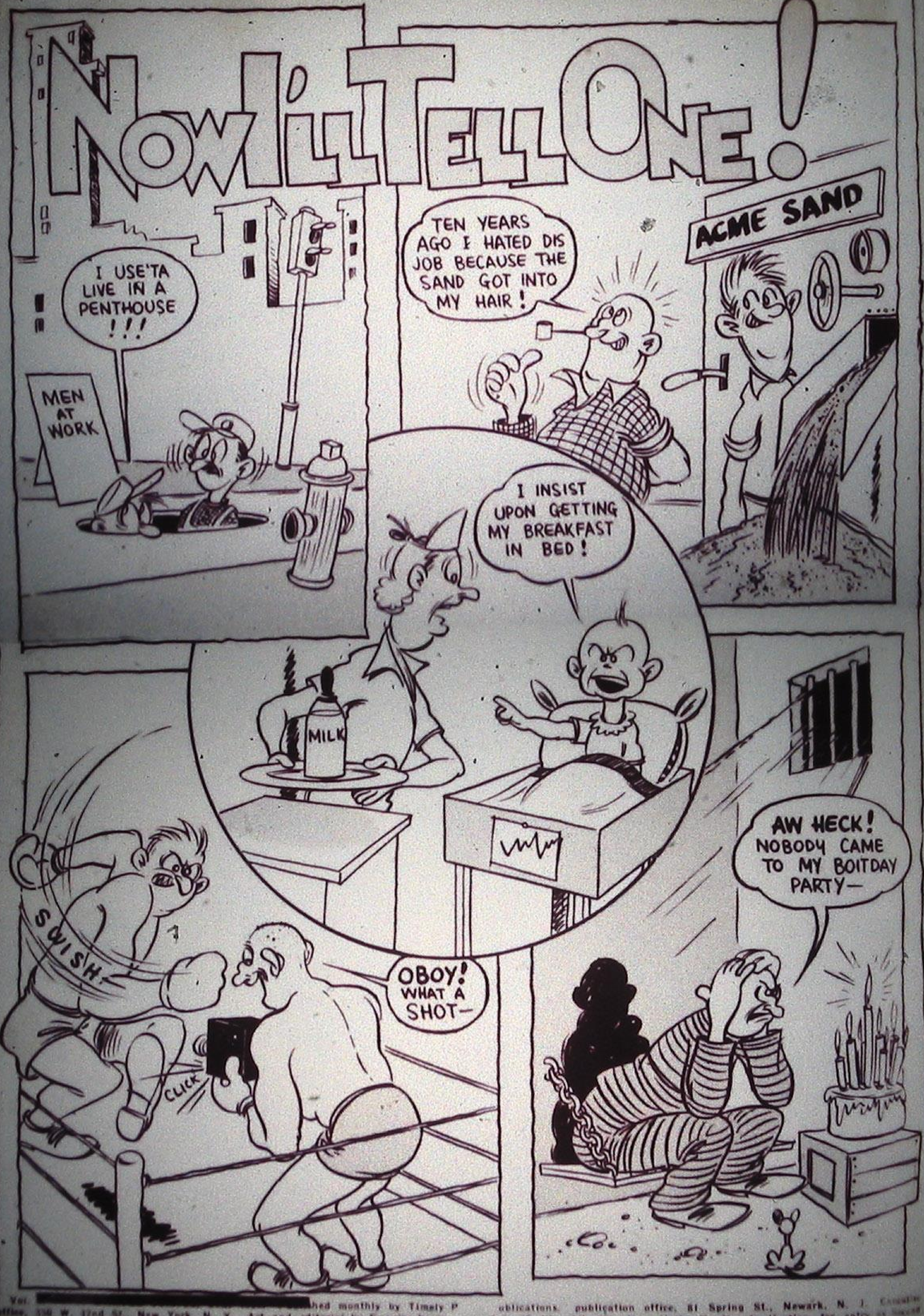
MARVEL COMICS
NOV.
This Month
"THE HUMAN TORCH"
"THE ANGEL"
"SUBMARINER"
"MASKED RAIDER"
ACTION MYSTERY ADVENTURE


NOW I'LL TELL ONE!
I USE'TA LIVE IN A PENTHOUSE !!!
MEN AT WORK
TEN YEARS AGO I HATED DIS JOB BECAUSE THE SAND GOT INTO MY HAIR!
ACME SAND
I INSIST UPON GETTING MY BREAKFAST IN BED!
MILK
SWISH
CLICK
OBOY! WHAT A SHOT—
AW HECK! NOBODY CAME TO MY BOITDAY PARTY—

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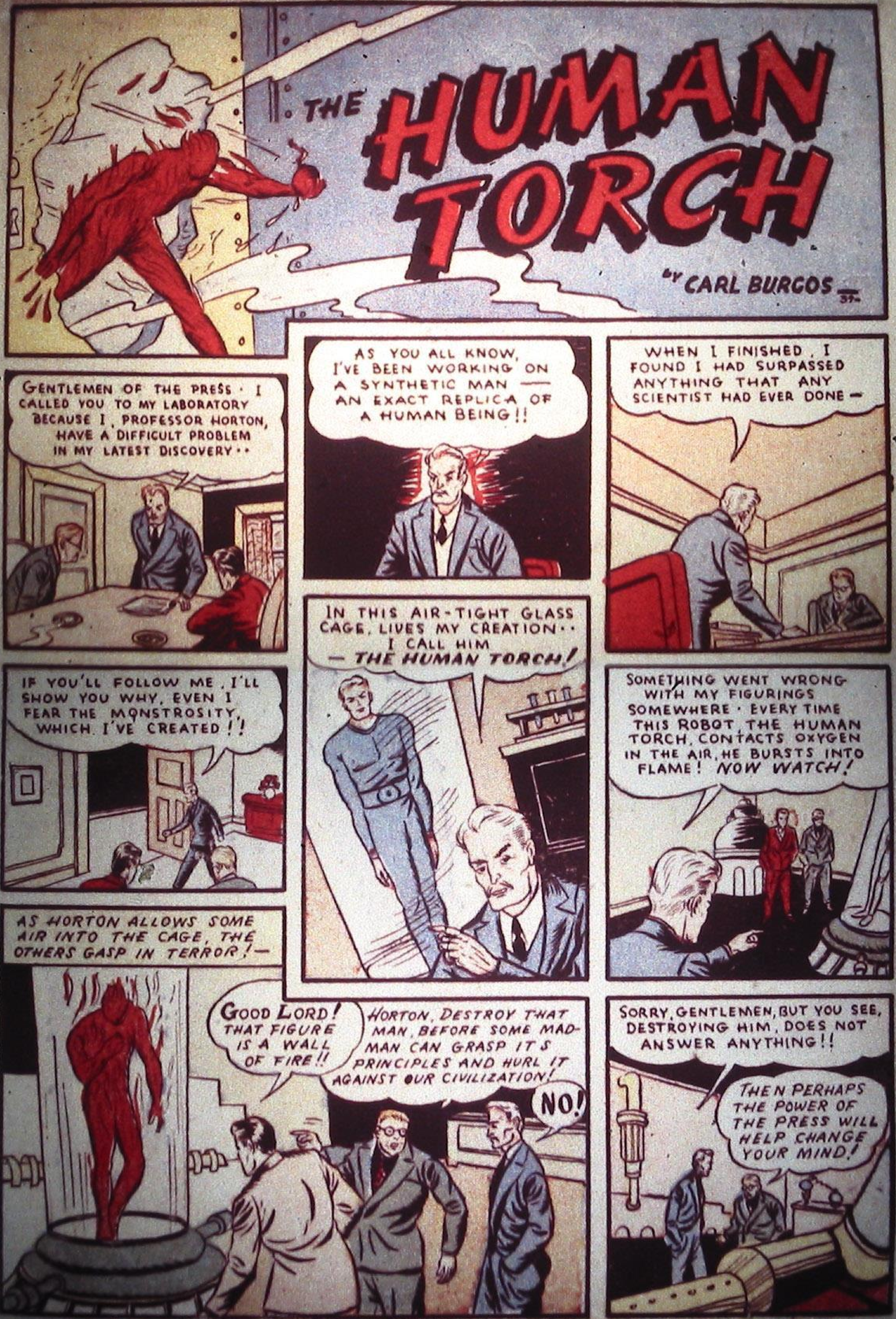
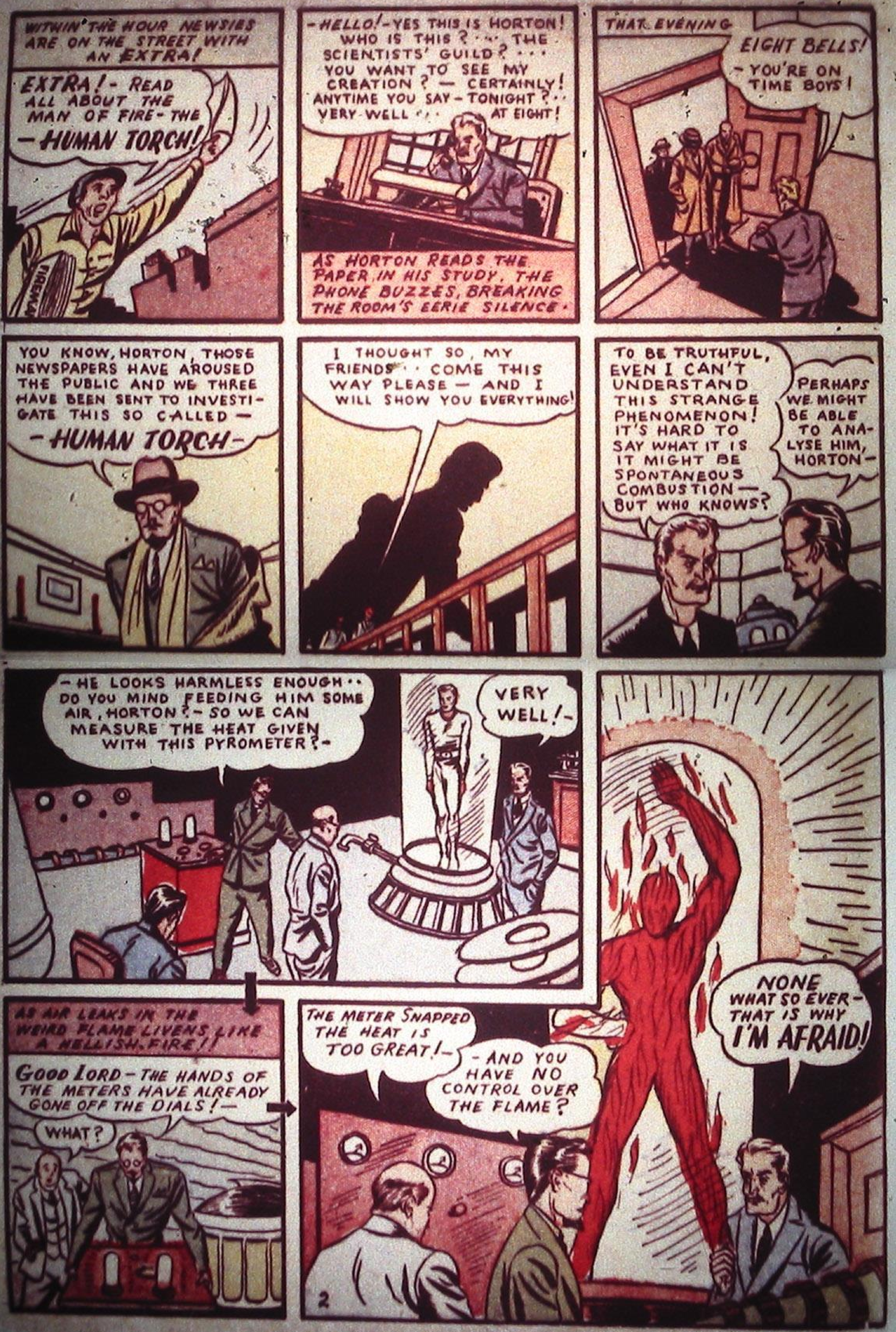
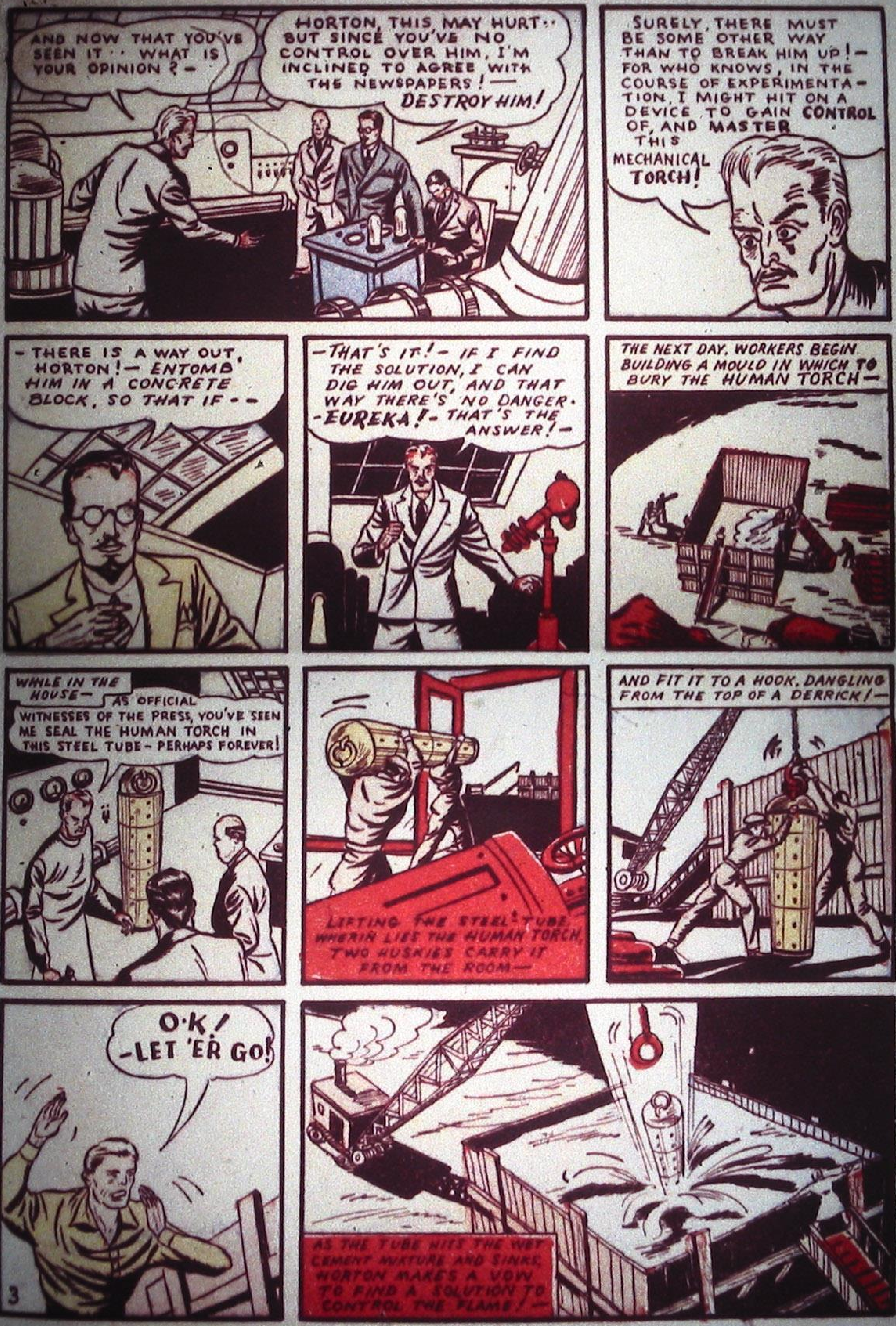
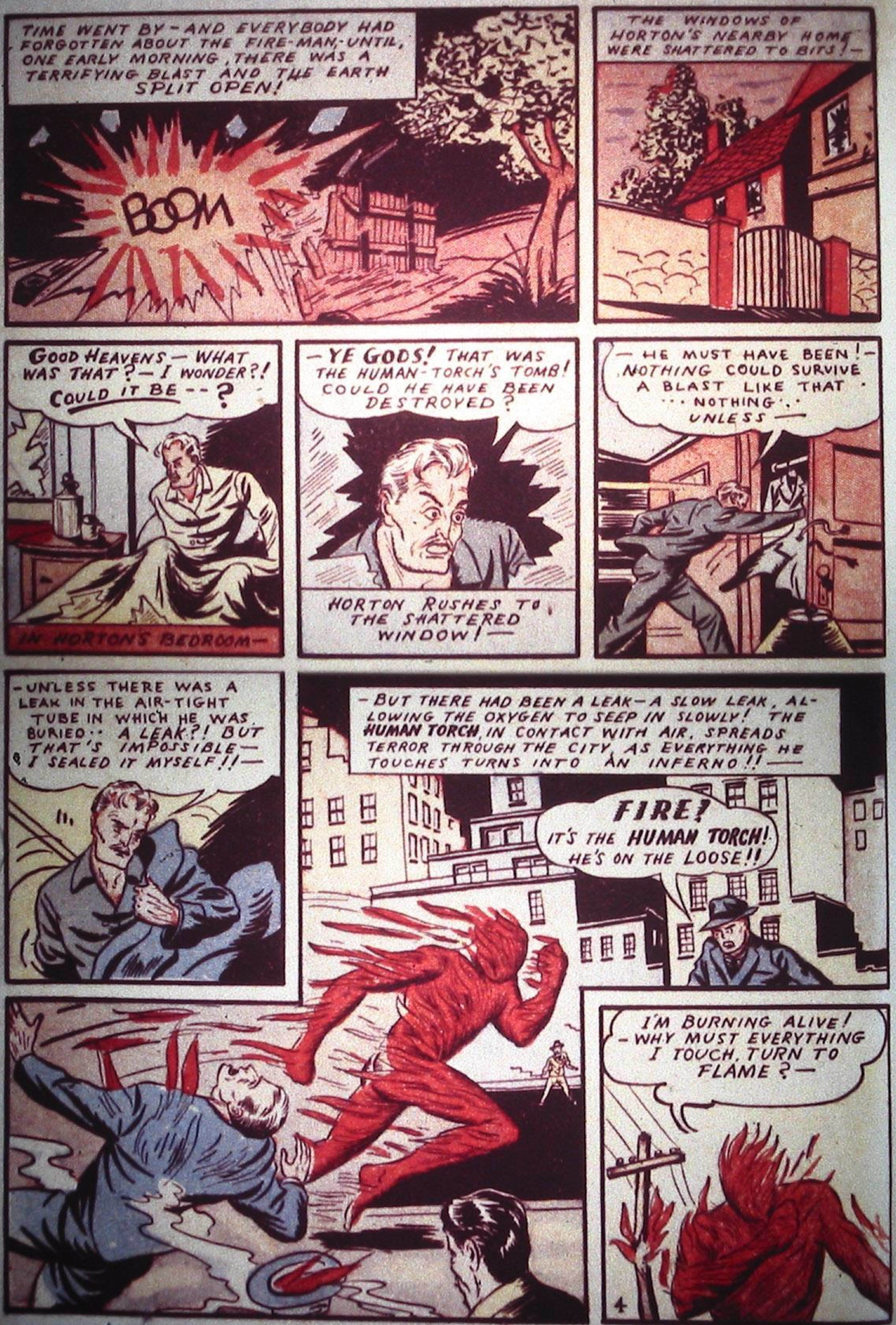
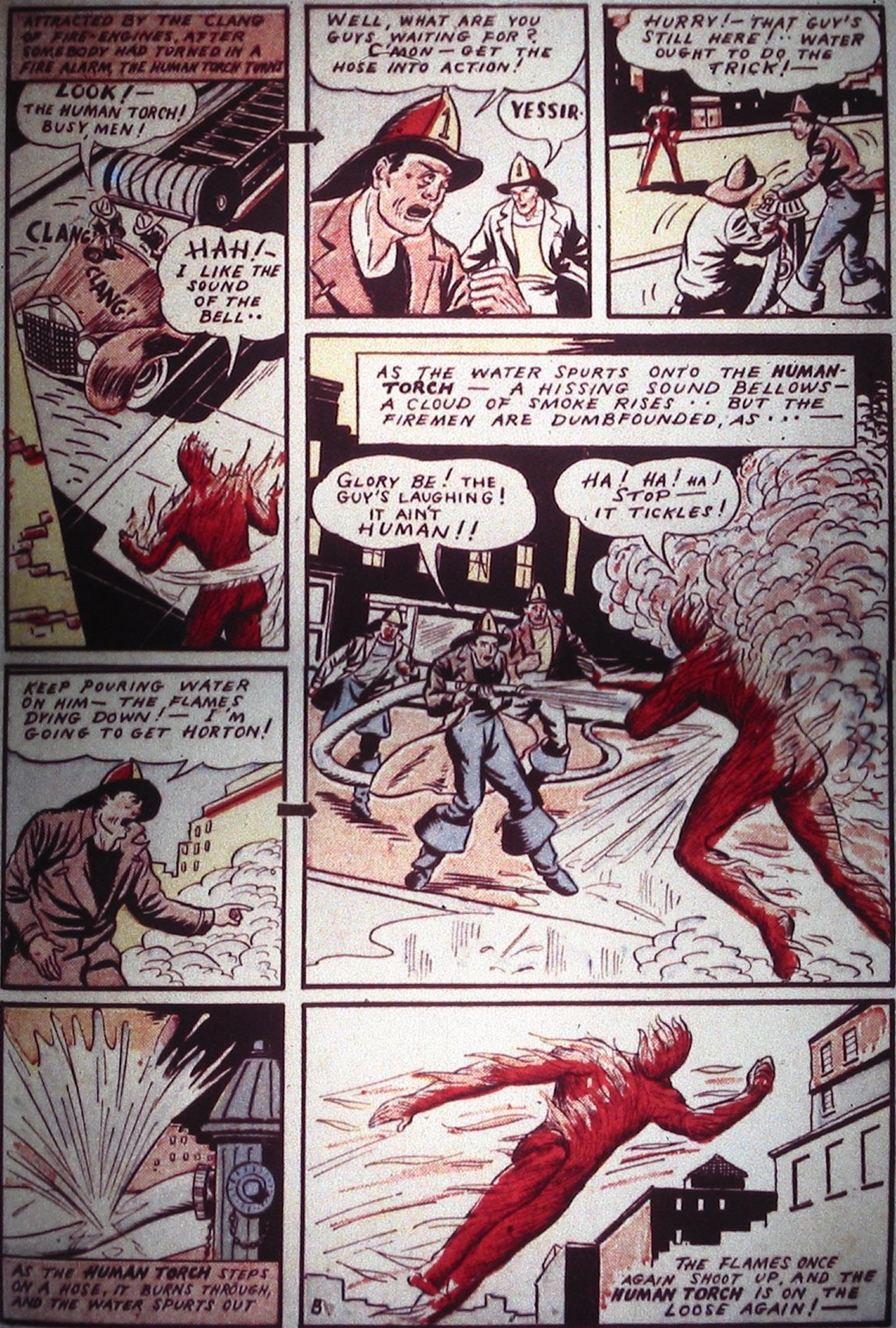
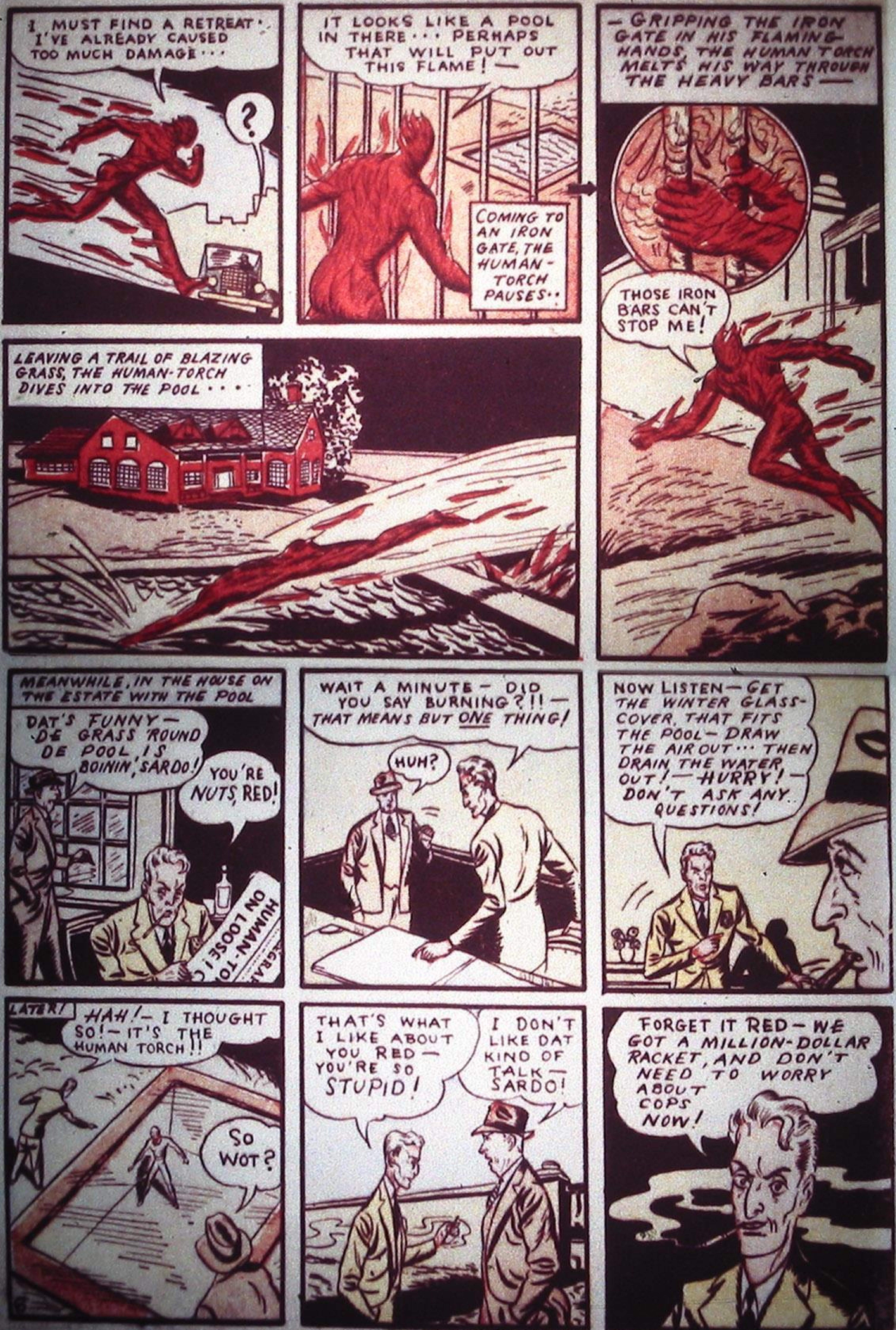

THE HUMAN TORCH
by CARL BURGOS
39
GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS · I CALLED YOU TO MY LABORATORY BECAUSE I, PROFESSOR HORTON, HAVE A DIFFICULT PROBLEM IN MY LATEST DISCOVERY··
AS YOU ALL KNOW, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A SYNTHETIC MAN — AN EXACT REPLICA OF A HUMAN BEING!!
WHEN I FINISHED, I FOUND I HAD SURPASSED ANYTHING THAT ANY SCIENTIST HAD EVER DONE—
IF YOU'LL FOLLOW ME, I'LL SHOW YOU WHY, EVEN I FEAR THE MONSTROSITY, WHICH I'VE CREATED!!
IN THIS AIR-TIGHT GLASS CAGE, LIVES MY CREATION·· I CALL HIM —THE HUMAN TORCH!
SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH MY FIGURINGS SOMEWHERE · EVERY TIME THIS ROBOT, THE HUMAN TORCH, CONTACTS OXYGEN IN THE AIR, HE BURSTS INTO FLAME! NOW WATCH!
AS HORTON ALLOWS SOME AIR INTO THE CAGE, THE OTHERS GASP IN TERROR!—
GOOD LORD! THAT FIGURE IS A WALL OF FIRE!!
HORTON, DESTROY THAT MAN, BEFORE SOME MAD-MAN CAN GRASP IT'S PRINCIPLES AND HURL IT AGAINST OUR CIVILIZATION!
NO!
SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT YOU SEE, DESTROYING HIM, DOES NOT ANSWER ANYTHING!!
THEN PERHAPS THE POWER OF THE PRESS WILL HELP CHANGE YOUR MIND!

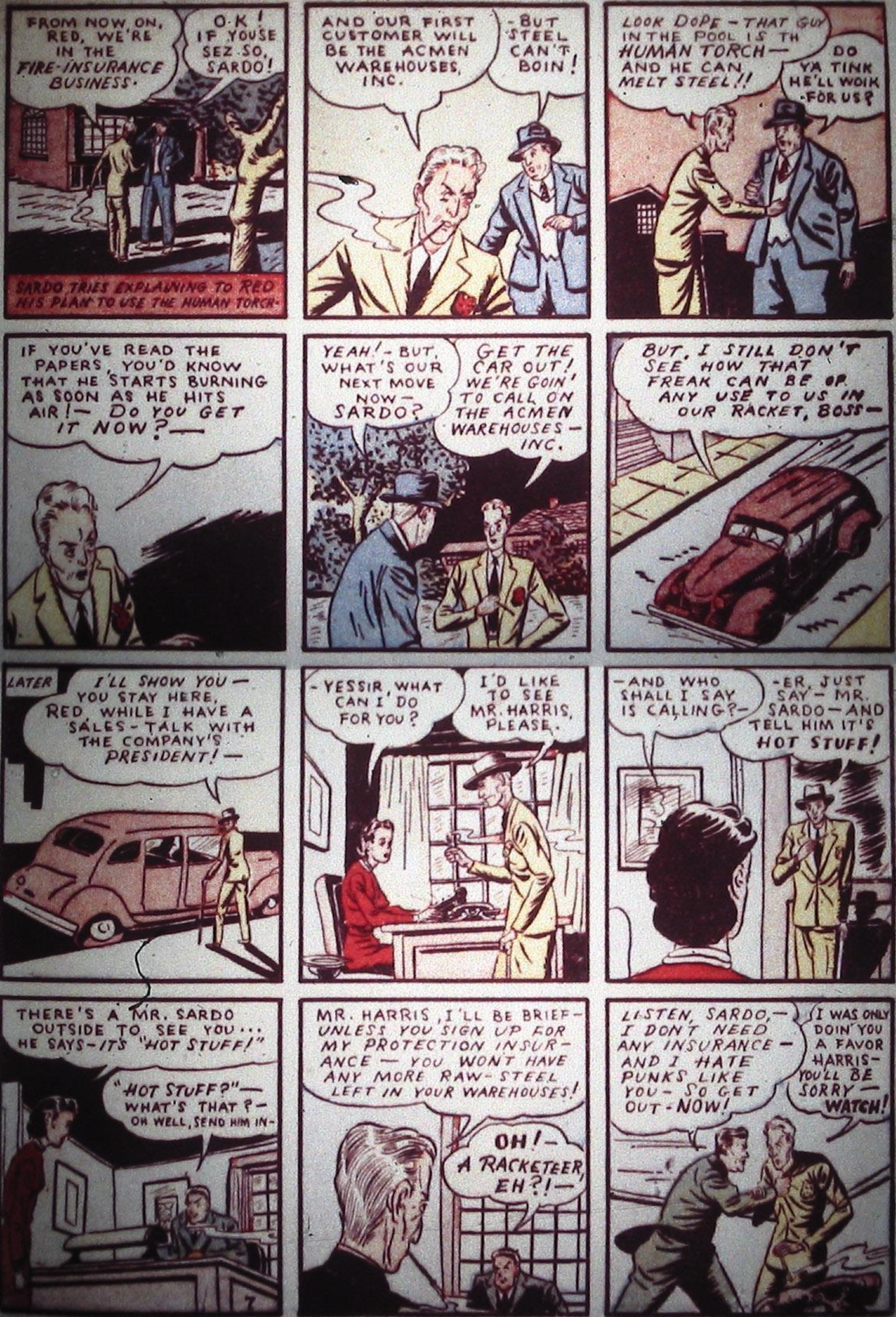

WITHIN THE HOUR NEWSIES ARE ON THE STREET WITH AN EXTRA!
EXTRA! - READ ALL ABOUT THE MAN OF FIRE - THE - HUMAN TORCH!
FIREMAN
-HELLO! - YES THIS IS HORTON! WHO IS THIS? ... THE SCIENTISTS' GUILD? ... YOU WANT TO SEE MY CREATION? — CERTAINLY! ANYTIME YOU SAY - TONIGHT? .. VERY WELL ... AT EIGHT!
AS HORTON READS THE PAPER IN HIS STUDY, THE PHONE BUZZES, BREAKING THE ROOM'S EERIE SILENCE.
THAT EVENING
EIGHT BELLS! - YOU'RE ON TIME BOYS!
YOU KNOW, HORTON, THOSE NEWSPAPERS HAVE AROUSED THE PUBLIC AND WE THREE HAVE BEEN SENT TO INVESTIGATE THIS SO CALLED — - HUMAN TORCH -
I THOUGHT SO, MY FRIENDS · COME THIS WAY PLEASE — AND I WILL SHOW YOU EVERYTHING!
TO BE TRUTHFUL, EVEN I CAN'T UNDERSTAND THIS STRANGE PHENOMENON! IT'S HARD TO SAY WHAT IT IS IT MIGHT BE SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION — BUT WHO KNOWS?
PERHAPS WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO ANALYSE HIM, HORTON -
- HE LOOKS HARMLESS ENOUGH .. DO YOU MIND FEEDING HIM SOME AIR, HORTON? - SO WE CAN MEASURE THE HEAT GIVEN WITH THIS PYROMETER? -
VERY WELL! -
AS AIR LEAKS IN THE WEIRD FLAME LIVENS LIKE A HELLISH FIRE!!
GOOD LORD - THE HANDS OF THE METERS HAVE ALREADY GONE OFF THE DIALS! —
WHAT?
THE METER SNAPPED THE HEAT IS TOO GREAT! -
- AND YOU HAVE NO CONTROL OVER THE FLAME?
NONE WHAT SO EVER - THAT IS WHY I'M AFRAID!

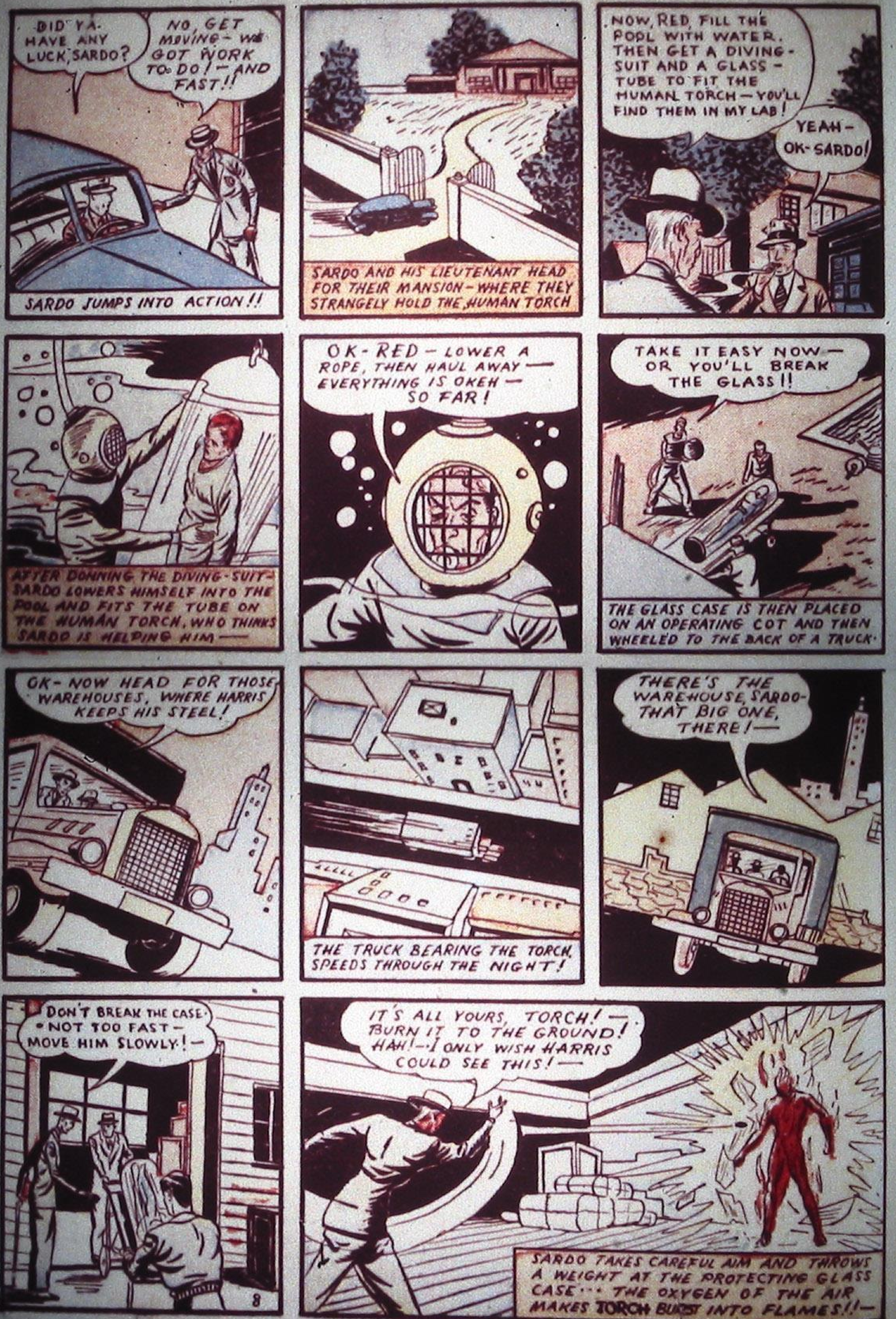

AND NOW THAT YOU'VE SEEN IT · · WHAT IS YOUR OPINION ?—
HORTON, THIS, MAY HURT·· BUT SINCE YOU'VE NO CONTROL OVER HIM, I'M INCLINED TO AGREE WITH THE NEWSPAPERS!— DESTROY HIM!
SURELY, THERE MUST BE SOME OTHER WAY THAN TO BREAK HIM UP!— FOR WHO KNOWS, IN THE COURSE OF EXPERIMENTATION, I MIGHT HIT ON A DEVICE TO GAIN CONTROL OF, AND MASTER THIS MECHANICAL TORCH!
—THERE IS A WAY OUT, HORTON!— ENTOMB HIM IN A CONCRETE BLOCK, SO THAT IF - -
—THAT'S IT!— IF I FIND THE SOLUTION, I CAN DIG HIM OUT, AND THAT WAY THERE'S NO DANGER. -EUREKA!- THAT'S THE ANSWER!—
THE NEXT DAY, WORKERS BEGIN BUILDING A MOULD IN WHICH TO BURY THE HUMAN TORCH—
WHILE IN THE HOUSE—
AS OFFICIAL WITNESSES OF THE PRESS, YOU'VE SEEN ME SEAL THE HUMAN TORCH IN THIS STEEL TUBE - PERHAPS FOREVER!
LIFTING THE STEEL TUBE, WHEREIN LIES THE HUMAN TORCH, TWO HUSKIES CARRY IT FROM THE ROOM—
AND FIT IT TO A HOOK, DANGLING FROM THE TOP OF A DERRICK!—
O·K! -LET 'ER GO!
AS THE TUBE HITS THE WET CEMENT MIXTURE AND SINKS, HORTON MAKES A VOW TO FIND A SOLUTION TO CONTROL THE FLAME!—

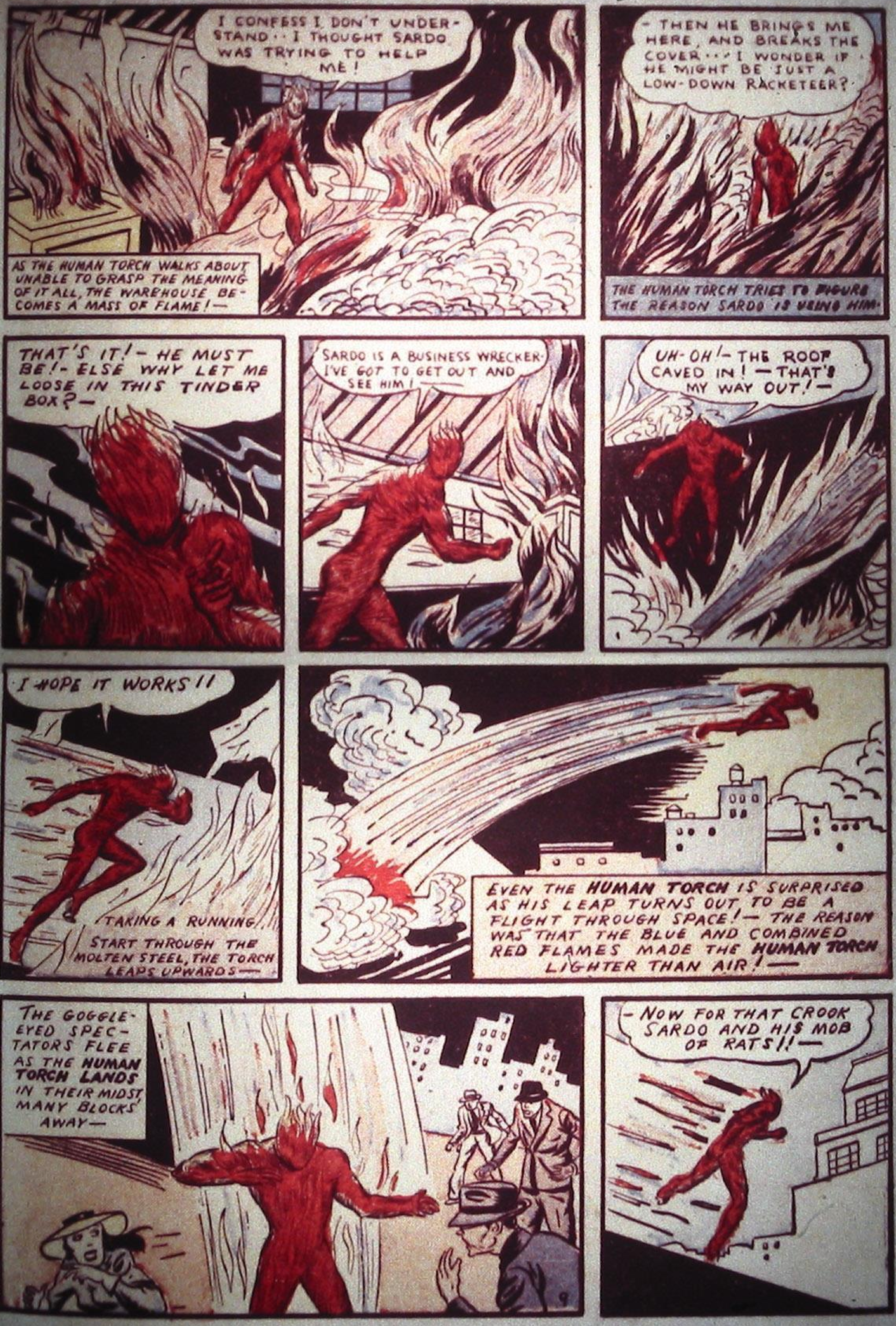

TIME WENT BY—AND EVERYBODY HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT THE FIRE-MAN,-UNTIL, ONE EARLY MORNING, THERE WAS A TERRIFYING BLAST AND THE EARTH SPLIT OPEN!
BOOM
THE WINDOWS OF HORTON'S NEARBY HOME WERE SHATTERED TO BITS!—
GOOD HEAVENS— WHAT WAS THAT?—I WONDER?! COULD IT BE--?
IN HORTON'S BEDROOM—
—YE GODS! THAT WAS THE HUMAN-TORCH'S TOMB! COULD HE HAVE BEEN DESTROYED?
HORTON RUSHES TO THE SHATTERED WINDOW!—
—HE MUST HAVE BEEN!— NOTHING COULD SURVIVE A BLAST LIKE THAT... NOTHING.. UNLESS—
—UNLESS THERE WAS A LEAK IN THE AIR-TIGHT TUBE IN WHICH HE WAS BURIED.. A LEAK?! BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE— I SEALED IT MYSELF!!—
—BUT THERE HAD BEEN A LEAK—A SLOW LEAK, ALLOWING THE OXYGEN TO SEEP IN SLOWLY! THE HUMAN TORCH, IN CONTACT WITH AIR, SPREADS TERROR THROUGH THE CITY, AS EVERYTHING HE TOUCHES TURNS INTO AN INFERNO!!—
FIRE! IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH! HE'S ON THE LOOSE!!
I'M BURNING ALIVE! —WHY MUST EVERYTHING I TOUCH, TURN TO FLAME?—

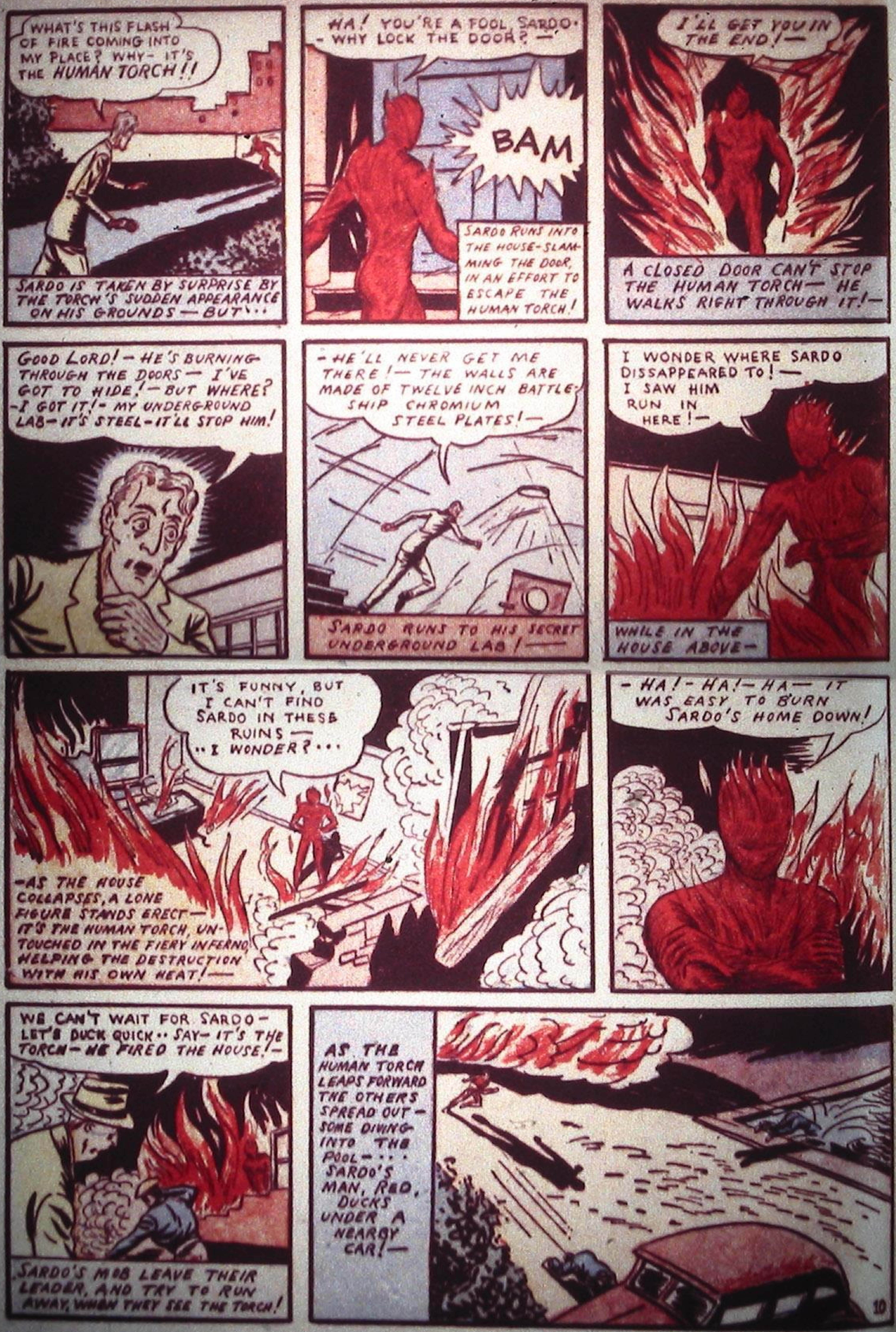

ATTRACTED BY THE CLANG OF FIRE-ENGINES, AFTER SOMEBODY HAD TURNED IN A FIRE ALARM, THE HUMAN TORCH TURNS
LOOK!— THE HUMAN TORCH! BUSY, MEN!
CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!
HAH!— I LIKE THE SOUND OF THE BELL..
WELL, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS WAITING FOR? C'MON — GET THE HOSE INTO ACTION!
YESSIR.
1
1
HURRY!— THAT GUY'S STILL HERE!.. WATER OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK!—
AS THE WATER SPURTS ONTO THE HUMAN-TORCH — A HISSING SOUND BELLOWS — A CLOUD OF SMOKE RISES .. BUT THE FIREMEN ARE DUMBFOUNDED, AS...—
GLORY BE! THE GUY'S LAUGHING! IT AIN'T HUMAN!!
HA! HA! HA! STOP IT TICKLES!
KEEP POURING WATER ON HIM— THE FLAMES DYING DOWN!— I'M GOING TO GET HORTON!
AS THE HUMAN TORCH STEPS ON A HOSE, IT BURNS THROUGH, AND THE WATER SPURTS OUT
8
THE FLAMES ONCE AGAIN SHOOT UP, AND THE HUMAN TORCH IS ON THE LOOSE AGAIN!—

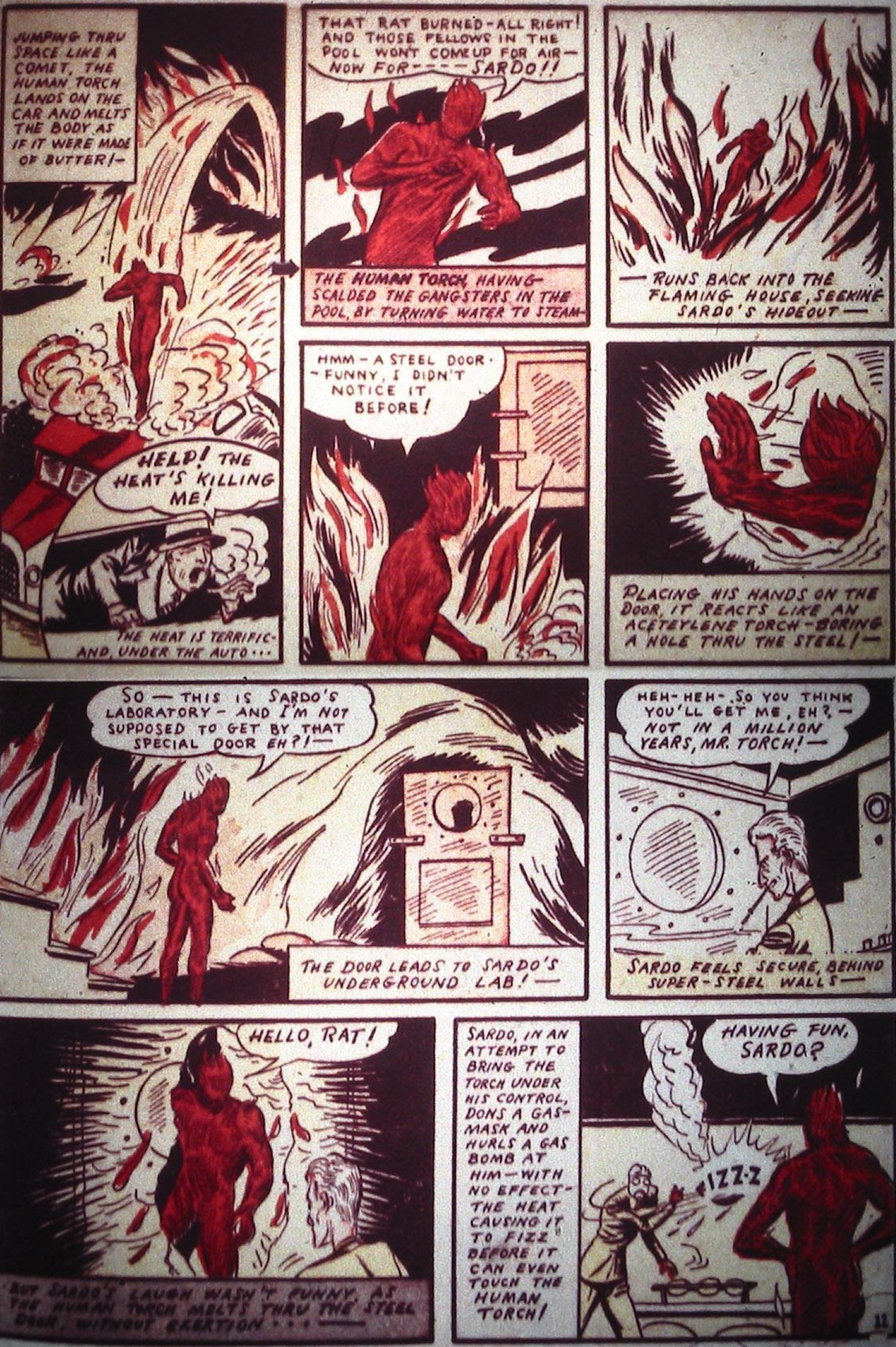

I MUST FIND A RETREAT · I'VE ALREADY CAUSED TOO MUCH DAMAGE · · ·
?
IT LOOKS LIKE A POOL IN THERE · · · PERHAPS THAT WILL PUT OUT THIS FLAME! —
COMING TO AN IRON GATE, THE HUMAN-TORCH PAUSES · ·
— GRIPPING THE IRON GATE IN HIS FLAMING HANDS, THE HUMAN TORCH MELTS HIS WAY THROUGH THE HEAVY BARS —
THOSE IRON BARS CAN'T STOP ME!
LEAVING A TRAIL OF BLAZING GRASS, THE HUMAN-TORCH DIVES INTO THE POOL · · ·
MEANWHILE, IN THE HOUSE ON THE ESTATE WITH THE POOL
DAT'S FUNNY — DE GRASS 'ROUND DE POOL IS BOININ', SARDO!
YOU'RE NUTS, RED!
HUMAN-TO ON LOOSE!
WAIT A MINUTE — DID YOU SAY BURNING?!! — THAT MEANS BUT ONE THING!
HUH?
NOW LISTEN — GET THE WINTER GLASS-COVER, THAT FITS THE POOL — DRAW THE AIR OUT · · · THEN DRAIN THE WATER OUT! — HURRY! — DON'T ASK ANY QUESTIONS!
LATER!
HAH! — I THOUGHT SO! — IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH!!
SO WOT?
THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOU RED — YOU'RE SO STUPID!
I DON'T LIKE DAT KIND OF TALK — SARDO!
FORGET IT RED — WE GOT A MILLION-DOLLAR RACKET, AND DON'T NEED TO WORRY ABOUT COPS NOW!

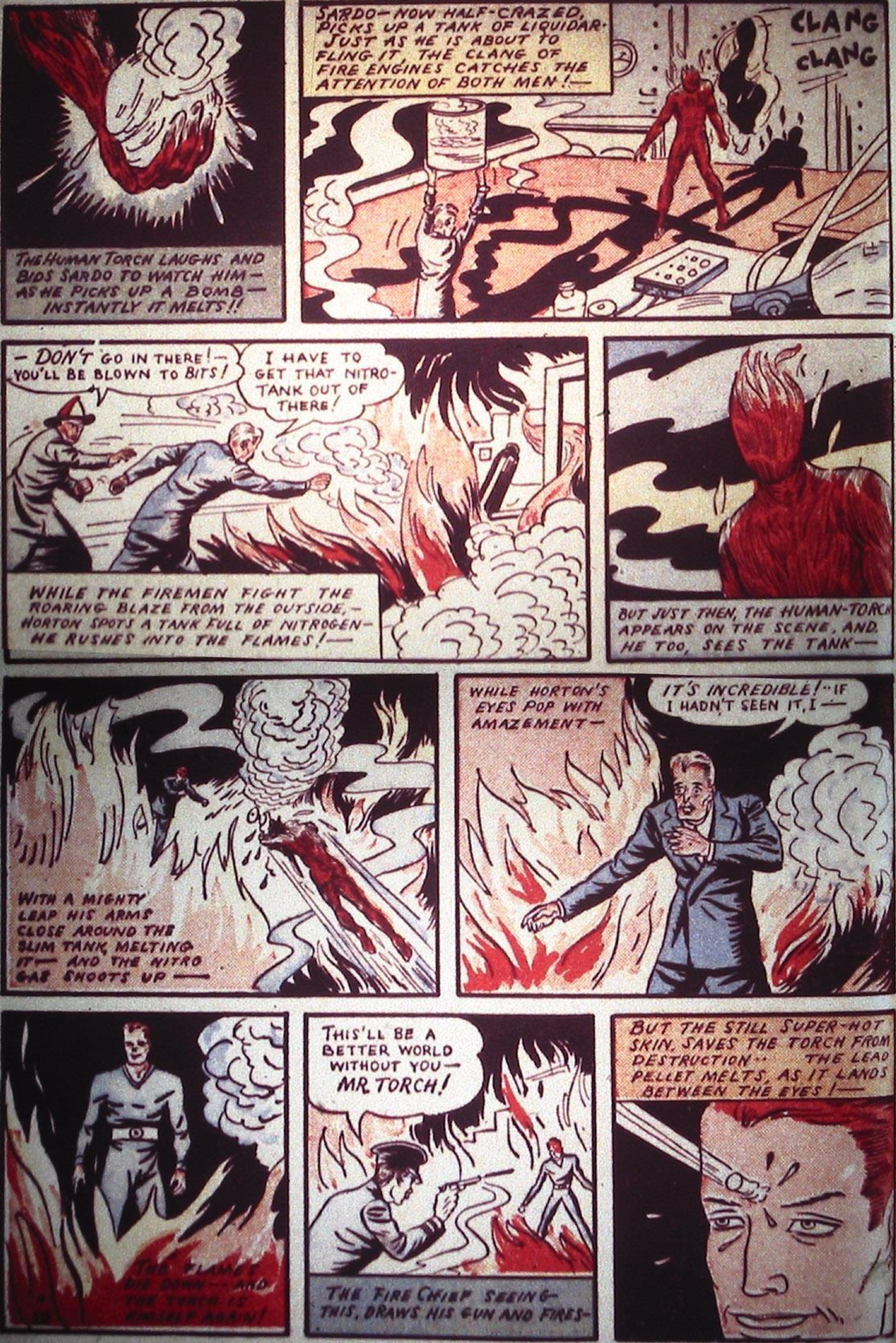

FROM NOW ON, RED, WE'RE IN THE FIRE-INSURANCE BUSINESS.
O.K! IF YOUSE SEZ SO, SARDO!
SARDO TRIES EXPLAINING TO RED HIS PLAN TO USE THE HUMAN TORCH-
AND OUR FIRST CUSTOMER WILL BE THE ACMEN WAREHOUSES, INC.
-BUT STEEL CAN'T BOIN!
LOOK DOPE - THAT GUY IN THE POOL IS TH HUMAN TORCH - AND HE CAN MELT STEEL!!
DO YA TINK HE'LL WOIK FOR US?
IF YOU'VE READ THE PAPERS, YOU'D KNOW THAT HE STARTS BURNING AS SOON AS HE HITS AIR! - DO YOU GET IT NOW? -
YEAH! - BUT, WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE NOW - SARDO?
GET THE CAR OUT! WE'RE GOIN' TO CALL ON THE ACMEN WAREHOUSES - INC.
BUT, I STILL DON'T SEE HOW THAT FREAK CAN BE OF ANY USE TO US IN OUR RACKET, BOSS -
LATER
I'LL SHOW YOU - YOU STAY HERE, RED, WHILE I HAVE A SALES-TALK WITH THE COMPANY'S PRESIDENT! -
-YESSIR, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. HARRIS, PLEASE.
-AND WHO SHALL I SAY IS CALLING? -
-ER, JUST SAY - MR. SARDO - AND TELL HIM IT'S HOT STUFF!
THERE'S A MR. SARDO OUTSIDE TO SEE YOU... HE SAYS - ITS "HOT STUFF!"
"HOT STUFF?" - WHAT'S THAT? - OH WELL, SEND HIM IN -
MR. HARRIS, I'LL BE BRIEF - UNLESS YOU SIGN UP FOR MY PROTECTION INSURANCE - YOU WON'T HAVE ANY MORE RAW-STEEL LEFT IN YOUR WAREHOUSES!
OH! - A RACKETEER, EH?! -
LISTEN, SARDO, - I DON'T NEED ANY INSURANCE - AND I HATE PUNKS LIKE YOU - SO GET OUT - NOW!
I WAS ONLY DOIN' YOU A FAVOR HARRIS - YOU'LL BE SORRY - WATCH!

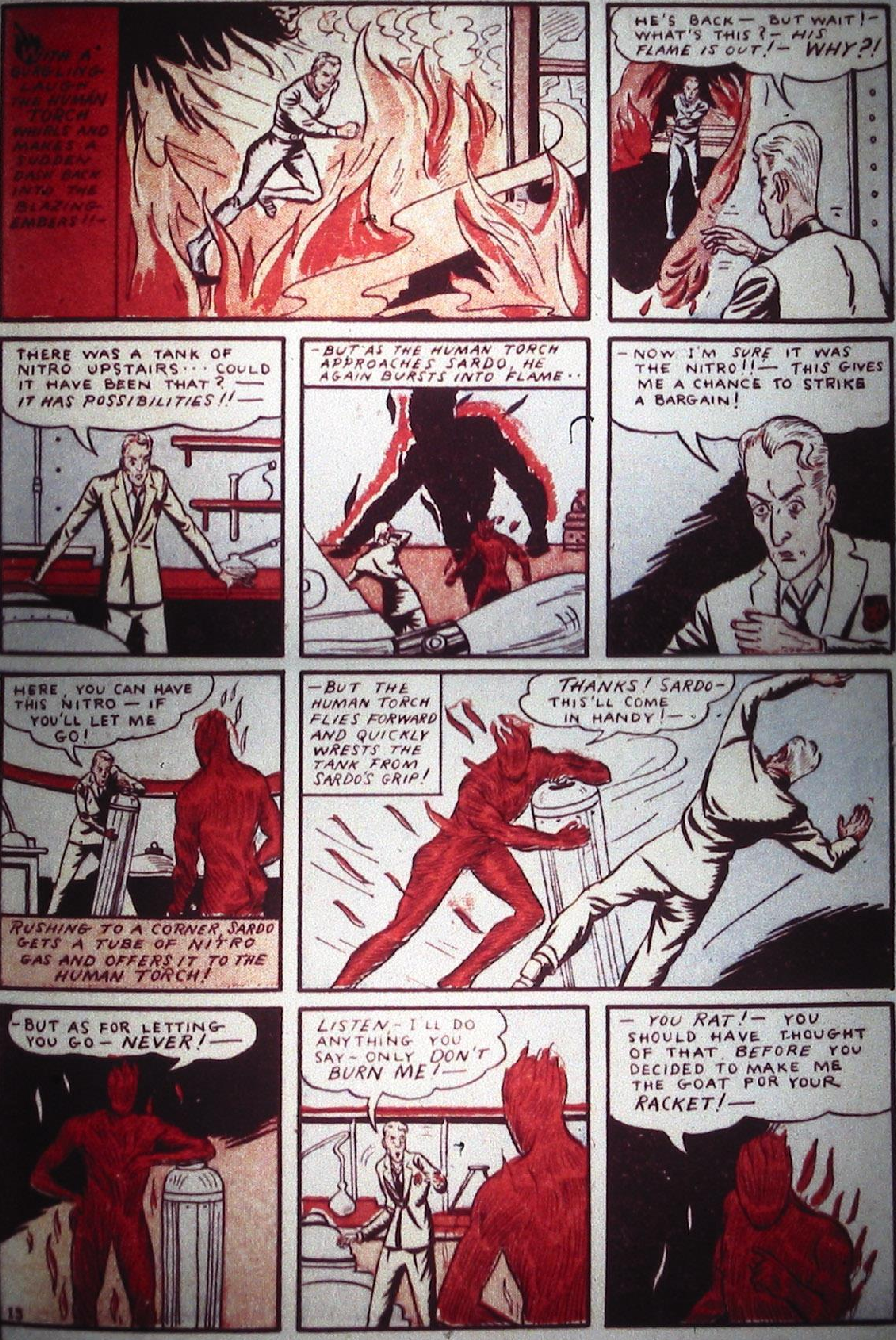

DID YA HAVE ANY LUCK, SARDO?
NO, GET MOVING - WE GOT WORK TO DO! - AND FAST!!
SARDO JUMPS INTO ACTION!!
SARDO AND HIS LIEUTENANT HEAD FOR THEIR MANSION - WHERE THEY STRANGELY HOLD THE HUMAN TORCH
NOW, RED, FILL THE POOL WITH WATER. THEN GET A DIVING-SUIT AND A GLASS-TUBE TO FIT THE HUMAN TORCH - YOU'LL FIND THEM IN MY LAB!
YEAH - OK - SARDO!
AFTER DONNING THE DIVING-SUIT SARDO LOWERS HIMSELF INTO THE POOL AND FITS THE TUBE ON THE HUMAN TORCH, WHO THINKS SARDO IS HELPING HIM —
OK - RED - LOWER A ROPE, THEN HAUL AWAY — EVERYTHING IS OKEH — SO FAR!
TAKE IT EASY NOW — OR YOU'LL BREAK THE GLASS!!
THE GLASS CASE IS THEN PLACED ON AN OPERATING COT AND THEN WHEELED TO THE BACK OF A TRUCK.
OK - NOW HEAD FOR THOSE WAREHOUSES, WHERE HARRIS KEEPS HIS STEEL!
THE TRUCK BEARING THE TORCH, SPEEDS THROUGH THE NIGHT!
THERE'S THE WAREHOUSE, SARDO - THAT BIG ONE, THERE! —
DON'T BREAK THE CASE - NOT TOO FAST - MOVE HIM SLOWLY! —
IT'S ALL YOURS, TORCH! — BURN IT TO THE GROUND! HAH! - I ONLY WISH HARRIS COULD SEE THIS! —
SARDO TAKES CAREFUL AIM AND THROWS A WEIGHT AT THE PROTECTING GLASS CASE... THE OXYGEN OF THE AIR MAKES TORCH BURST INTO FLAMES!! —

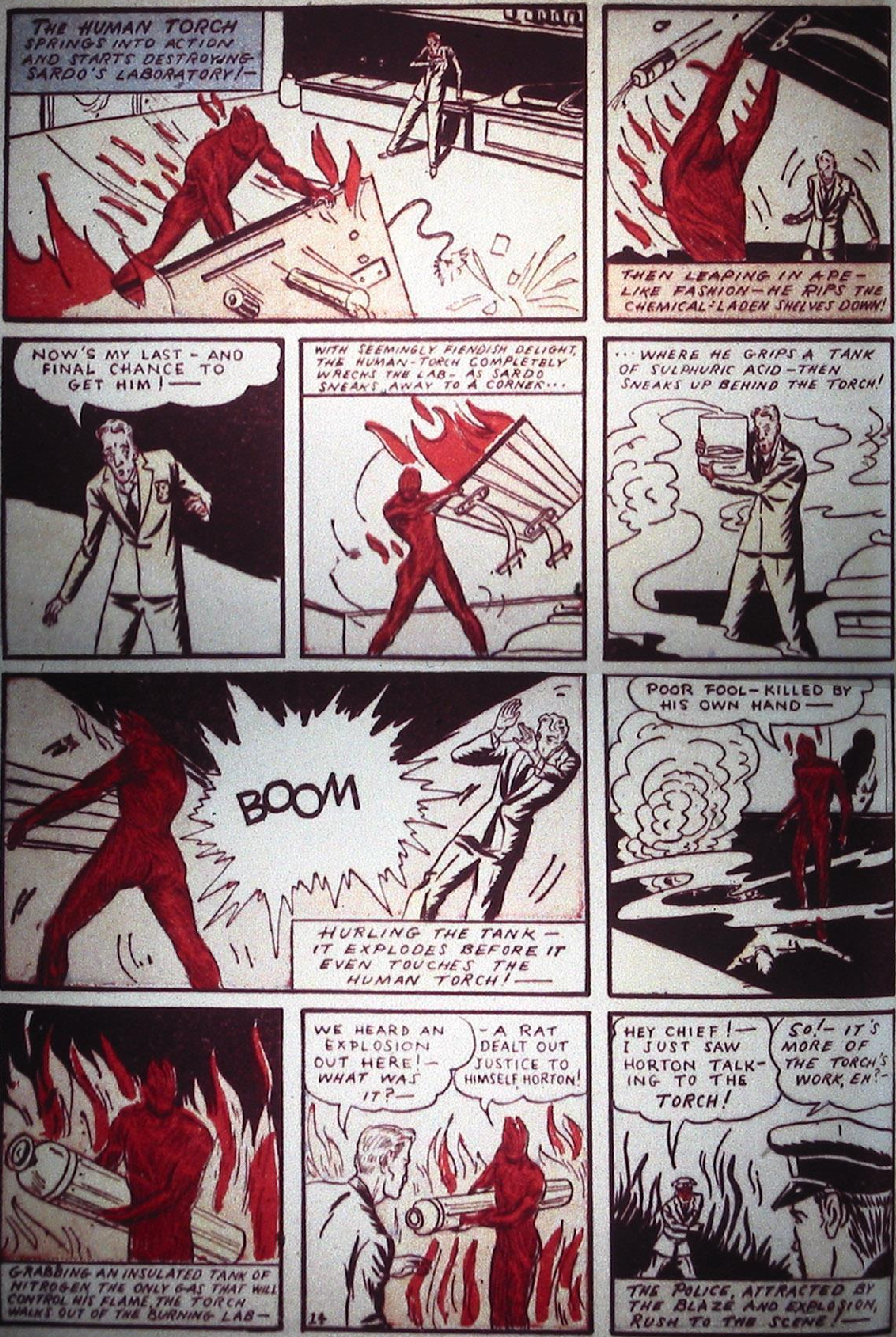

I CONFESS I DON'T UNDERSTAND·· I THOUGHT SARDO WAS TRYING TO HELP ME!
AS THE HUMAN TORCH WALKS ABOUT UNABLE TO GRASP THE MEANING OF IT ALL, THE WAREHOUSE BECOMES A MASS OF FLAME!—
—THEN HE BRINGS ME HERE, AND BREAKS THE COVER···I WONDER IF HE MIGHT BE JUST A LOW-DOWN RACKETEER?
THE HUMAN TORCH TRIES TO FIGURE THE REASON SARDO IS USING HIM·
THAT'S IT!— HE MUST BE!— ELSE WHY LET ME LOOSE IN THIS TINDER BOX?—
SARDO IS A BUSINESS WRECKER· I'VE GOT TO GET OUT AND SEE HIM!——
UH-OH!—THE ROOF CAVED IN!—THAT'S MY WAY OUT!—
I HOPE IT WORKS!!
TAKING A RUNNING START THROUGH THE MOLTEN STEEL, THE TORCH LEAPS UPWARDS—
EVEN THE HUMAN TORCH IS SURPRISED AS HIS LEAP TURNS OUT, TO BE A FLIGHT THROUGH SPACE!— THE REASON WAS THAT THE BLUE AND COMBINED RED FLAMES MADE THE HUMAN TORCH LIGHTER THAN AIR!—
THE GOGGLE-EYED SPECTATORS FLEE AS THE HUMAN TORCH LANDS IN THEIR MIDST, MANY BLOCKS AWAY—
—NOW FOR THAT CROOK SARDO AND HIS MOB OF RATS!!—

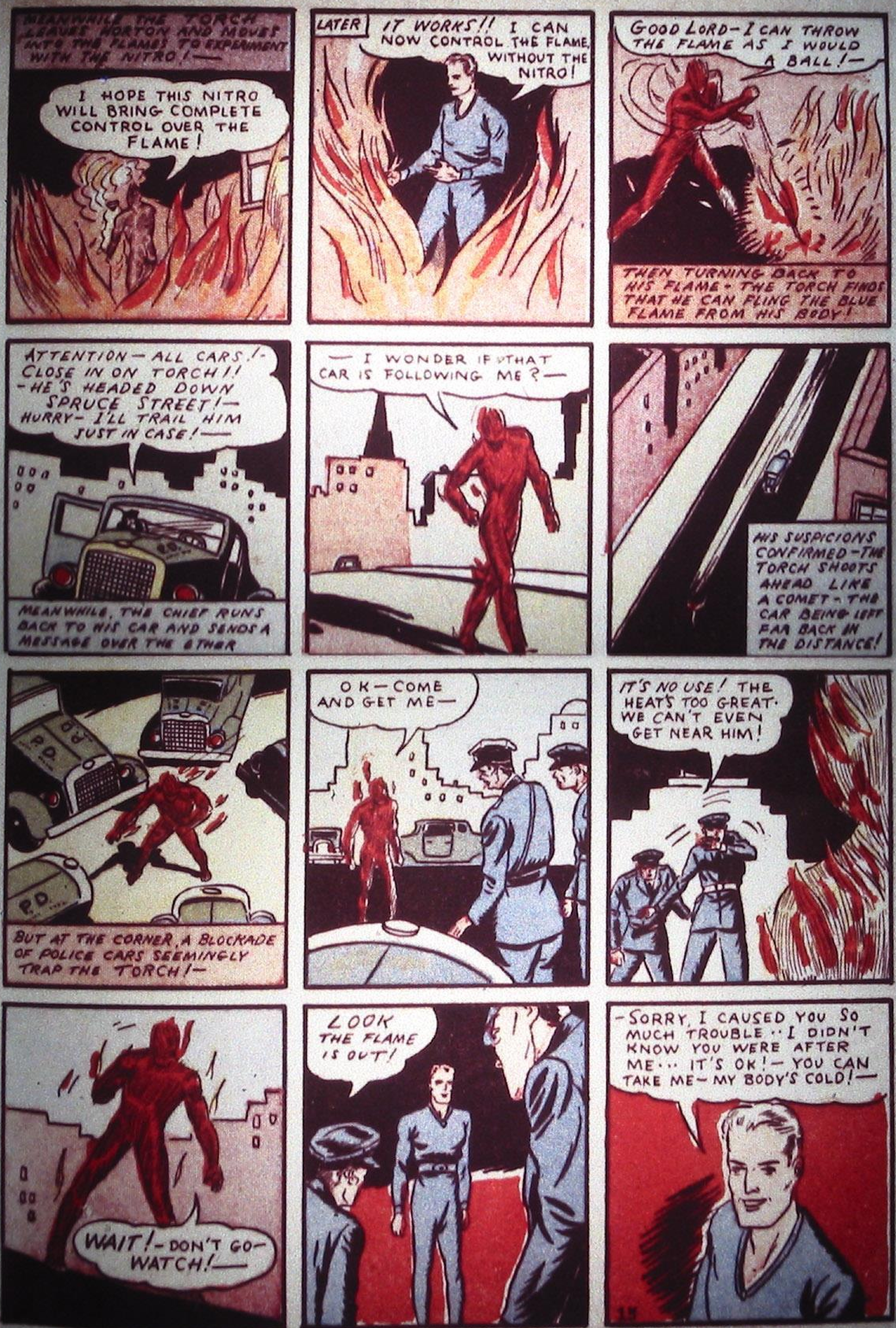

WHAT'S THIS FLASH OF FIRE COMING INTO MY PLACE? WHY- IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH!!
SARDO IS TAKEN BY SURPRISE BY THE TORCH'S SUDDEN APPEARANCE ON HIS GROUNDS — BUT...
HA! YOU'RE A FOOL SARDO - WHY LOCK THE DOOR? —
BAM
SARDO RUNS INTO THE HOUSE-SLAMMING THE DOOR, IN AN EFFORT TO ESCAPE THE HUMAN TORCH!
I'LL GET YOU IN THE END! —
A CLOSED DOOR CAN'T STOP THE HUMAN TORCH — HE WALKS RIGHT THROUGH IT! —
GOOD LORD! — HE'S BURNING THROUGH THE DOORS — I'VE GOT TO HIDE! — BUT WHERE? -I GOT IT! - MY UNDERGROUND LAB - IT'S STEEL - IT'LL STOP HIM!
-HE'LL NEVER GET ME THERE! — THE WALLS ARE MADE OF TWELVE INCH BATTLESHIP CHROMIUM STEEL PLATES! —
SARDO RUNS TO HIS SECRET UNDERGROUND LAB! —
I WONDER WHERE SARDO DISSAPPEARED TO! — I SAW HIM RUN IN HERE! —
WHILE IN THE HOUSE ABOVE —
IT'S FUNNY, BUT I CAN'T FIND SARDO IN THESE RUINS — .. I WONDER? ...
-AS THE HOUSE COLLAPSES, A LONE FIGURE STANDS ERECT — IT'S THE HUMAN TORCH, UNTOUCHED IN THE FIERY INFERNO, HELPING THE DESTRUCTION WITH HIS OWN HEAT! —
-HA! - HA! - HA — IT WAS EASY TO BURN SARDO'S HOME DOWN!
WE CAN'T WAIT FOR SARDO — LET'S DUCK QUICK.. SAY — IT'S THE TORCH — HE FIRED THE HOUSE! —
SARDO'S MOB LEAVE THEIR LEADER, AND TRY TO RUN AWAY, WHEN THEY SEE THE TORCH!
AS THE HUMAN TORCH LEAPS FORWARD THE OTHERS SPREAD OUT — SOME DIVING INTO THE POOL ... SARDO'S MAN, RED, DUCKS UNDER A NEARBY CAR! —

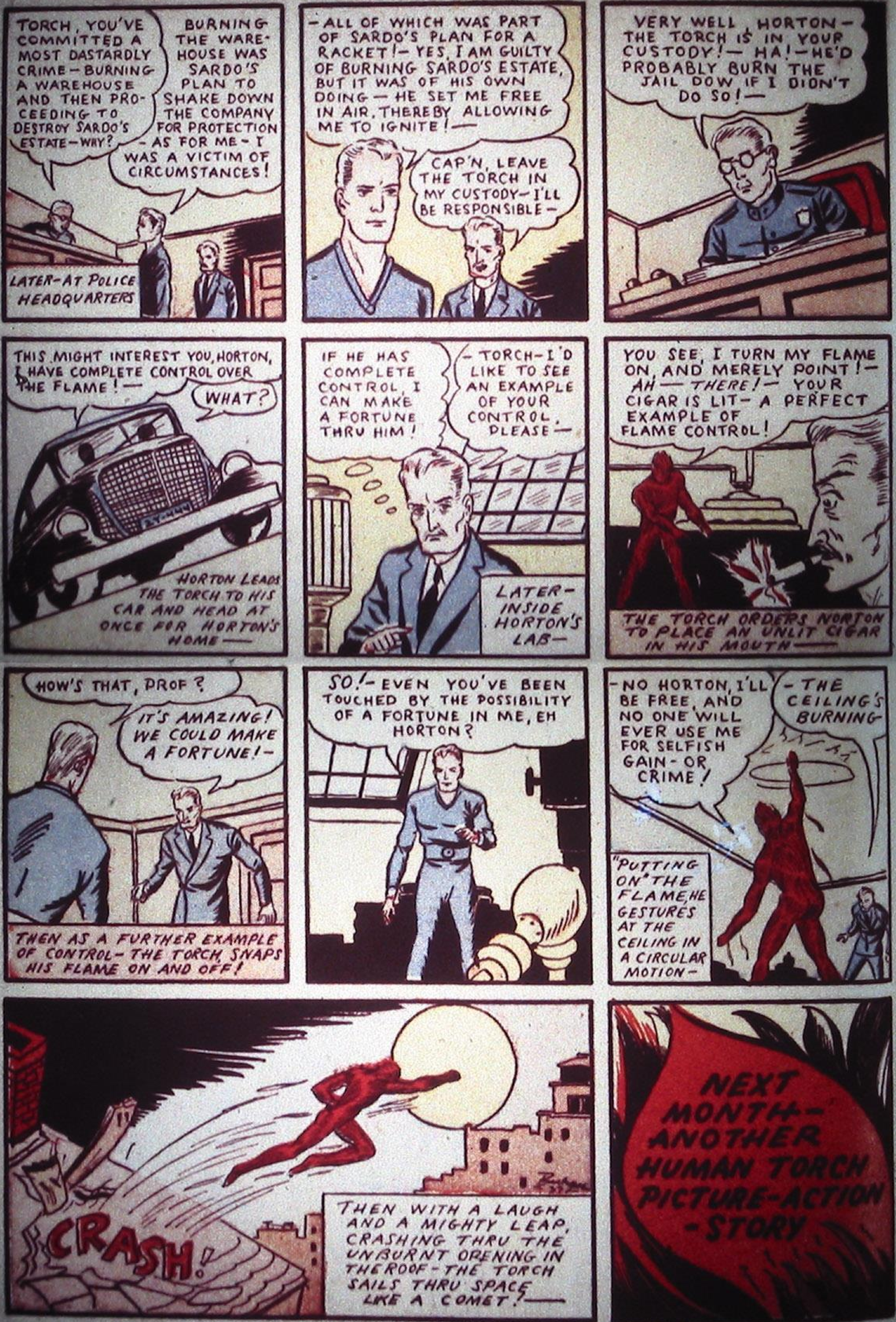

JUMPING THRU SPACE LIKE A COMET, THE HUMAN TORCH LANDS ON THE CAR AND MELTS THE BODY AS IF IT WERE MADE OF BUTTER!—
HELP! THE HEAT'S KILLING ME!
THE HEAT IS TERRIFIC— AND, UNDER THE AUTO...
THAT RAT BURNED—ALL RIGHT! AND THOSE FELLOWS IN THE POOL WON'T COME UP FOR AIR— NOW FOR———SARDO!!
THE HUMAN TORCH, HAVING SCALDED THE GANGSTERS IN THE POOL, BY TURNING WATER TO STEAM—
—RUNS BACK INTO THE FLAMING HOUSE, SEEKING SARDO'S HIDEOUT—
HMM—A STEEL DOOR— FUNNY, I DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE!
PLACING HIS HANDS ON THE DOOR, IT REACTS LIKE AN ACETEYLENE TORCH—BORING A HOLE THRU THE STEEL!—
SO—THIS IS SARDO'S LABORATORY—AND I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO GET BY THAT SPECIAL DOOR EH?!—
THE DOOR LEADS TO SARDO'S UNDERGROUND LAB!—
HEH-HEH-. SO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET ME, EH?— NOT IN A MILLION YEARS, MR. TORCH!—
SARDO FEELS SECURE, BEHIND SUPER-STEEL WALLS—
HELLO, RAT!
BUT SARDO'S LAUGH WASN'T FUNNY, AS THE HUMAN TORCH MELTS THRU THE STEEL DOOR, WITHOUT EXERTION...—
SARDO, IN AN ATTEMPT TO BRING THE TORCH UNDER HIS CONTROL, DONS A GAS-MASK AND HURLS A GAS BOMB AT HIM—WITH NO EFFECT— THE HEAT CAUSING IT TO FIZZ BEFORE IT CAN EVEN TOUCH THE HUMAN TORCH!
HAVING FUN, SARDO?
FIZZ-Z

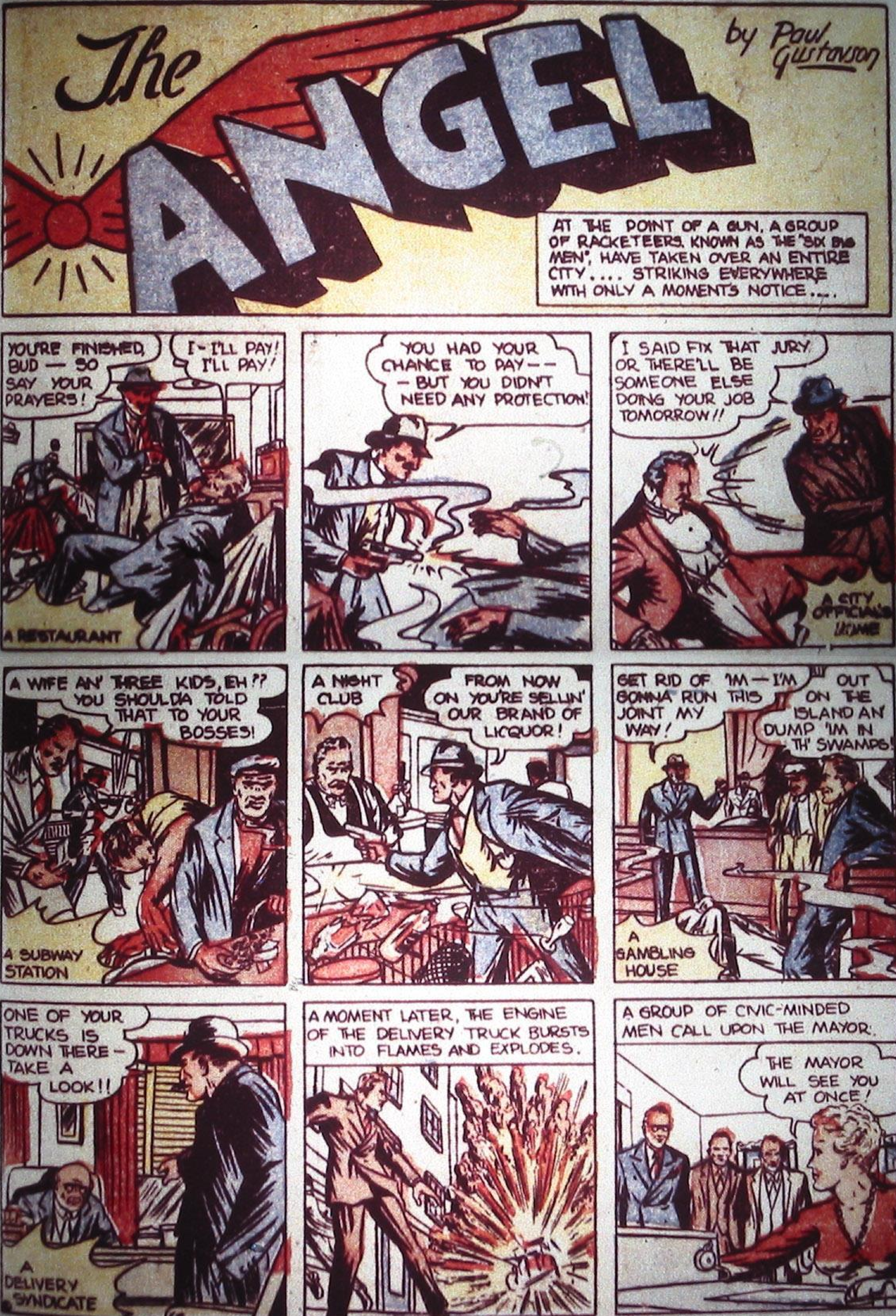

THE HUMAN TORCH LAUGHS AND BIDS SARDO TO WATCH HIM — AS HE PICKS UP A BOMB — INSTANTLY IT MELTS!!
SARDO — NOW HALF-CRAZED, PICKS UP A TANK OF LIQUIDAR. JUST AS HE IS ABOUT TO FLING IT, THE CLANG OF FIRE ENGINES CATCHES THE ATTENTION OF BOTH MEN! —
CLANG
CLANG
— DON'T GO IN THERE! — YOU'LL BE BLOWN TO BITS!
I HAVE TO GET THAT NITRO-TANK OUT OF THERE!
WHILE THE FIREMEN FIGHT THE ROARING BLAZE FROM THE OUTSIDE, — HORTON SPOTS A TANK FULL OF NITROGEN — HE RUSHES INTO THE FLAMES! —
BUT JUST THEN, THE HUMAN-TORCH APPEARS ON THE SCENE, AND HE TOO, SEES THE TANK —
WITH A MIGHTY LEAP HIS ARMS CLOSE AROUND THE SLIM TANK, MELTING IT — AND THE NITRO GAS SHOOTS UP —
WHILE HORTON'S EYES POP WITH AMAZEMENT —
IT'S INCREDIBLE! .. IF I HADN'T SEEN IT, I —
THE FLAMES DIE DOWN -- AND THE TORCH IS HIMSELF AGAIN!
THIS'LL BE A BETTER WORLD WITHOUT YOU — MR TORCH!
THE FIRE CHIEF SEEING THIS, DRAWS HIS GUN AND FIRES —
BUT THE STILL SUPER-HOT SKIN, SAVES THE TORCH FROM DESTRUCTION .. THE LEAD PELLET MELTS, AS IT LANDS BETWEEN THE EYES! —

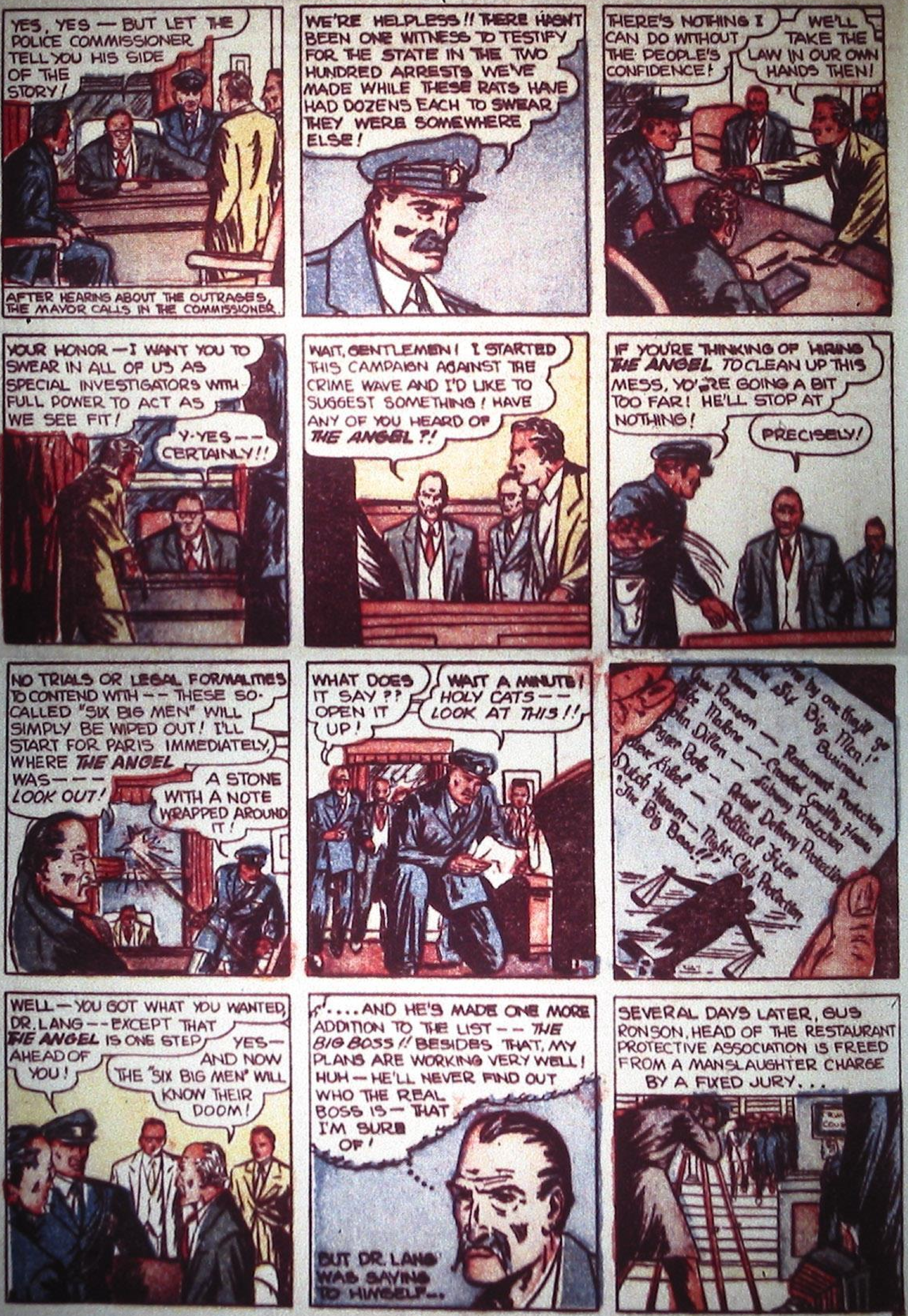

WITH A GURGLING LAUGH THE HUMAN TORCH WHIRLS AND MAKES A SUDDEN DASH BACK INTO THE BLAZING EMBERS!!—
HE'S BACK— BUT WAIT!— WHAT'S THIS?— HIS FLAME IS OUT!— WHY?!
THERE WAS A TANK OF NITRO UPSTAIRS··· COULD IT HAVE BEEN THAT?— IT HAS POSSIBILITIES!!—
—BUT AS THE HUMAN TORCH APPROACHES SARDO, HE AGAIN BURSTS INTO FLAME··
—NOW I'M SURE IT WAS THE NITRO!!— THIS GIVES ME A CHANCE TO STRIKE A BARGAIN!
HERE, YOU CAN HAVE THIS NITRO— IF YOU'LL LET ME GO!
RUSHING TO A CORNER, SARDO GETS A TUBE OF NITRO GAS AND OFFERS IT TO THE HUMAN TORCH!
—BUT THE HUMAN TORCH FLIES FORWARD AND QUICKLY WRESTS THE TANK FROM SARDO'S GRIP!
THANKS! SARDO— THIS'LL COME IN HANDY!—
—BUT AS FOR LETTING YOU GO— NEVER!—
LISTEN— I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY— ONLY DON'T BURN ME!—
— YOU RAT!— YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU DECIDED TO MAKE ME THE GOAT FOR YOUR RACKET!—

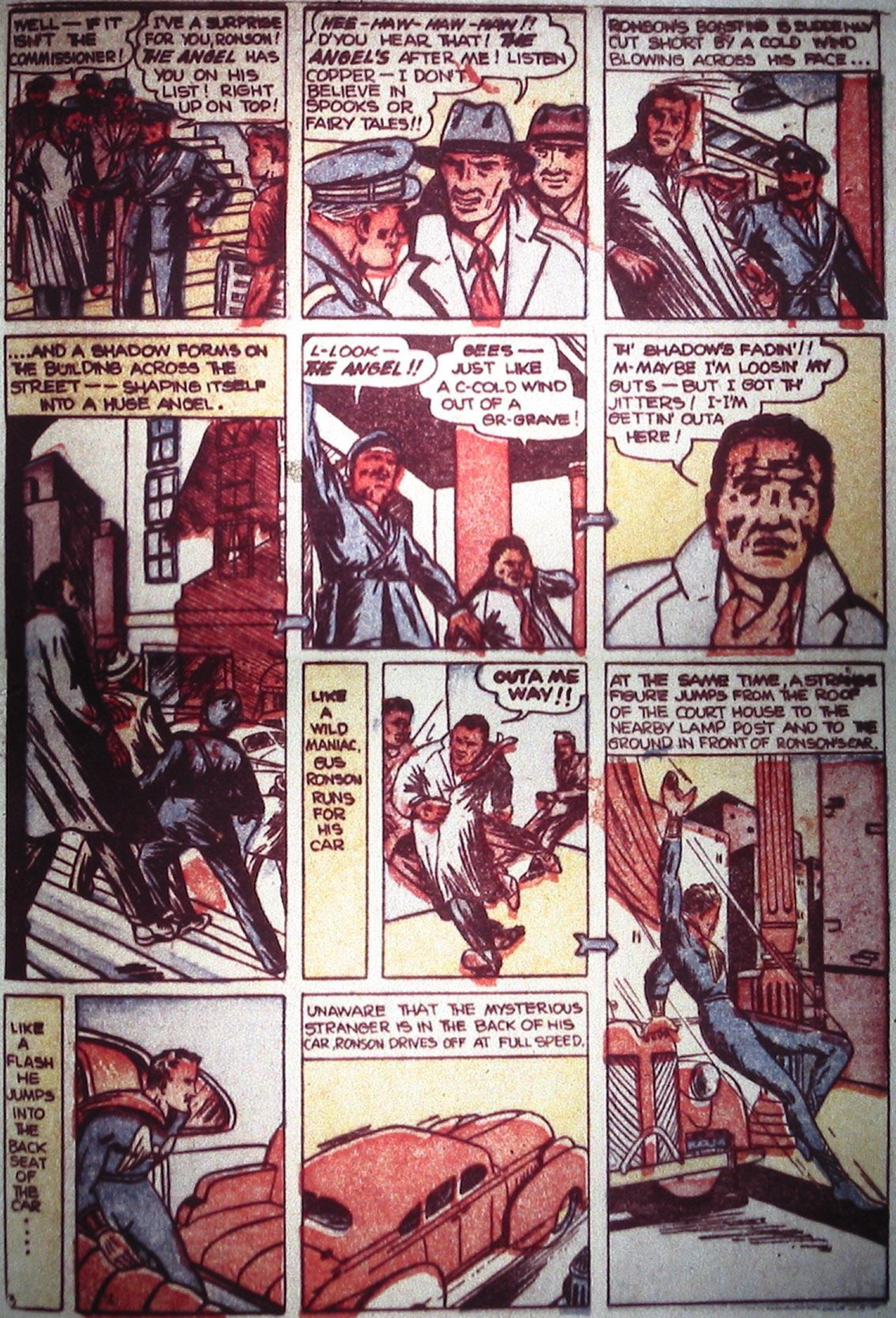

THE HUMAN TORCH SPRINGS INTO ACTION AND STARTS DESTROYING SARDO'S LABORATORY!—
THEN LEAPING IN APE-LIKE FASHION—HE RIPS THE CHEMICAL-LADEN SHELVES DOWN!
NOW'S MY LAST - AND FINAL CHANCE TO GET HIM!—
WITH SEEMINGLY FIENDISH DELIGHT, THE HUMAN-TORCH COMPLETELY WRECKS THE LAB - AS SARDO SNEAKS AWAY TO A CORNER...
...WHERE HE GRIPS A TANK OF SULPHURIC ACID—THEN SNEAKS UP BEHIND THE TORCH!
BOOM
HURLING THE TANK—IT EXPLODES BEFORE IT EVEN TOUCHES THE HUMAN TORCH!—
POOR FOOL—KILLED BY HIS OWN HAND—
GRABBING AN INSULATED TANK OF NITROGEN THE ONLY GAS THAT WILL CONTROL HIS FLAME, THE TORCH WALKS OUT OF THE BURNING LAB—
WE HEARD AN EXPLOSION OUT HERE!—WHAT WAS IT?—
—A RAT DEALT OUT JUSTICE TO HIMSELF, HORTON!
HEY CHIEF!—I JUST SAW HORTON TALKING TO THE TORCH!
SO!—IT'S MORE OF THE TORCH'S WORK, EH?—
THE POLICE, ATTRACTED BY THE BLAZE AND EXPLOSION, RUSH TO THE SCENE!—

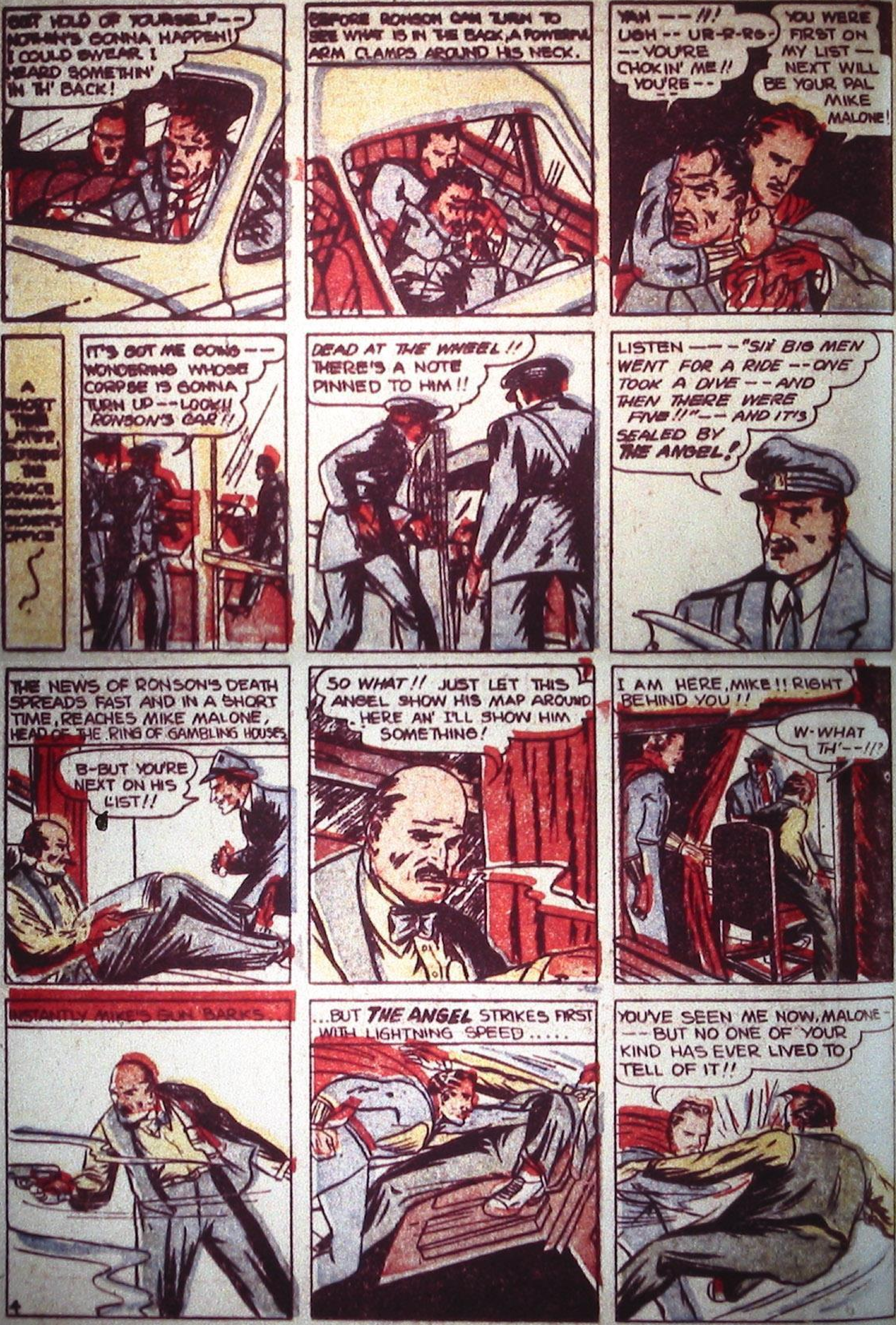

MEANWHILE THE TORCH LEAVES HORTON AND MOVES INTO THE FLAMES TO EXPERIMENT WITH THE NITRO!—
I HOPE THIS NITRO WILL BRING COMPLETE CONTROL OVER THE FLAME!
LATER
IT WORKS!! I CAN NOW CONTROL THE FLAME, WITHOUT THE NITRO!
GOOD LORD—I CAN THROW THE FLAME AS I WOULD A BALL!—
THEN TURNING BACK TO HIS FLAME—THE TORCH FINDS THAT HE CAN FLING THE BLUE FLAME FROM HIS BODY!
ATTENTION—ALL CARS!—CLOSE IN ON TORCH!! —HE'S HEADED DOWN SPRUCE STREET!— HURRY—I'LL TRAIL HIM JUST IN CASE!—
P.D.
MEANWHILE, THE CHIEF RUNS BACK TO HIS CAR AND SENDS A MESSAGE OVER THE ETHER
—I WONDER IF THAT CAR IS FOLLOWING ME?—
HIS SUSPICIONS CONFIRMED—THE TORCH SHOOTS AHEAD LIKE A COMET—THE CAR BEING LEFT FAR BACK IN THE DISTANCE!
P.D.
P.D.
P.D.
BUT AT THE CORNER, A BLOCKADE OF POLICE CARS SEEMINGLY TRAP THE TORCH!—
O K—COME AND GET ME—
IT'S NO USE! THE HEAT'S TOO GREAT. WE CAN'T EVEN GET NEAR HIM!
WAIT!—DON'T GO—WATCH!—
LOOK THE FLAME IS OUT!
—SORRY, I CAUSED YOU SO MUCH TROUBLE.. I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE AFTER ME... IT'S OK!—YOU CAN TAKE ME—MY BODY'S COLD!—

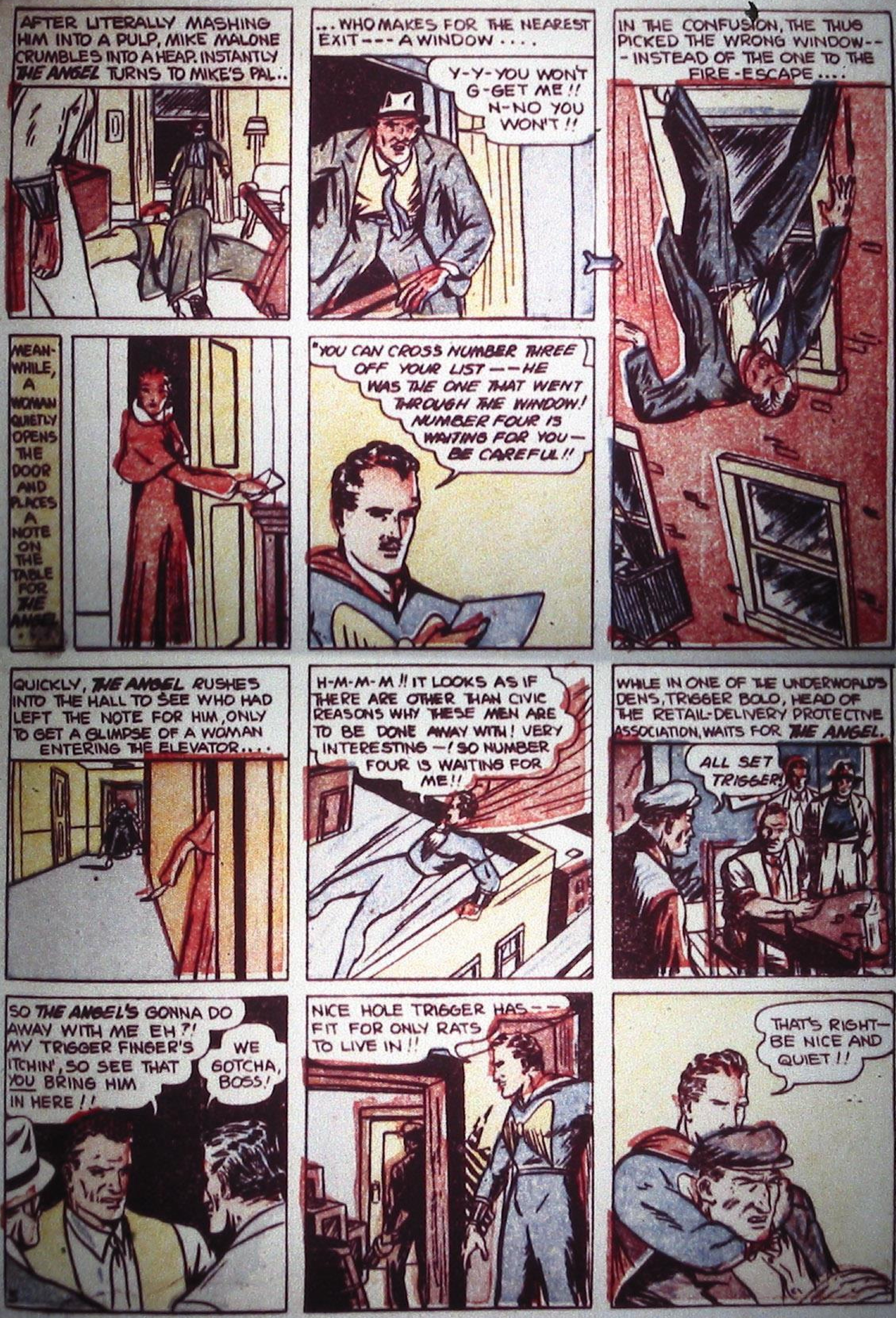

TORCH, YOU'VE COMMITTED A MOST DASTARDLY CRIME—BURNING A WAREHOUSE AND THEN PROCEEDING TO DESTROY SARDO'S ESTATE—WHY?
BURNING THE WAREHOUSE WAS SARDO'S PLAN TO SHAKE DOWN THE COMPANY FOR PROTECTION—AS FOR ME—I WAS A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES!
LATER—AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS
—ALL OF WHICH WAS PART OF SARDO'S PLAN FOR A RACKET!—YES, I AM GUILTY OF BURNING SARDO'S ESTATE, BUT IT WAS OF HIS OWN DOING—HE SET ME FREE IN AIR, THEREBY ALLOWING ME TO IGNITE!—
CAP'N, LEAVE THE TORCH IN MY CUSTODY—I'LL BE RESPONSIBLE—
VERY WELL, HORTON—THE TORCH IS IN YOUR CUSTODY!—HA!—HE'D PROBABLY BURN THE JAIL DOW IF I DIDN'T DO SO!—
THIS MIGHT INTEREST YOU, HORTON, I HAVE COMPLETE CONTROL OVER THE FLAME!—
WHAT?
HORTON LEADS THE TORCH TO HIS CAR AND HEAD AT ONCE FOR HORTON'S HOME—
IF HE HAS COMPLETE CONTROL, I CAN MAKE A FORTUNE THRU HIM!
—TORCH—I'D LIKE TO SEE AN EXAMPLE OF YOUR CONTROL, PLEASE—
LATER—INSIDE HORTON'S LAB—
YOU SEE, I TURN MY FLAME ON, AND MERELY POINT!—AH—THERE!—YOUR CIGAR IS LIT—A PERFECT EXAMPLE OF FLAME CONTROL!
THE TORCH ORDERS NORTON TO PLACE AN UNLIT CIGAR IN HIS MOUTH—
HOW'S THAT, PROF?
IT'S AMAZING! WE COULD MAKE A FORTUNE!—
THEN AS A FURTHER EXAMPLE OF CONTROL—THE TORCH SNAPS HIS FLAME ON AND OFF!
SO!—EVEN YOU'VE BEEN TOUCHED BY THE POSSIBILITY OF A FORTUNE IN ME, EH HORTON?
—NO HORTON, I'LL BE FREE, AND NO ONE WILL EVER USE ME FOR SELFISH GAIN—OR CRIME!
—THE CEILING'S BURNING—
"PUTTING ON" THE FLAME, HE GESTURES AT THE CEILING IN A CIRCULAR MOTION—
CRASH!
THEN WITH A LAUGH AND A MIGHTY LEAP, CRASHING THRU THE UNBURNT OPENING IN THE ROOF—THE TORCH SAILS THRU SPACE LIKE A COMET!—
NEXT MONTH—ANOTHER HUMAN TORCH PICTURE-ACTION—STORY

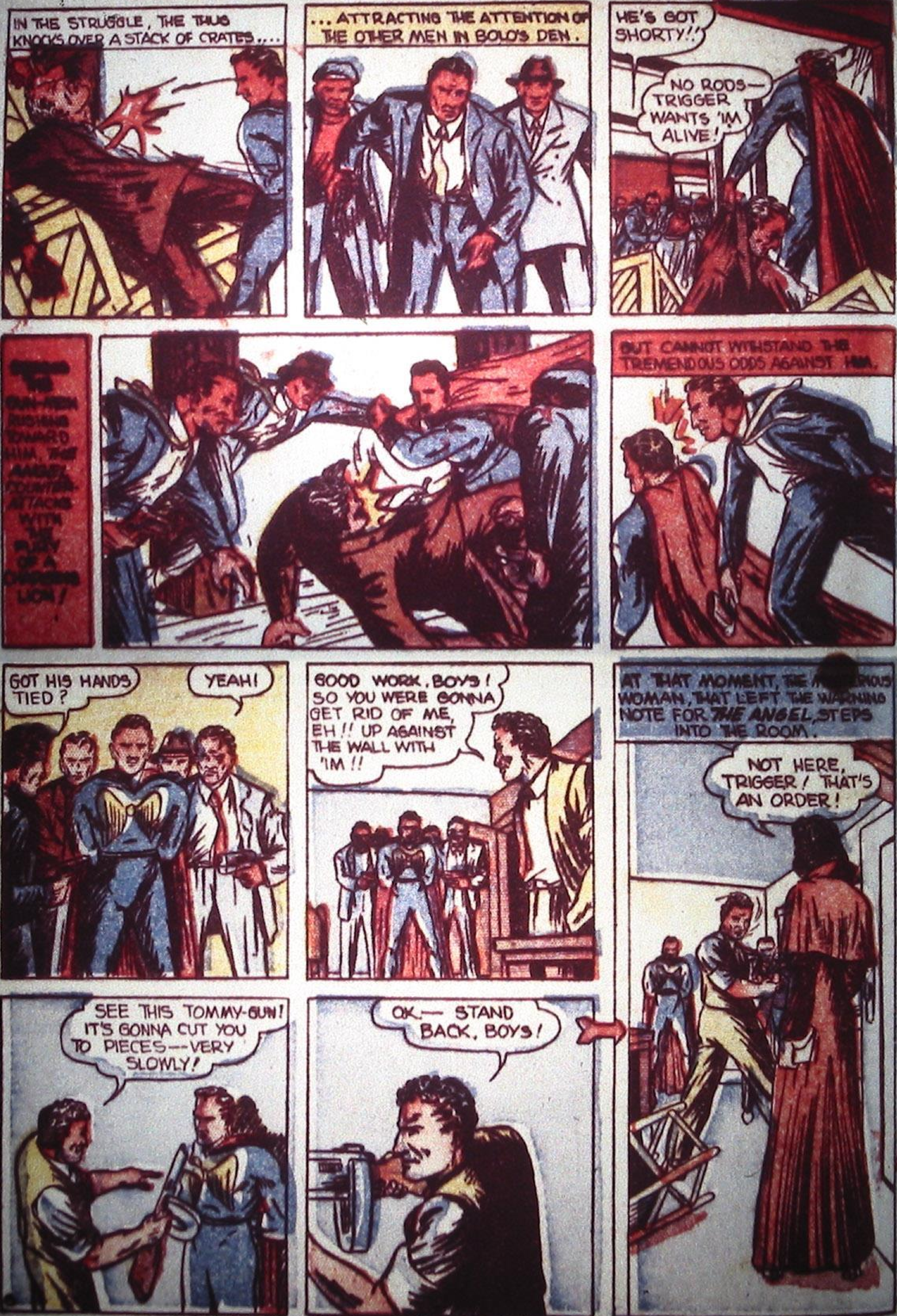

The ANGEL
by Paul Gustavson
AT THE POINT OF A GUN, A GROUP OF RACKETEERS, KNOWN AS THE "SIX BIG MEN", HAVE TAKEN OVER AN ENTIRE CITY.... STRIKING EVERYWHERE WITH ONLY A MOMENT'S NOTICE....
YOU'RE FINISHED, BUD — SO SAY YOUR PRAYERS!
I-I'LL PAY! I'LL PAY!
A RESTAURANT
YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE TO PAY-- --BUT YOU DIDN'T NEED ANY PROTECTION!
I SAID FIX THAT JURY OR THERE'LL BE SOMEONE ELSE DOING YOUR JOB TOMORROW!!
A CITY OFFICIAL'S HOME
A WIFE AN' THREE KIDS, EH?? YOU SHOULDA TOLD THAT TO YOUR BOSSES!
A SUBWAY STATION
A NIGHT CLUB
FROM NOW ON YOU'RE SELLIN' OUR BRAND OF LICQUOR!
GET RID OF 'IM — I'M GONNA RUN THIS JOINT MY WAY!
OUT ON THE ISLAND AN' DUMP 'IM IN TH' SWAMPS!
A GAMBLING HOUSE
ONE OF YOUR TRUCKS IS DOWN THERE - TAKE A LOOK!!
A DELIVERY SYNDICATE
A MOMENT LATER, THE ENGINE OF THE DELIVERY TRUCK BURSTS INTO FLAMES AND EXPLODES.
A GROUP OF CIVIC-MINDED MEN CALL UPON THE MAYOR.
THE MAYOR WILL SEE YOU AT ONCE!

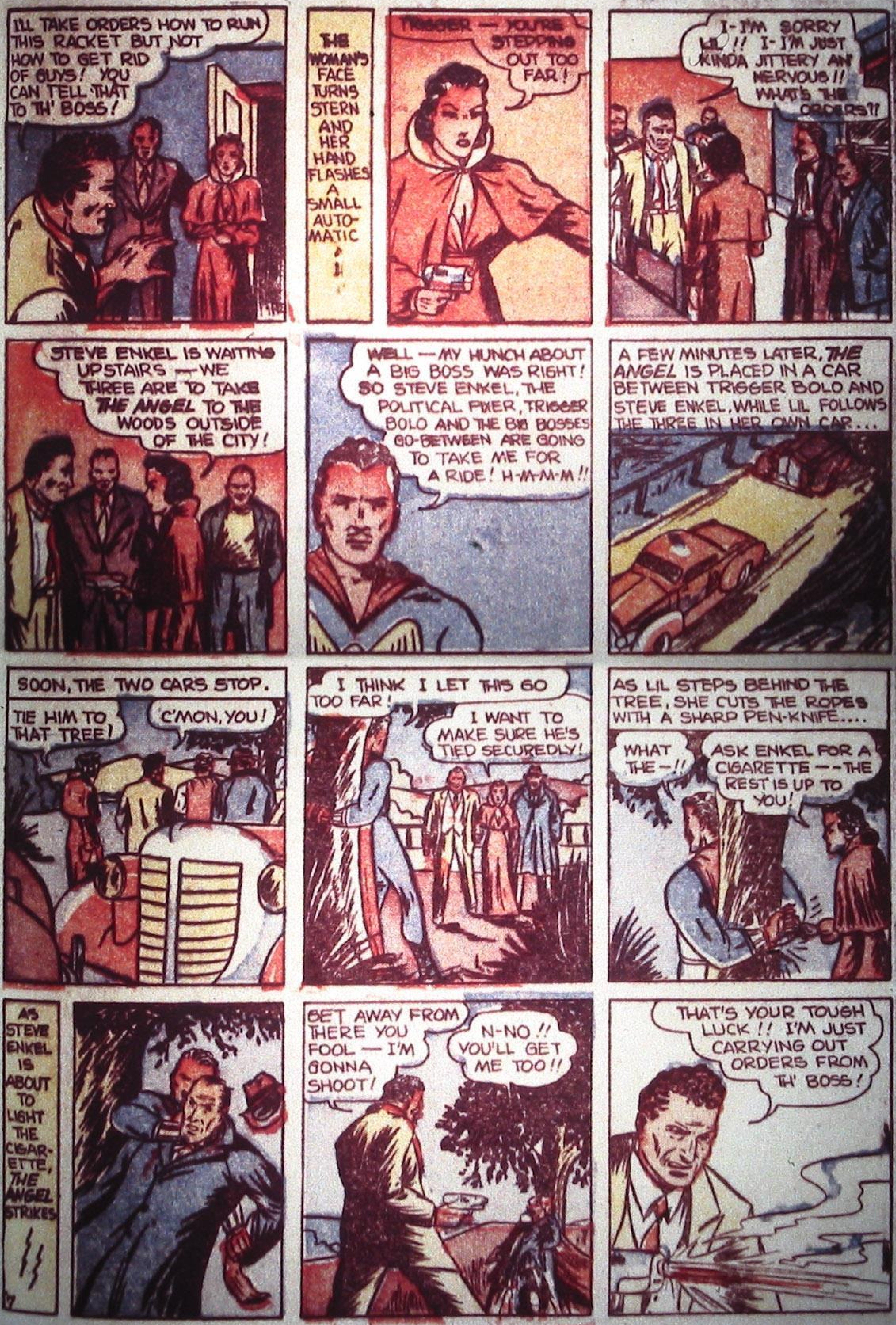

YES, YES — BUT LET THE POLICE COMMISSIONER TELL YOU HIS SIDE OF THE STORY!
AFTER HEARING ABOUT THE OUTRAGES, THE MAYOR CALLS IN THE COMMISSIONER.
WE'RE HELPLESS!! THERE HASN'T BEEN ONE WITNESS TO TESTIFY FOR THE STATE IN THE TWO HUNDRED ARRESTS WE'VE MADE WHILE THESE RATS HAVE HAD DOZENS EACH TO SWEAR THEY WERE SOMEWHERE ELSE!
THERE'S NOTHING I CAN DO WITHOUT THE PEOPLE'S CONFIDENCE!
WE'LL TAKE THE LAW IN OUR OWN HANDS THEN!
YOUR HONOR — I WANT YOU TO SWEAR IN ALL OF US AS SPECIAL INVESTIGATORS WITH FULL POWER TO ACT AS WE SEE FIT!
Y-YES — — CERTAINLY!!
WAIT, GENTLEMEN! I STARTED THIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE CRIME WAVE AND I'D LIKE TO SUGGEST SOMETHING! HAVE ANY OF YOU HEARD OF THE ANGEL?!
IF YOU'RE THINKING OF HIRING THE ANGEL TO CLEAN UP THIS MESS, YOU'RE GOING A BIT TOO FAR! HE'LL STOP AT NOTHING!
PRECISELY!
NO TRIALS OR LEGAL FORMALITIES TO CONTEND WITH — — THESE SO-CALLED "SIX BIG MEN" WILL SIMPLY BE WIPED OUT! I'LL START FOR PARIS IMMEDIATELY, WHERE THE ANGEL WAS — — — LOOK OUT!
A STONE WITH A NOTE WRAPPED AROUND IT!
WHAT DOES IT SAY?? OPEN IT UP!
WAIT A MINUTE! HOLY CATS — — LOOK AT THIS!!
One by one they'll go the Six Big Men!"
Name Business
Gus Ronson — Restaurant Protection
Mike Malone — Crooked Gambling Houses
John Dillon — Subway Protection
Trigger Bob — Retail Delivery Protection
Steve Kibel — Political Fixer
Dutch Hansen — Night-Club Protection
"The Big Boss!!!"
WELL — YOU GOT WHAT YOU WANTED, DR. LANG — — EXCEPT THAT THE ANGEL IS ONE STEP AHEAD OF YOU!
YES — AND NOW THE "SIX BIG MEN" WILL KNOW THEIR DOOM!
". . . . AND HE'S MADE ONE MORE ADDITION TO THE LIST — — THE BIG BOSS!! BESIDES THAT, MY PLANS ARE WORKING VERY WELL! HUH — HE'LL NEVER FIND OUT WHO THE REAL BOSS IS — THAT I'M SURE OF!
BUT DR. LANG WAS SAYING TO HIMSELF — .
SEVERAL DAYS LATER, GUS RONSON, HEAD OF THE RESTAURANT PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION IS FREED FROM A MANSLAUGHTER CHARGE BY A FIXED JURY . . .

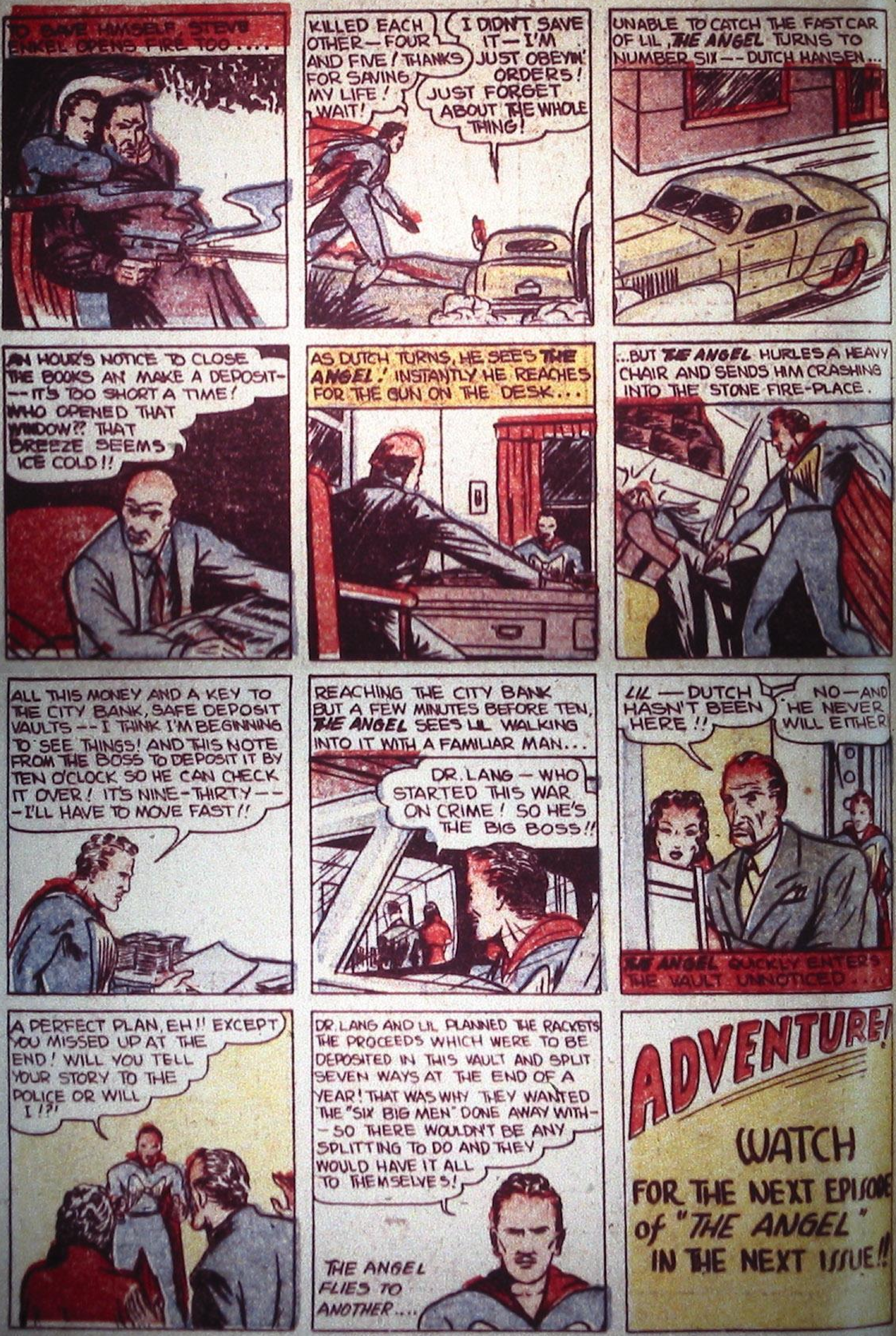

WELL — IF IT ISN'T THE COMMISSIONER!
I'VE A SURPRISE FOR YOU, RONSON! THE ANGEL HAS YOU ON HIS LIST! RIGHT UP ON TOP!
HEE-HAW-HAW-HAW!! D'YOU HEAR THAT! THE ANGEL'S AFTER ME! LISTEN COPPER — I DON'T BELIEVE IN SPOOKS OR FAIRY TALES!!
RONSON'S BOASTING IS SUDDENLY CUT SHORT BY A COLD WIND BLOWING ACROSS HIS FACE...
....AND A SHADOW FORMS ON THE BUILDING ACROSS THE STREET — — SHAPING ITSELF INTO A HUGE ANGEL.
L-LOOK — THE ANGEL!!
GEES — JUST LIKE A C-COLD WIND OUT OF A GR-GRAVE!
TH' SHADOW'S FADIN'!! M-MAYBE I'M LOOSIN' MY GUTS — BUT I GOT TH' JITTERS! I-I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!
LIKE A WILD MANIAC, GUS RONSON RUNS FOR HIS CAR
OUTA ME WAY!!
AT THE SAME TIME, A STRANGE FIGURE JUMPS FROM THE ROOF OF THE COURT HOUSE TO THE NEARBY LAMP POST AND TO THE GROUND IN FRONT OF RONSON'S CAR.
LIKE A FLASH HE JUMPS INTO THE BACK SEAT OF THE CAR ....
UNAWARE THAT THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER IS IN THE BACK OF HIS CAR, RONSON DRIVES OFF AT FULL SPEED.

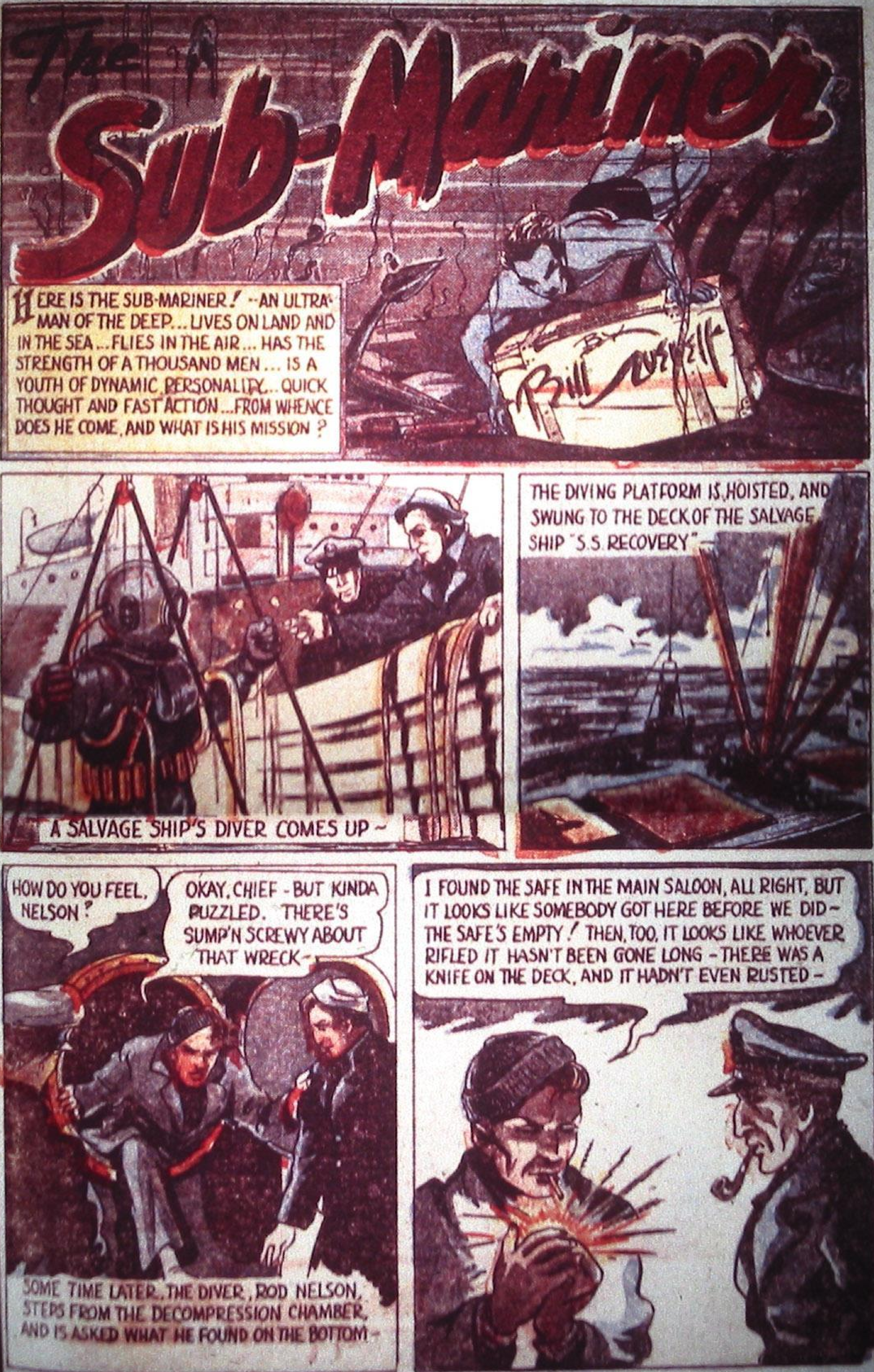

GET HOLD OF YOURSELF--- NOTHIN'S GONNA HAPPEN! I COULD SWEAR I HEARD SOMETHIN' IN TH' BACK!
BEFORE RONSON CAN TURN TO SEE WHAT IS IN THE BACK, A POWERFUL ARM CLAMPS AROUND HIS NECK.
YAH ---!!! UGH -- UR-R-RG- -- YOU'RE CHOKIN' ME!! YOU'RE --
YOU WERE FIRST ON MY LIST --- NEXT WILL BE YOUR PAL MIKE MALONE!
A SHORT TIME LATER, [illegible] THE POLICE COMMIS- SIONER'S OFFICE
IT'S GOT ME GOING --- WONDERING WHOSE CORPSE IS GONNA TURN UP -- LOOK!! RONSON'S CAR!!
DEAD AT THE WHEEL!! THERE'S A NOTE PINNED TO HIM!!
LISTEN ---- "SIX BIG MEN WENT FOR A RIDE -- ONE TOOK A DIVE -- AND THEN THERE WERE FIVE!!" -- AND IT'S SEALED BY THE ANGEL!
THE NEWS OF RONSON'S DEATH SPREADS FAST AND IN A SHORT TIME, REACHES MIKE MALONE, HEAD OF THE RING OF GAMBLING HOUSES.
B-BUT YOU'RE NEXT ON HIS LIST!!
SO WHAT!! JUST LET THIS ANGEL SHOW HIS MAP AROUND HERE AN' I'LL SHOW HIM SOMETHING!
I AM HERE, MIKE!! RIGHT BEHIND YOU!!
W-WHAT TH'--!!?
INSTANTLY MIKE'S GUN BARKS...
...BUT THE ANGEL STRIKES FIRST WITH LIGHTNING SPEED.....
YOU'VE SEEN ME NOW, MALONE --- BUT NO ONE OF YOUR KIND HAS EVER LIVED TO TELL OF IT!!

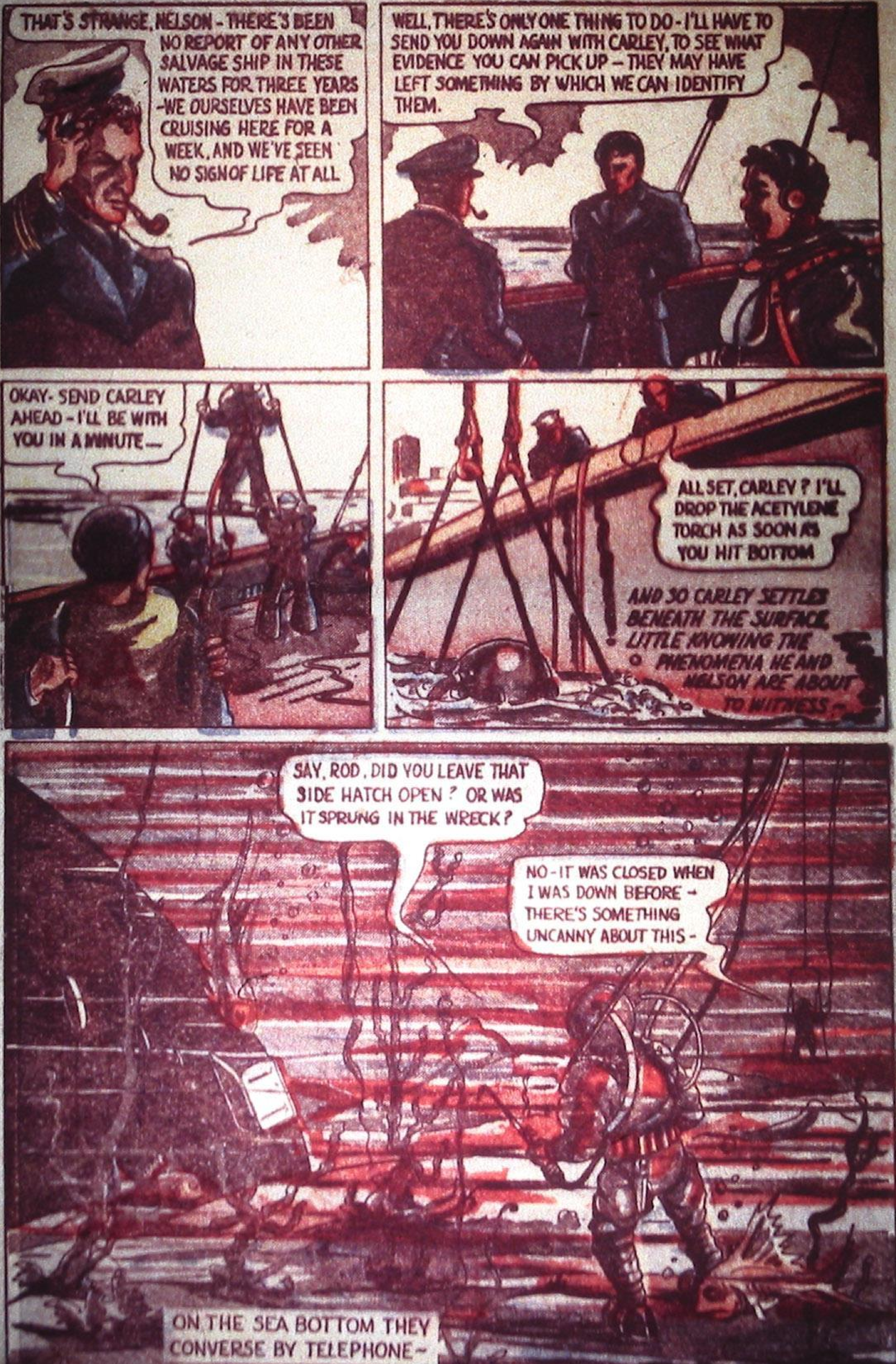

AFTER LITERALLY MASHING HIM INTO A PULP, MIKE MALONE CRUMBLES INTO A HEAP. INSTANTLY THE ANGEL TURNS TO MIKE'S PAL..
... WHO MAKES FOR THE NEAREST EXIT --- A WINDOW ....
Y-Y-YOU WON'T G-GET ME!! N-NO YOU WON'T!!
IN THE CONFUSION, THE THUG PICKED THE WRONG WINDOW-- - INSTEAD OF THE ONE TO THE FIRE-ESCAPE....
MEANWHILE, A WOMAN QUIETLY OPENS THE DOOR AND PLACES A NOTE ON THE TABLE FOR THE ANGEL.
"YOU CAN CROSS NUMBER THREE OFF YOUR LIST --HE WAS THE ONE THAT WENT THROUGH THE WINDOW! NUMBER FOUR IS WAITING FOR YOU- BE CAREFUL!!
QUICKLY, THE ANGEL RUSHES INTO THE HALL TO SEE WHO HAD LEFT THE NOTE FOR HIM, ONLY TO GET A GLIMPSE OF A WOMAN ENTERING THE ELEVATOR....
H-M-M-M!! IT LOOKS AS IF THERE ARE OTHER THAN CIVIC REASONS WHY THESE MEN ARE TO BE DONE AWAY WITH! VERY INTERESTING -! SO NUMBER FOUR IS WAITING FOR ME!!
WHILE IN ONE OF THE UNDERWORLD'S DENS, TRIGGER BOLO, HEAD OF THE RETAIL-DELIVERY PROTECTIVE ASSOCIATION, WAITS FOR THE ANGEL.
ALL SET TRIGGER!
SO THE ANGEL'S GONNA DO AWAY WITH ME EH?! MY TRIGGER FINGER'S ITCHIN', SO SEE THAT YOU BRING HIM IN HERE!!
WE GOTCHA, BOSS!
NICE HOLE TRIGGER HAS-- FIT FOR ONLY RATS TO LIVE IN!!
THAT'S RIGHT- BE NICE AND QUIET!!

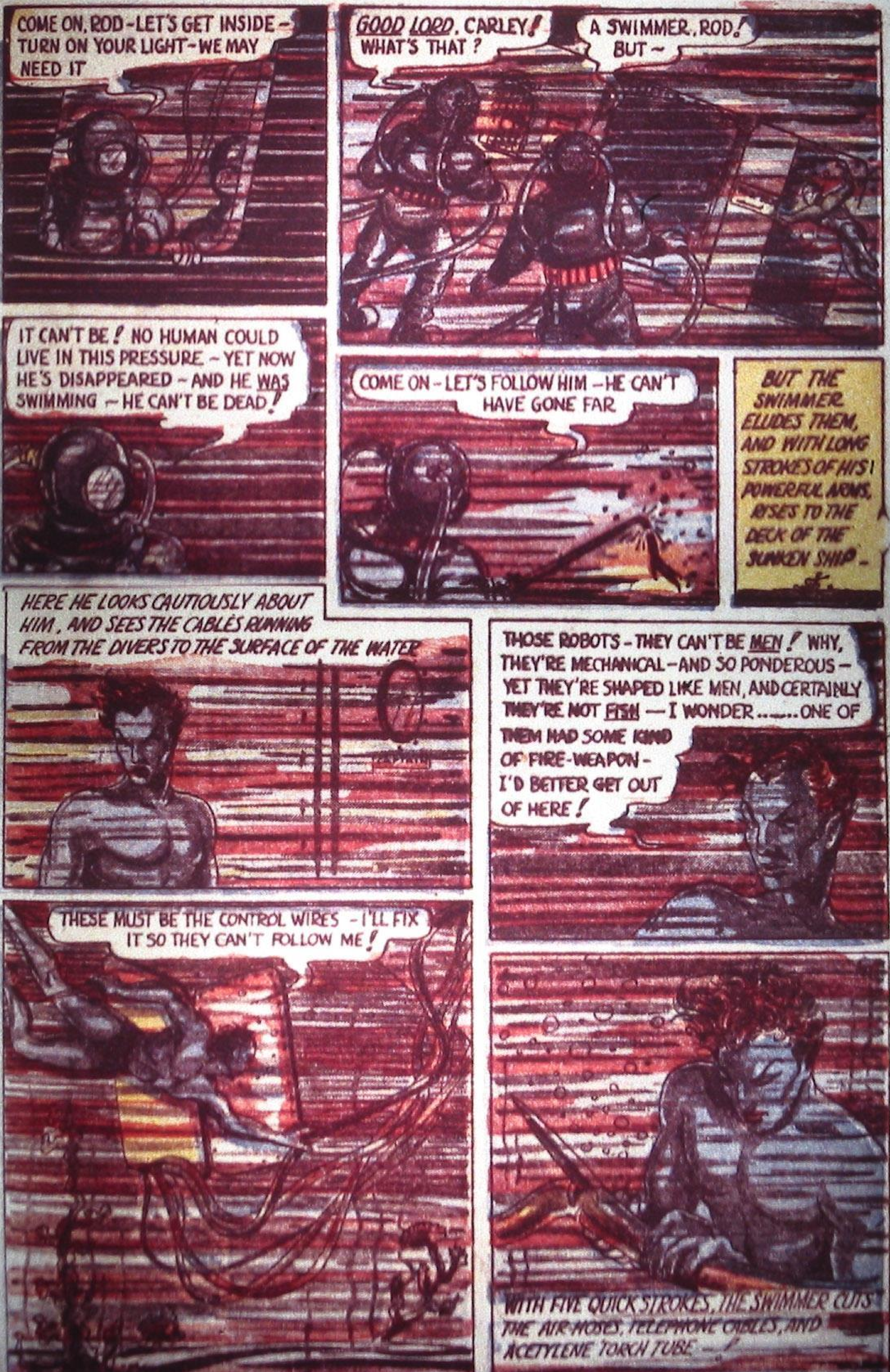

IN THE STRUGGLE, THE THUG KNOCKS OVER A STACK OF CRATES....
... ATTRACTING THE ATTENTION OF THE OTHER MEN IN BOLO'S DEN.
HE'S GOT SHORTY!!
NO RODS— TRIGGER WANTS 'IM ALIVE!
[illegible] THE GUN-MEN RUSHING TOWARD HIM, THE ANGEL COUNTER-ATTACKS WITH THE FURY OF A [illegible] LION!
BUT CANNOT WITHSTAND THE TREMENDOUS ODDS AGAINST HIM.
GOT HIS HANDS TIED?
YEAH!
GOOD WORK, BOYS! SO YOU WERE GONNA GET RID OF ME, EH!! UP AGAINST THE WALL WITH 'IM!!
AT THAT MOMENT, THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN, THAT LEFT THE WARNING NOTE FOR THE ANGEL, STEPS INTO THE ROOM.
NOT HERE, TRIGGER! THAT'S AN ORDER!
SEE THIS TOMMY-GUN! IT'S GONNA CUT YOU TO PIECES---VERY SLOWLY!
OK.— STAND BACK, BOYS!

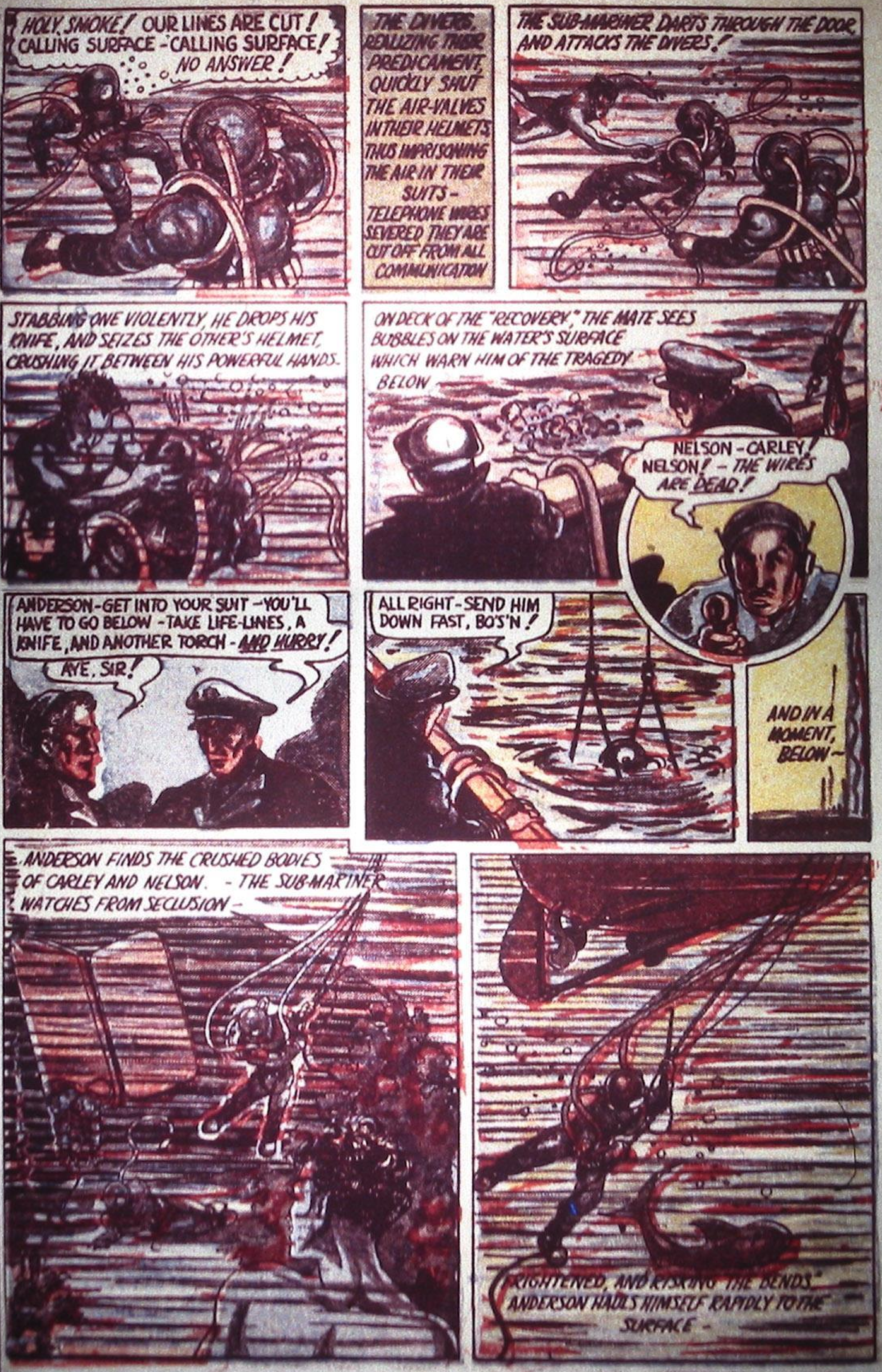

I'LL TAKE ORDERS HOW TO RUN THIS RACKET BUT NOT HOW TO GET RID OF GUYS! YOU CAN TELL THAT TO TH' BOSS!
THE WOMAN'S FACE TURNS STERN AND HER HAND FLASHES A SMALL AUTOMATIC!
TRIGGER — YOU'RE STEPPING OUT TOO FAR!
I-I'M SORRY LIL!! I-I'M JUST KINDA JITTERY AN' NERVOUS!! WHAT'S THE ORDERS?!
STEVE ENKEL IS WAITING UPSTAIRS — WE THREE ARE TO TAKE *THE ANGEL* TO THE WOODS OUTSIDE OF THE CITY!
WELL — MY HUNCH ABOUT A BIG BOSS WAS RIGHT! SO STEVE ENKEL, THE POLITICAL FIXER, TRIGGER BOLO AND THE BIG BOSSES GO-BETWEEN ARE GOING TO TAKE ME FOR A RIDE! H-M-M-M!!
A FEW MINUTES LATER, *THE ANGEL* IS PLACED IN A CAR BETWEEN TRIGGER BOLO AND STEVE ENKEL, WHILE LIL FOLLOWS THE THREE IN HER OWN CAR...
SOON, THE TWO CARS STOP.
TIE HIM TO THAT TREE!
C'MON, YOU!
I THINK I LET THIS GO TOO FAR!
I WANT TO MAKE SURE HE'S TIED SECUREDLY!
AS LIL STEPS BEHIND THE TREE, SHE CUTS THE ROPES WITH A SHARP PEN-KNIFE...
WHAT THE—!!
ASK ENKEL FOR A CIGARETTE — THE REST IS UP TO YOU!
AS STEVE ENKEL IS ABOUT TO LIGHT THE CIGARETTE, *THE ANGEL* STRIKES!
GET AWAY FROM THERE YOU FOOL — I'M GONNA SHOOT!
N-NO!! YOU'LL GET ME TOO!!
THAT'S YOUR TOUGH LUCK!! I'M JUST CARRYING OUT ORDERS FROM TH' BOSS!
7

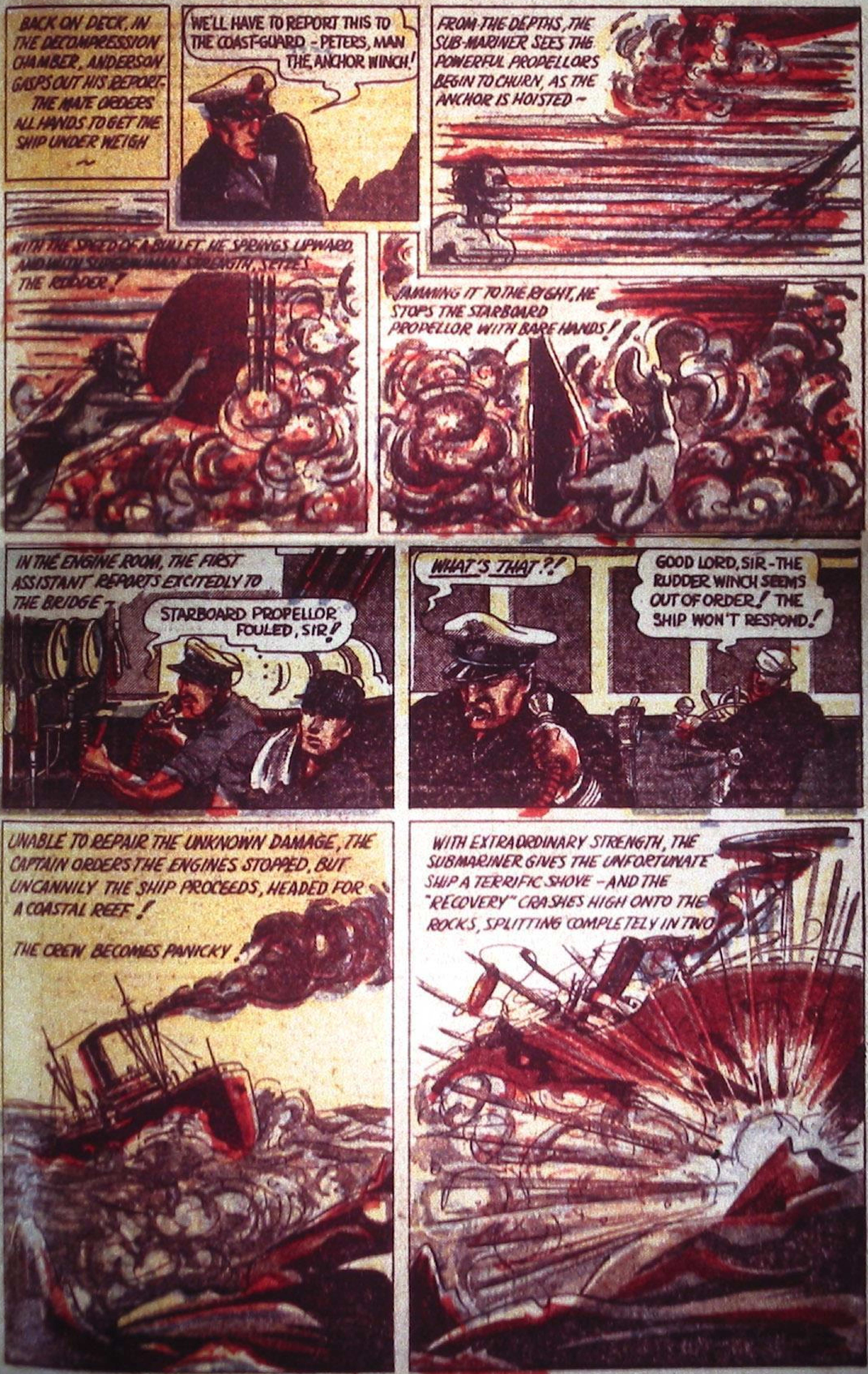

TO SAVE HIMSELF STEVE ENKEL OPENS FIRE TOO....
KILLED EACH OTHER—FOUR AND FIVE! THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE! WAIT!
I DIDN'T SAVE IT—I'M JUST OBEYIN' ORDERS! JUST FORGET ABOUT THE WHOLE THING!
UNABLE TO CATCH THE FAST CAR OF LIL, THE ANGEL TURNS TO NUMBER SIX -- DUTCH HANSEN...
AN HOUR'S NOTICE TO CLOSE THE BOOKS AN' MAKE A DEPOSIT- -- IT'S TOO SHORT A TIME! WHO OPENED THAT WINDOW?? THAT BREEZE SEEMS ICE COLD!!
AS DUTCH TURNS, HE SEES THE ANGEL! INSTANTLY HE REACHES FOR THE GUN ON THE DESK...
...BUT THE ANGEL HURLES A HEAVY CHAIR AND SENDS HIM CRASHING INTO THE STONE FIRE-PLACE.
ALL THIS MONEY AND A KEY TO THE CITY BANK, SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS -- I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO SEE THINGS! AND THIS NOTE FROM THE BOSS TO DEPOSIT IT BY TEN O'CLOCK SO HE CAN CHECK IT OVER! IT'S NINE-THIRTY -- -I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST!!
REACHING THE CITY BANK BUT A FEW MINUTES BEFORE TEN, THE ANGEL SEES LIL WALKING INTO IT WITH A FAMILIAR MAN...
DR. LANG — WHO STARTED THIS WAR ON CRIME! SO HE'S THE BIG BOSS!!
LIL — DUTCH HASN'T BEEN HERE!!
NO—AND HE NEVER WILL EITHER!
THE ANGEL QUICKLY ENTERS THE VAULT UNNOTICED....
A PERFECT PLAN, EH!! EXCEPT YOU MISSED UP AT THE END! WILL YOU TELL YOUR STORY TO THE POLICE OR WILL I!?!
DR. LANG AND LIL PLANNED THE RACKETS THE PROCEEDS WHICH WERE TO BE DEPOSITED IN THIS VAULT AND SPLIT SEVEN WAYS AT THE END OF A YEAR! THAT WAS WHY THEY WANTED THE "SIX BIG MEN" DONE AWAY WITH- -SO THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY SPLITTING TO DO AND THEY WOULD HAVE IT ALL TO THEMSELVES!
THE ANGEL FLIES TO ANOTHER....
ADVENTURE!
WATCH FOR THE NEXT EPISODE of "THE ANGEL" IN THE NEXT ISSUE!!

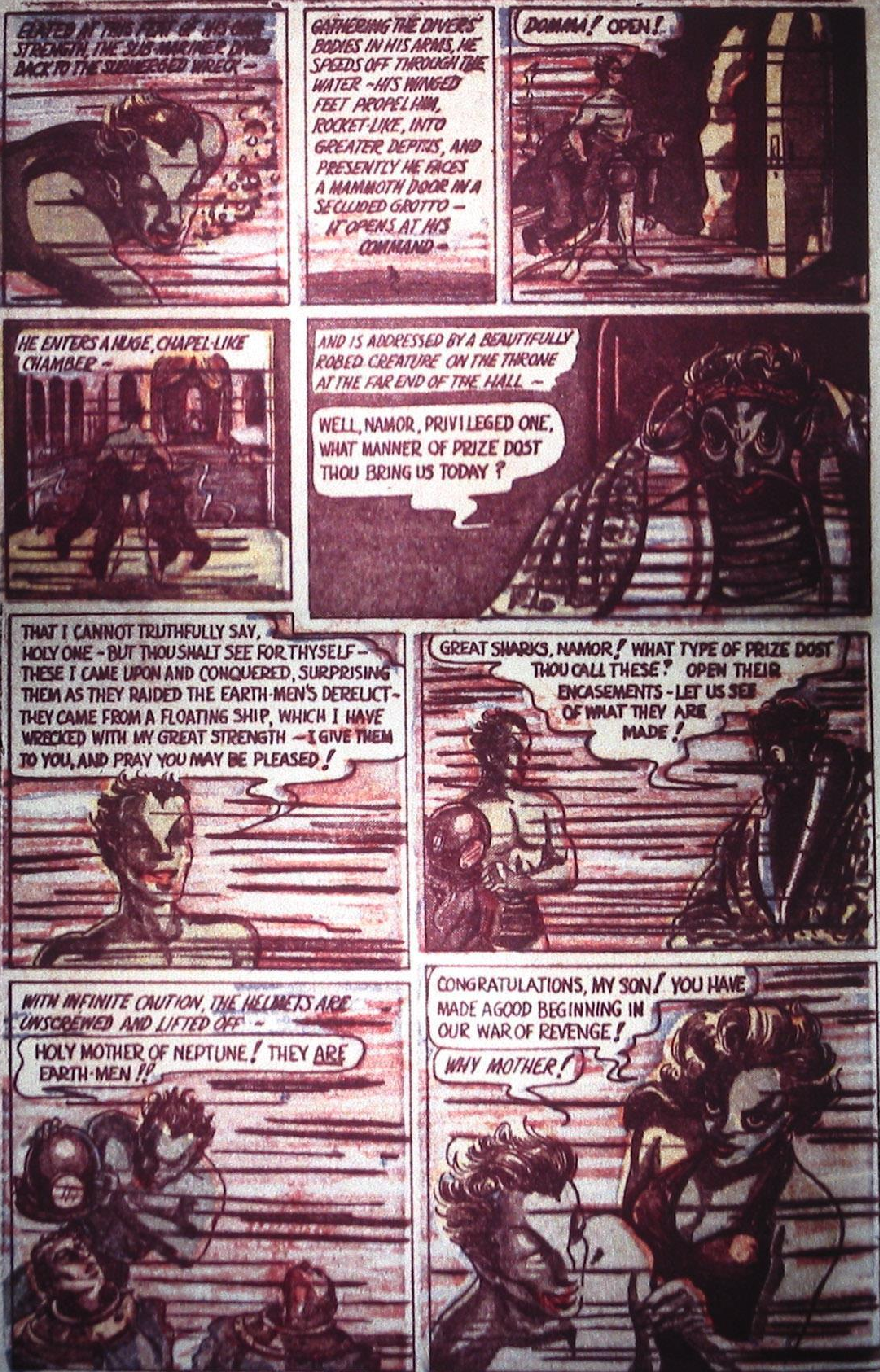

The Sub-Mariner
BY Bill Everett
HERE IS THE SUB-MARINER! --AN ULTRA-MAN OF THE DEEP... LIVES ON LAND AND IN THE SEA... FLIES IN THE AIR... HAS THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND MEN... IS A YOUTH OF DYNAMIC PERSONALITY... QUICK THOUGHT AND FAST ACTION... FROM WHENCE DOES HE COME, AND WHAT IS HIS MISSION?
A SALVAGE SHIP'S DIVER COMES UP~
THE DIVING PLATFORM IS HOISTED, AND SWUNG TO THE DECK OF THE SALVAGE SHIP "S.S. RECOVERY"~
HOW DO YOU FEEL, NELSON?
OKAY, CHIEF - BUT KINDA PUZZLED. THERE'S SUMP'N SCREWY ABOUT THAT WRECK~
SOME TIME LATER, THE DIVER, ROD NELSON, STEPS FROM THE DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER, AND IS ASKED WHAT HE FOUND ON THE BOTTOM~
I FOUND THE SAFE IN THE MAIN SALOON, ALL RIGHT, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY GOT HERE BEFORE WE DID~ THE SAFE'S EMPTY! THEN, TOO, IT LOOKS LIKE WHOEVER RIFLED IT HASN'T BEEN GONE LONG - THERE WAS A KNIFE ON THE DECK, AND IT HADN'T EVEN RUSTED~

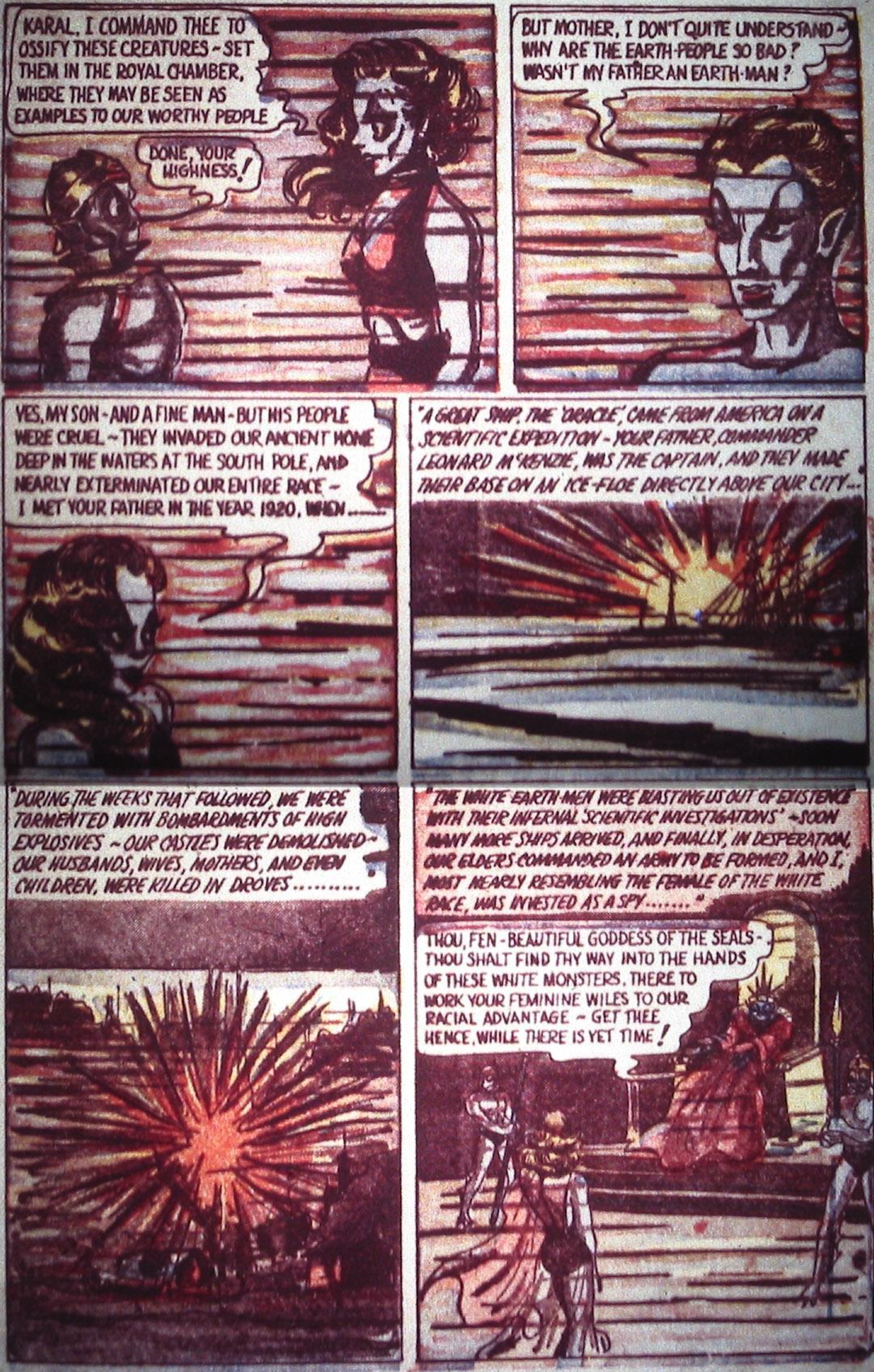

THAT'S STRANGE, NELSON - THERE'S BEEN NO REPORT OF ANY OTHER SALVAGE SHIP IN THESE WATERS FOR THREE YEARS -WE OURSELVES HAVE BEEN CRUISING HERE FOR A WEEK, AND WE'VE SEEN NO SIGN OF LIFE AT ALL
WELL, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO - I'LL HAVE TO SEND YOU DOWN AGAIN WITH CARLEY, TO SEE WHAT EVIDENCE YOU CAN PICK UP - THEY MAY HAVE LEFT SOMETHING BY WHICH WE CAN IDENTIFY THEM.
OKAY- SEND CARLEY AHEAD - I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE—
ALL SET, CARLEY ? I'LL DROP THE ACETYLENE TORCH AS SOON AS YOU HIT BOTTOM
AND SO CARLEY SETTLES BENEATH THE SURFACE, LITTLE KNOWING THE PHENOMENA HE AND NELSON ARE ABOUT TO WITNESS —
SAY, ROD, DID YOU LEAVE THAT SIDE HATCH OPEN ? OR WAS IT SPRUNG IN THE WRECK?
NO - IT WAS CLOSED WHEN I WAS DOWN BEFORE - THERE'S SOMETHING UNCANNY ABOUT THIS -
ON THE SEA BOTTOM THEY CONVERSE BY TELEPHONE—

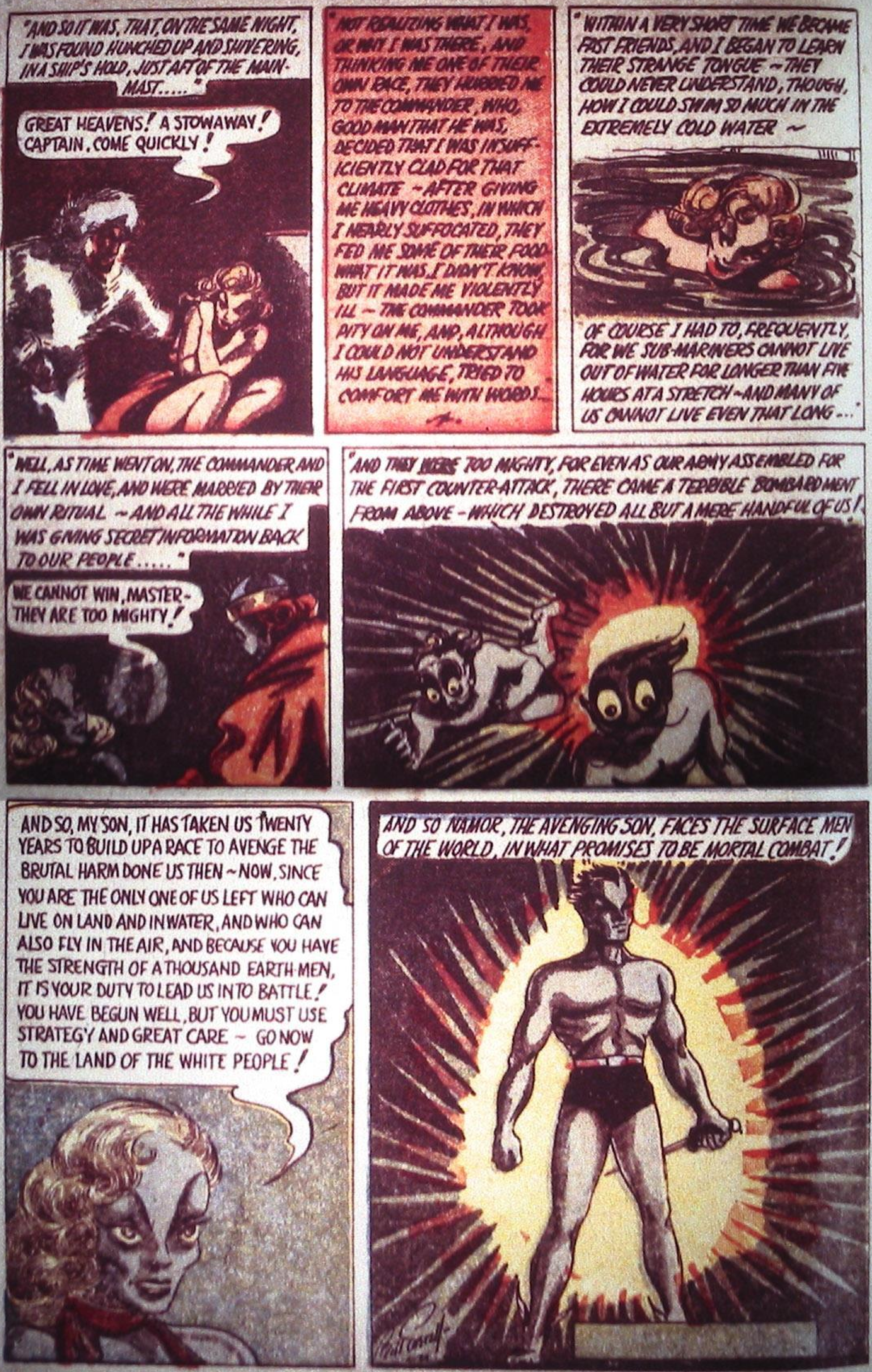

COME ON, ROD - LET'S GET INSIDE - TURN ON YOUR LIGHT - WE MAY NEED IT
GOOD LORD, CARLEY! WHAT'S THAT?
A SWIMMER, ROD! BUT ~
IT CAN'T BE! NO HUMAN COULD LIVE IN THIS PRESSURE ~ YET NOW HE'S DISAPPEARED - AND HE WAS SWIMMING ~ HE CAN'T BE DEAD!
COME ON - LET'S FOLLOW HIM - HE CAN'T HAVE GONE FAR
BUT THE SWIMMER ELUDES THEM, AND WITH LONG STROKES OF HIS POWERFUL ARMS, RISES TO THE DECK OF THE SUNKEN SHIP -
HERE HE LOOKS CAUTIOUSLY ABOUT HIM, AND SEES THE CABLES RUNNING FROM THE DIVERS TO THE SURFACE OF THE WATER
THOSE ROBOTS - THEY CAN'T BE MEN! WHY, THEY'RE MECHANICAL - AND SO PONDEROUS - YET THEY'RE SHAPED LIKE MEN, AND CERTAINLY THEY'RE NOT FISH - I WONDER....... ONE OF THEM HAD SOME KIND OF FIRE-WEAPON - I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
THESE MUST BE THE CONTROL WIRES - I'LL FIX IT SO THEY CAN'T FOLLOW ME!
WITH FIVE QUICK STROKES, THE SWIMMER CUTS THE AIR-HOSES, TELEPHONE CABLES, AND ACETYLENE TORCH TUBE -!

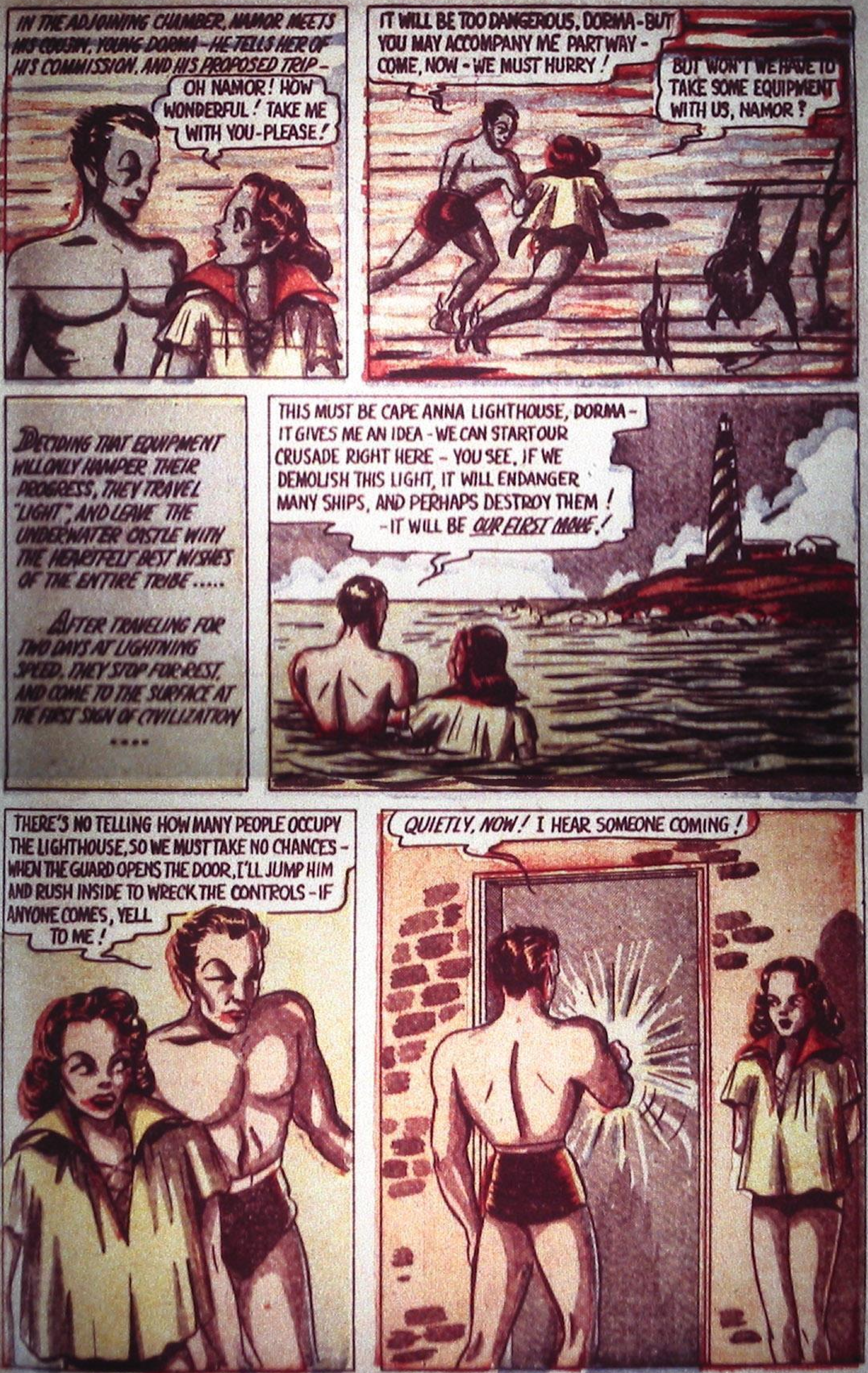

HOLY, SMOKE! OUR LINES ARE CUT! CALLING SURFACE - CALLING SURFACE! NO ANSWER!
THE DIVERS, REALIZING THEIR PREDICAMENT, QUICKLY SHUT THE AIR-VALVES IN THEIR HELMETS, THUS IMPRISONING THE AIR IN THEIR SUITS - TELEPHONE WIRES SEVERED THEY ARE CUT OFF FROM ALL COMMUNICATION
THE SUB-MARINER DARTS THROUGH THE DOOR, AND ATTACKS THE DIVERS!
STABBING ONE VIOLENTLY, HE DROPS HIS KNIFE, AND SEIZES THE OTHER'S HELMET, CRUSHING IT BETWEEN HIS POWERFUL HANDS.
ON DECK OF THE "RECOVERY," THE MATE SEES BUBBLES ON THE WATER'S SURFACE WHICH WARN HIM OF THE TRAGEDY BELOW -
NELSON - CARLEY! NELSON! - THE WIRES ARE DEAD!
ANDERSON - GET INTO YOUR SUIT - YOU'LL HAVE TO GO BELOW - TAKE LIFE-LINES, A KNIFE, AND ANOTHER TORCH - AND HURRY!
AYE, SIR!
ALL RIGHT - SEND HIM DOWN FAST, BO'S'N!
AND IN A MOMENT, BELOW -
- ANDERSON FINDS THE CRUSHED BODIES OF CARLEY AND NELSON. - THE SUB-MARINER WATCHES FROM SECLUSION -
FRIGHTENED, AND RISKING "THE BENDS" ANDERSON HAULS HIMSELF RAPIDLY TO THE SURFACE -

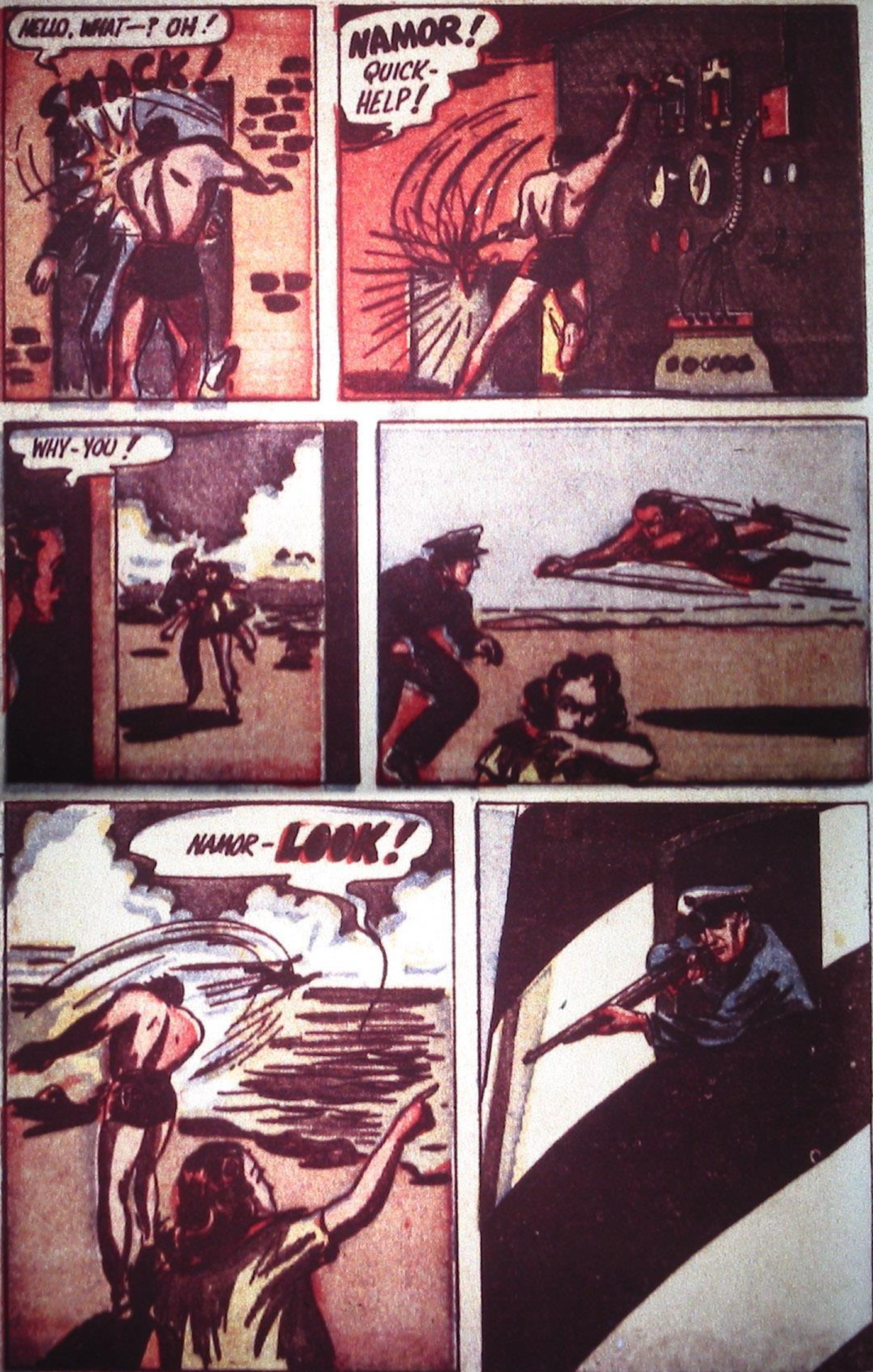

BACK ON DECK, IN THE DECOMPRESSION CHAMBER, ANDERSON GASPS OUT HIS REPORT- THE MATE ORDERS ALL HANDS TO GET THE SHIP UNDER WEIGH ~
WE'LL HAVE TO REPORT THIS TO THE COAST-GUARD - PETERS, MAN THE ANCHOR WINCH!
FROM THE DEPTHS, THE SUB-MARINER SEES THE POWERFUL PROPELLORS BEGIN TO CHURN, AS THE ANCHOR IS HOISTED ~
WITH THE SPEED OF A BULLET, HE SPRINGS UPWARD, AND WITH SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, SEIZES THE RUDDER!
JAMMING IT TO THE RIGHT, HE STOPS THE STARBOARD PROPELLOR WITH BARE HANDS!
IN THE ENGINE ROOM, THE FIRST ASSISTANT REPORTS EXCITEDLY TO THE BRIDGE -
STARBOARD PROPELLOR FOULED, SIR!
WHAT'S THAT?!
GOOD LORD, SIR - THE RUDDER WINCH SEEMS OUT OF ORDER! THE SHIP WON'T RESPOND!
UNABLE TO REPAIR THE UNKNOWN DAMAGE, THE CAPTAIN ORDERS THE ENGINES STOPPED, BUT UNCANNILY THE SHIP PROCEEDS, HEADED FOR A COASTAL REEF!
THE CREW BECOMES PANICKY!
WITH EXTRAORDINARY STRENGTH, THE SUBMARINER GIVES THE UNFORTUNATE SHIP A TERRIFIC SHOVE - AND THE "RECOVERY" CRASHES HIGH ONTO THE ROCKS, SPLITTING COMPLETELY IN TWO

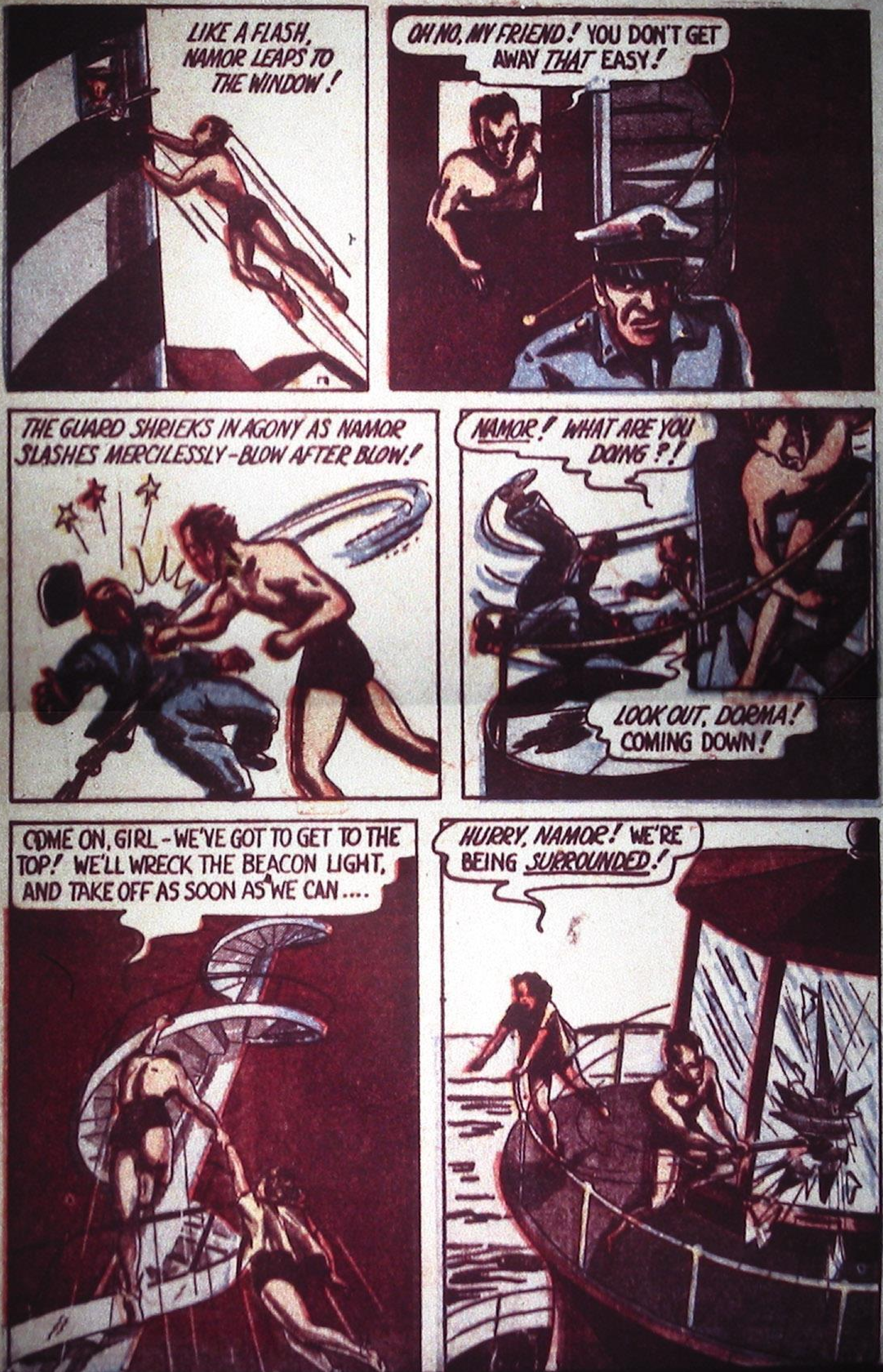

ELATED AT THIS FEAT OF HIS OWN STRENGTH, THE SUB-MARINER DIVES BACK TO THE SUBMERGED WRECK —
GATHERING THE DIVERS' BODIES IN HIS ARMS, HE SPEEDS OFF THROUGH THE WATER ~ HIS WINGED FEET PROPEL HIM, ROCKET-LIKE, INTO GREATER DEPTHS, AND PRESENTLY HE FACES A MAMMOTH DOOR IN A SECLUDED GROTTO — IT OPENS AT HIS COMMAND —
DOMMA! OPEN!
HE ENTERS A HUGE, CHAPEL-LIKE CHAMBER —
AND IS ADDRESSED BY A BEAUTIFULLY ROBED CREATURE ON THE THRONE AT THE FAR END OF THE HALL —
WELL, NAMOR, PRIVILEGED ONE, WHAT MANNER OF PRIZE DOST THOU BRING US TODAY?
THAT I CANNOT TRUTHFULLY SAY, HOLY ONE — BUT THOU SHALT SEE FOR THYSELF — THESE I CAME UPON AND CONQUERED, SURPRISING THEM AS THEY RAIDED THE EARTH-MEN'S DERELICT — THEY CAME FROM A FLOATING SHIP, WHICH I HAVE WRECKED WITH MY GREAT STRENGTH — I GIVE THEM TO YOU, AND PRAY YOU MAY BE PLEASED!
GREAT SHARKS, NAMOR! WHAT TYPE OF PRIZE DOST THOU CALL THESE? OPEN THEIR ENCASEMENTS — LET US SEE OF WHAT THEY ARE MADE!
WITH INFINITE CAUTION, THE HELMETS ARE UNSCREWED AND LIFTED OFF —
HOLY MOTHER OF NEPTUNE! THEY ARE EARTH-MEN!!
CONGRATULATIONS, MY SON! YOU HAVE MADE A GOOD BEGINNING IN OUR WAR OF REVENGE!
WHY MOTHER!

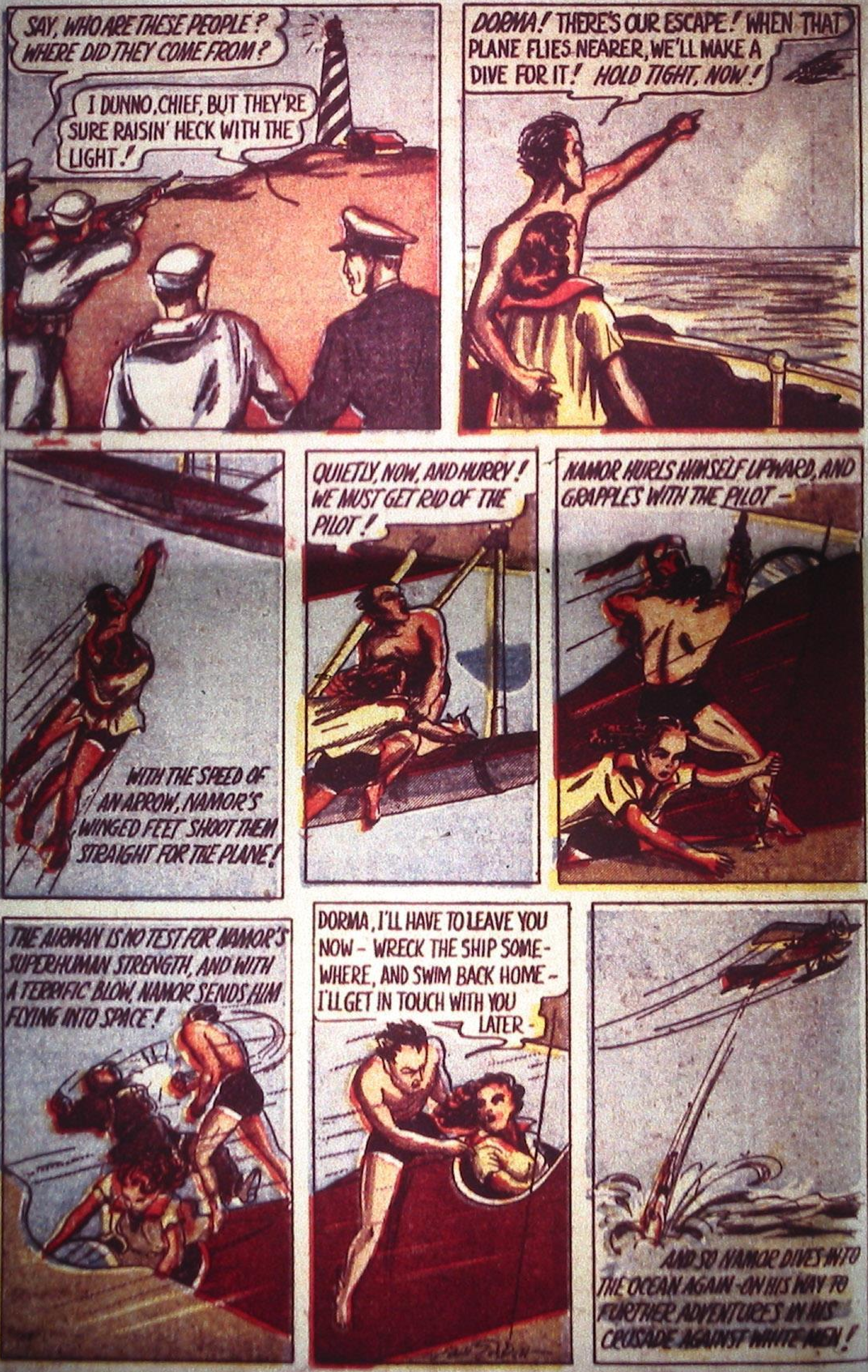

KARAL, I COMMAND THEE TO OSSIFY THESE CREATURES - SET THEM IN THE ROYAL CHAMBER, WHERE THEY MAY BE SEEN AS EXAMPLES TO OUR WORTHY PEOPLE
DONE, YOUR HIGHNESS!
BUT MOTHER, I DON'T QUITE UNDERSTAND - WHY ARE THE EARTH-PEOPLE SO BAD? WASN'T MY FATHER AN EARTH-MAN?
YES, MY SON - AND A FINE MAN - BUT HIS PEOPLE WERE CRUEL - THEY INVADED OUR ANCIENT HOME DEEP IN THE WATERS AT THE SOUTH POLE, AND NEARLY EXTERMINATED OUR ENTIRE RACE - I MET YOUR FATHER IN THE YEAR 1920, WHEN ......
"A GREAT SHIP, THE 'ORACLE', CAME FROM AMERICA ON A SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION - YOUR FATHER, COMMANDER LEONARD McKENZIE, WAS THE CAPTAIN, AND THEY MADE THEIR BASE ON AN ICE-FLOE DIRECTLY ABOVE OUR CITY..."
"DURING THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED, WE WERE TORMENTED WITH BOMBARDMENTS OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES - OUR CASTLES WERE DEMOLISHED - OUR HUSBANDS, WIVES, MOTHERS, AND EVEN CHILDREN, WERE KILLED IN DROVES..........
"THE WHITE EARTH-MEN WERE BLASTING US OUT OF EXISTENCE WITH THEIR INFERNAL 'SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATIONS' - SOON MANY MORE SHIPS ARRIVED, AND FINALLY, IN DESPERATION, OUR ELDERS COMMANDED AN ARMY TO BE FORMED, AND I, MOST NEARLY RESEMBLING THE FEMALE OF THE WHITE RACE, WAS INVESTED AS A SPY......."
THOU, FEN - BEAUTIFUL GODDESS OF THE SEALS - THOU SHALT FIND THY WAY INTO THE HANDS OF THESE WHITE MONSTERS, THERE TO WORK YOUR FEMININE WILES TO OUR RACIAL ADVANTAGE - GET THEE HENCE, WHILE THERE IS YET TIME!


"AND SO IT WAS, THAT, ON THE SAME NIGHT, I WAS FOUND HUNCHED UP AND SHIVERING, IN A SHIP'S HOLD, JUST AFT OF THE MAIN-MAST....."
GREAT HEAVENS! A STOWAWAY! CAPTAIN, COME QUICKLY!
"NOT REALIZING WHAT I WAS, OR WHY I WAS THERE, AND THINKING ME ONE OF THEIR OWN RACE, THEY HURRIED ME TO THE COMMANDER, WHO, GOOD MAN THAT HE WAS, DECIDED THAT I WAS INSUFFICIENTLY CLAD FOR THAT CLIMATE ~ AFTER GIVING ME HEAVY CLOTHES, IN WHICH I NEARLY SUFFOCATED, THEY FED ME SOME OF THEIR FOOD WHAT IT WAS, I DIDN'T KNOW, BUT IT MADE ME VIOLENTLY ILL ~ THE COMMANDER TOOK PITY ON ME, AND, ALTHOUGH I COULD NOT UNDERSTAND HIS LANGUAGE, TRIED TO COMFORT ME WITH WORDS...
"WITHIN A VERY SHORT TIME WE BECAME FAST FRIENDS, AND I BEGAN TO LEARN THEIR STRANGE TONGUE ~ THEY COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND, THOUGH, HOW I COULD SWIM SO MUCH IN THE EXTREMELY COLD WATER ~
OF COURSE I HAD TO, FREQUENTLY, FOR WE SUB-MARINERS CANNOT LIVE OUT OF WATER FOR LONGER THAN FIVE HOURS AT A STRETCH ~ AND MANY OF US CANNOT LIVE EVEN THAT LONG..."
"WELL, AS TIME WENT ON, THE COMMANDER AND I FELL IN LOVE, AND WERE MARRIED BY THEIR OWN RITUAL ~ AND ALL THE WHILE I WAS GIVING SECRET INFORMATION BACK TO OUR PEOPLE....."
WE CANNOT WIN, MASTER ~ THEY ARE TOO MIGHTY!
"AND THEY WERE TOO MIGHTY, FOR EVEN AS OUR ARMY ASSEMBLED FOR THE FIRST COUNTER-ATTACK, THERE CAME A TERRIBLE BOMBARDMENT FROM ABOVE - WHICH DESTROYED ALL BUT A MERE HANDFUL OF US!
AND SO, MY SON, IT HAS TAKEN US TWENTY YEARS TO BUILD UP A RACE TO AVENGE THE BRUTAL HARM DONE US THEN ~ NOW, SINCE YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE OF US LEFT WHO CAN LIVE ON LAND AND IN WATER, AND WHO CAN ALSO FLY IN THE AIR, AND BECAUSE YOU HAVE THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND EARTH-MEN, IT IS YOUR DUTY TO LEAD US INTO BATTLE! YOU HAVE BEGUN WELL, BUT YOU MUST USE STRATEGY AND GREAT CARE ~ GO NOW TO THE LAND OF THE WHITE PEOPLE!
AND SO NAMOR, THE AVENGING SON, FACES THE SURFACE MEN OF THE WORLD, IN WHAT PROMISES TO BE MORTAL COMBAT!

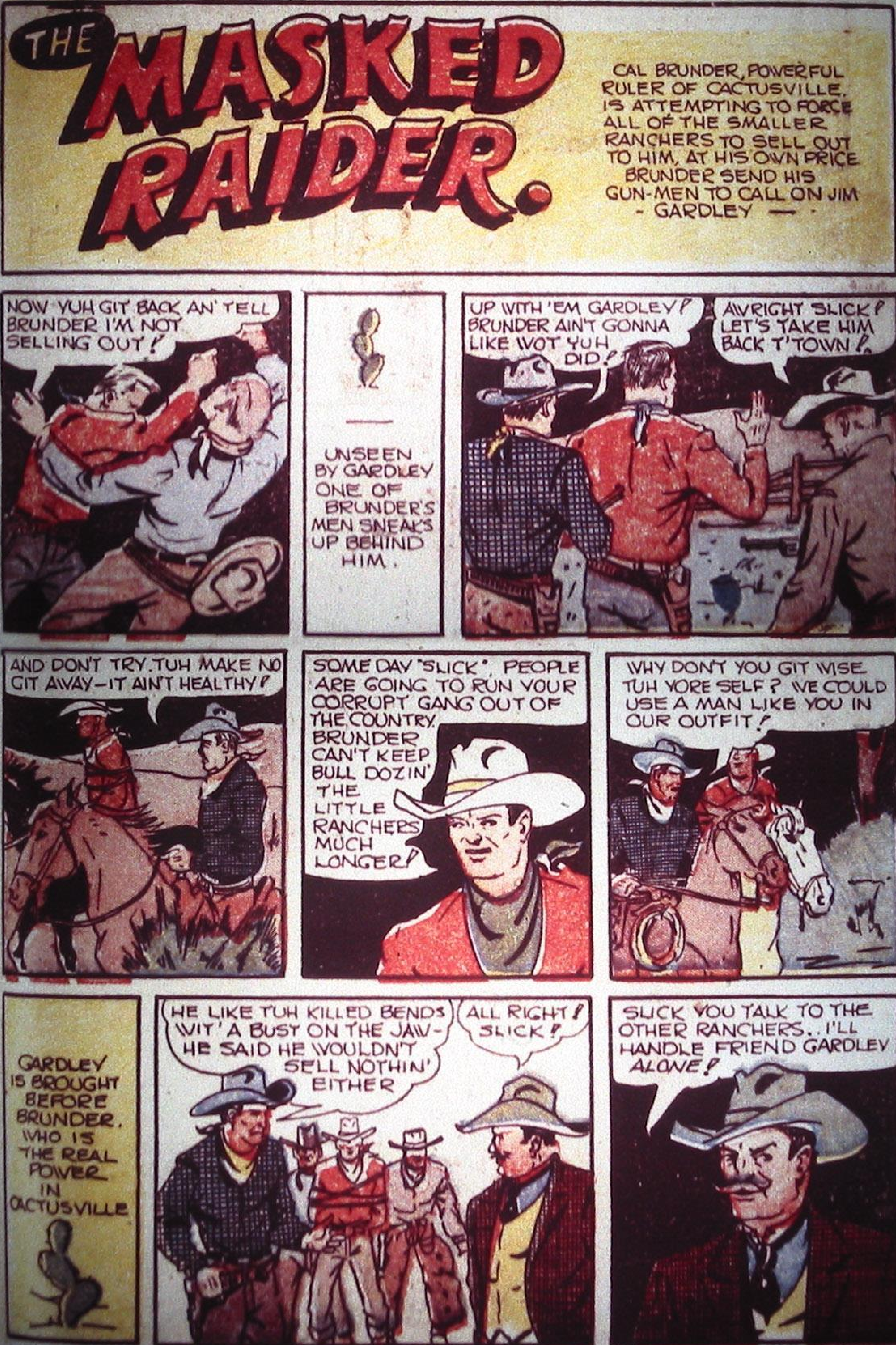

IN THE ADJOINING CHAMBER, NAMOR MEETS HIS COUSIN, YOUNG DORMA - HE TELLS HER OF HIS COMMISSION, AND HIS PROPOSED TRIP -
OH NAMOR! HOW WONDERFUL! TAKE ME WITH YOU-PLEASE!
IT WILL BE TOO DANGEROUS, DORMA-BUT YOU MAY ACCOMPANY ME PARTWAY - COME, NOW - WE MUST HURRY!
BUT WON'T WE HAVE TO TAKE SOME EQUIPMENT WITH US, NAMOR?
DECIDING THAT EQUIPMENT WILL ONLY HAMPER THEIR PROGRESS, THEY TRAVEL "LIGHT", AND LEAVE THE UNDERWATER CASTLE WITH THE HEARTFELT BEST WISHES OF THE ENTIRE TRIBE.....
AFTER TRAVELING FOR TWO DAYS AT LIGHTNING SPEED, THEY STOP FOR REST, AND COME TO THE SURFACE AT THE FIRST SIGN OF CIVILIZATION ....
THIS MUST BE CAPE ANNA LIGHTHOUSE, DORMA - IT GIVES ME AN IDEA - WE CAN START OUR CRUSADE RIGHT HERE - YOU SEE, IF WE DEMOLISH THIS LIGHT, IT WILL ENDANGER MANY SHIPS, AND PERHAPS DESTROY THEM! - IT WILL BE OUR FIRST MOVE!
THERE'S NO TELLING HOW MANY PEOPLE OCCUPY THE LIGHTHOUSE, SO WE MUST TAKE NO CHANCES - WHEN THE GUARD OPENS THE DOOR, I'LL JUMP HIM AND RUSH INSIDE TO WRECK THE CONTROLS - IF ANYONE COMES, YELL TO ME!
QUIETLY, NOW! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!

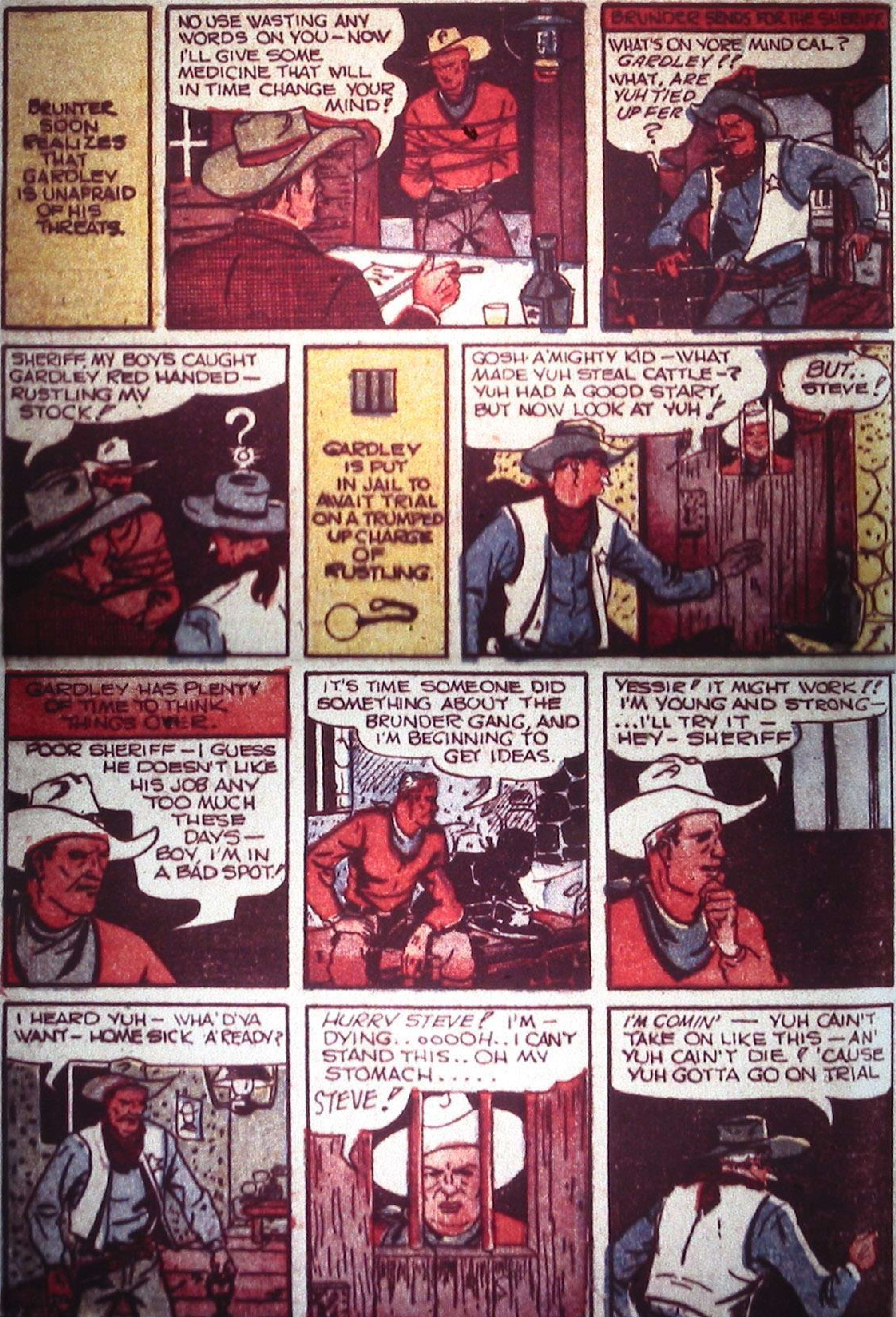

HELLO, WHAT—? OH!
SMACK!
NAMOR! QUICK-HELP!
WHY-YOU!
NAMOR-LOOK!

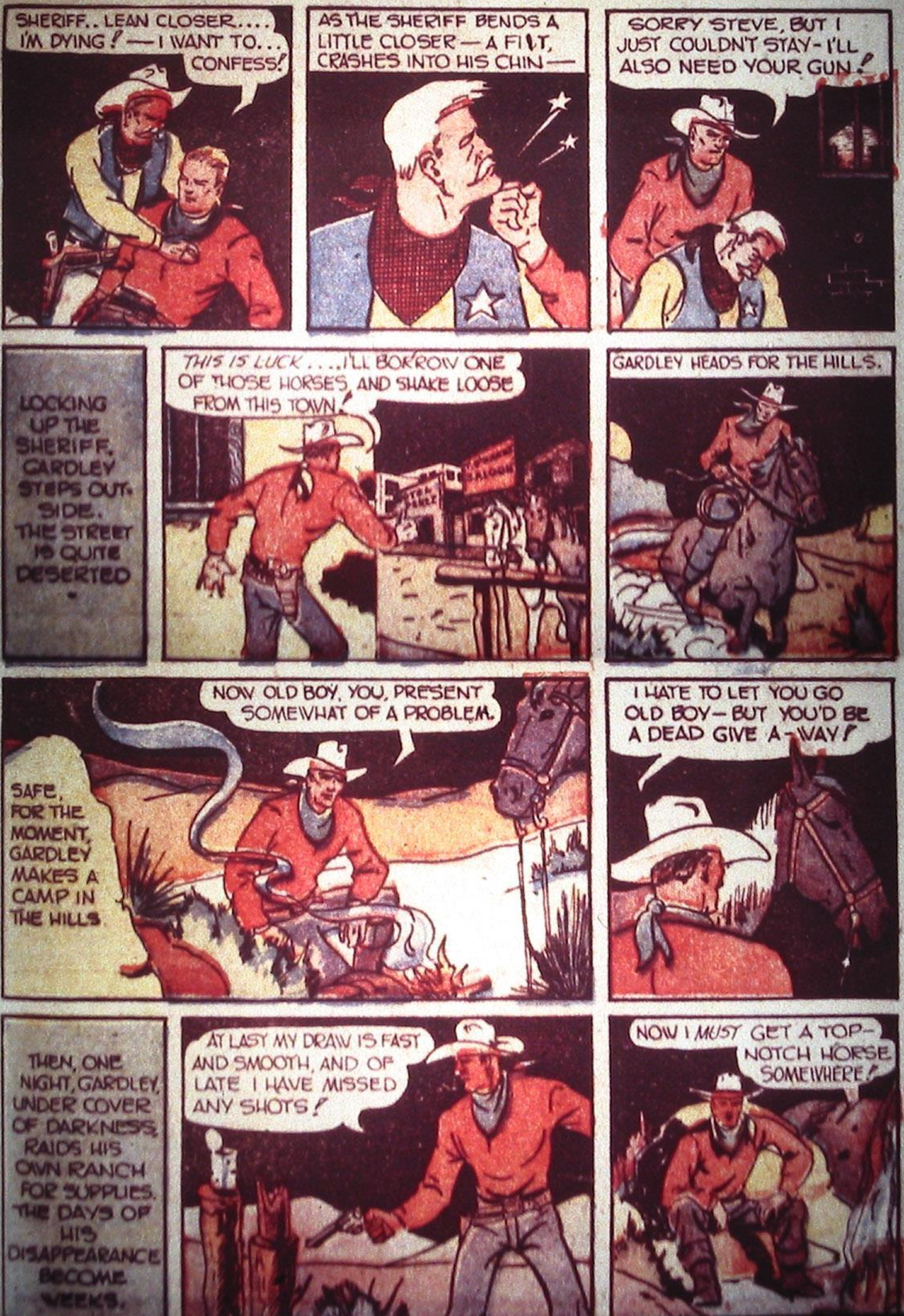

LIKE A FLASH, NAMOR LEAPS TO THE WINDOW!
OH NO, MY FRIEND! YOU DON'T GET AWAY THAT EASY!
THE GUARD SHRIEKS IN AGONY AS NAMOR SLASHES MERCILESSLY–BLOW AFTER BLOW!
NAMOR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?!
LOOK OUT, DORMA! COMING DOWN!
COME ON, GIRL–WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE TOP! WE'LL WRECK THE BEACON LIGHT, AND TAKE OFF AS SOON AS WE CAN....
HURRY, NAMOR! WE'RE BEING SURROUNDED!

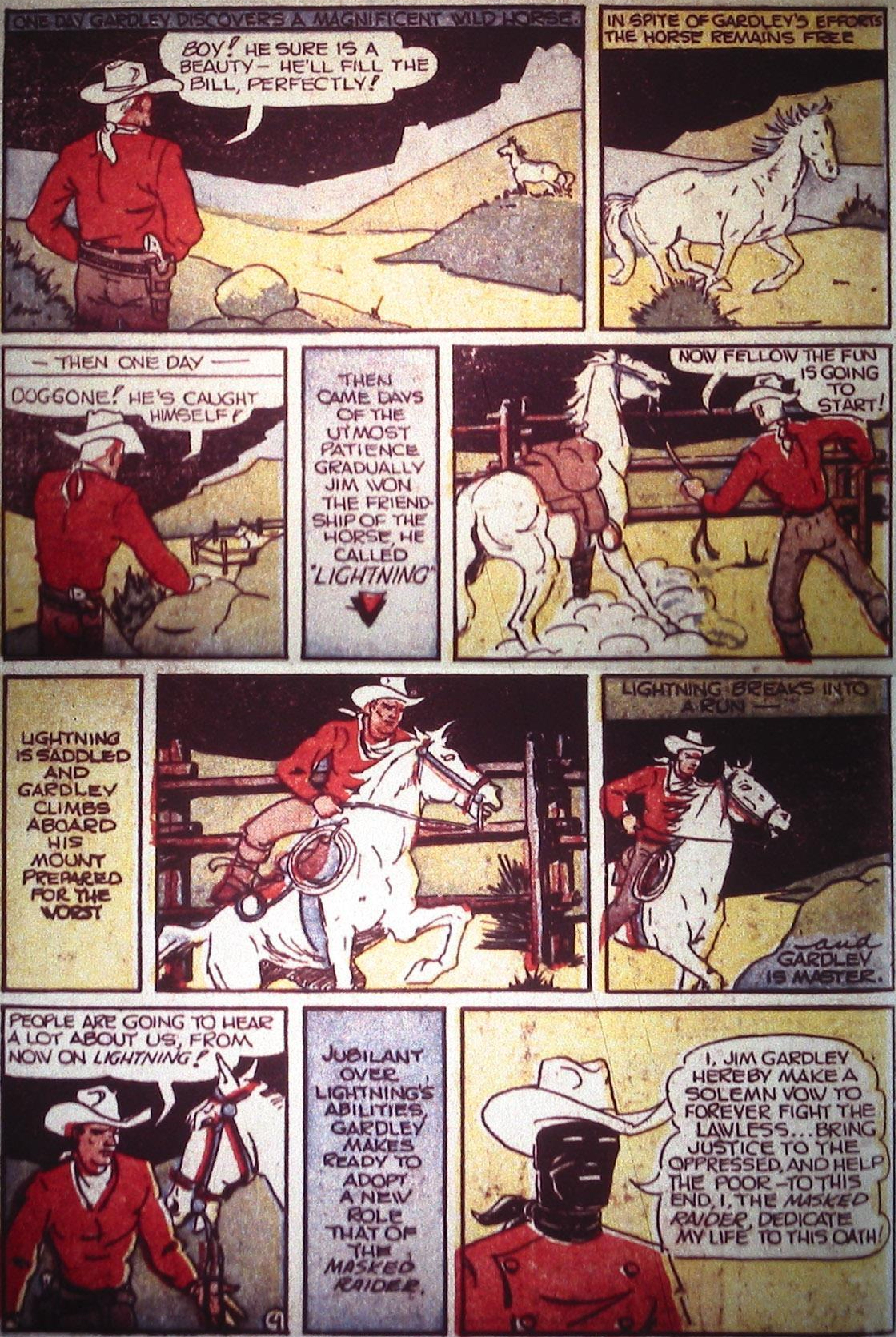

SAY, WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?
I DUNNO, CHIEF, BUT THEY'RE SURE RAISIN' HECK WITH THE LIGHT!
DORMA! THERE'S OUR ESCAPE! WHEN THAT PLANE FLIES NEARER, WE'LL MAKE A DIVE FOR IT! HOLD TIGHT, NOW!
WITH THE SPEED OF AN ARROW, NAMOR'S WINGED FEET SHOOT THEM STRAIGHT FOR THE PLANE!
QUIETLY, NOW, AND HURRY! WE MUST GET RID OF THE PILOT!
NAMOR HURLS HIMSELF UPWARD, AND GRAPPLES WITH THE PILOT –
THE AIRMAN IS NO TEST FOR NAMOR'S SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, AND WITH A TERRIFIC BLOW, NAMOR SENDS HIM FLYING INTO SPACE!
DORMA, I'LL HAVE TO LEAVE YOU NOW – WRECK THE SHIP SOMEWHERE, AND SWIM BACK HOME – I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU LATER –
AND SO NAMOR DIVES INTO THE OCEAN AGAIN – ON HIS WAY TO FURTHER ADVENTURES IN HIS CRUSADE AGAINST WHITE MEN!

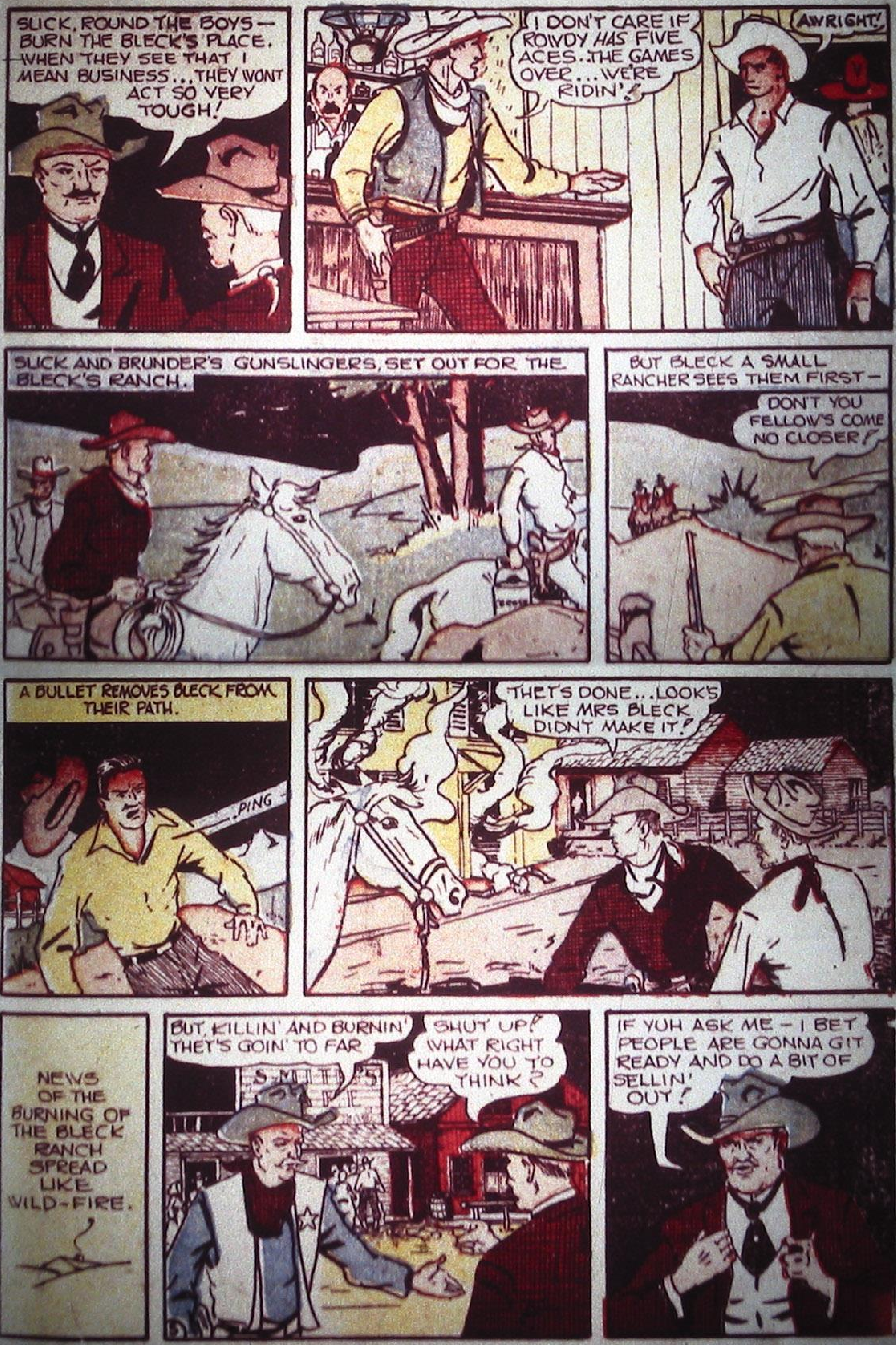
THE MASKED RAIDER.

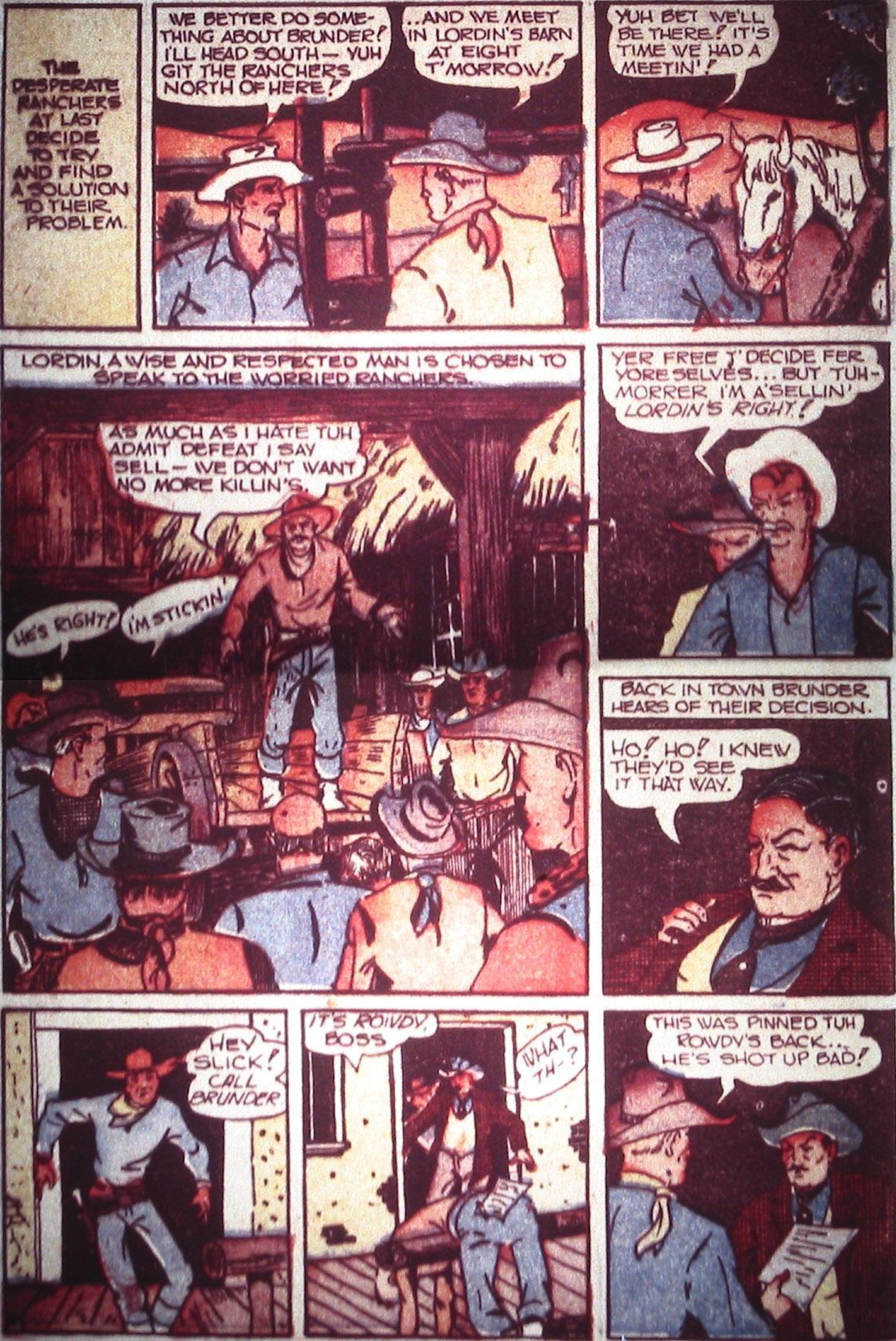

CAL BRUNDER, POWERFUL RULER OF CACTUSVILLE, IS ATTEMPTING TO FORCE ALL OF THE SMALLER RANCHERS TO SELL OUT TO HIM, AT HIS OWN PRICE
BRUNDER SEND HIS GUN-MEN TO CALL ON JIM - GARDLEY —
NOW YUH GIT BACK AN' TELL BRUNDER I'M NOT SELLING OUT!
UNSEEN BY GARDLEY ONE OF BRUNDER'S MEN SNEAKS UP BEHIND HIM.
UP WITH 'EM GARDLEY! BRUNDER AIN'T GONNA LIKE WOT YUH DID!
AWRIGHT SLICK! LET'S TAKE HIM BACK T'TOWN!
AND DON'T TRY.TUH MAKE NO GIT AWAY—IT AIN'T HEALTHY!
SOME DAY "SLICK", PEOPLE ARE GOING TO RUN YOUR CORRUPT GANG OUT OF THE COUNTRY. BRUNDER CAN'T KEEP BULL DOZIN' THE LITTLE RANCHERS MUCH LONGER!
WHY DON'T YOU GIT WISE TUH YORE SELF? WE COULD USE A MAN LIKE YOU IN OUR OUTFIT!
GARDLEY IS BROUGHT BEFORE BRUNDER, WHO IS THE REAL POWER IN CACTUSVILLE
HE LIKE TUH KILLED BENDS WIT' A BUST ON THE JAW- HE SAID HE WOULDN'T SELL NOTHIN' EITHER
ALL RIGHT! SLICK!
SLICK YOU TALK TO THE OTHER RANCHERS.. I'LL HANDLE FRIEND GARDLEY ALONE!

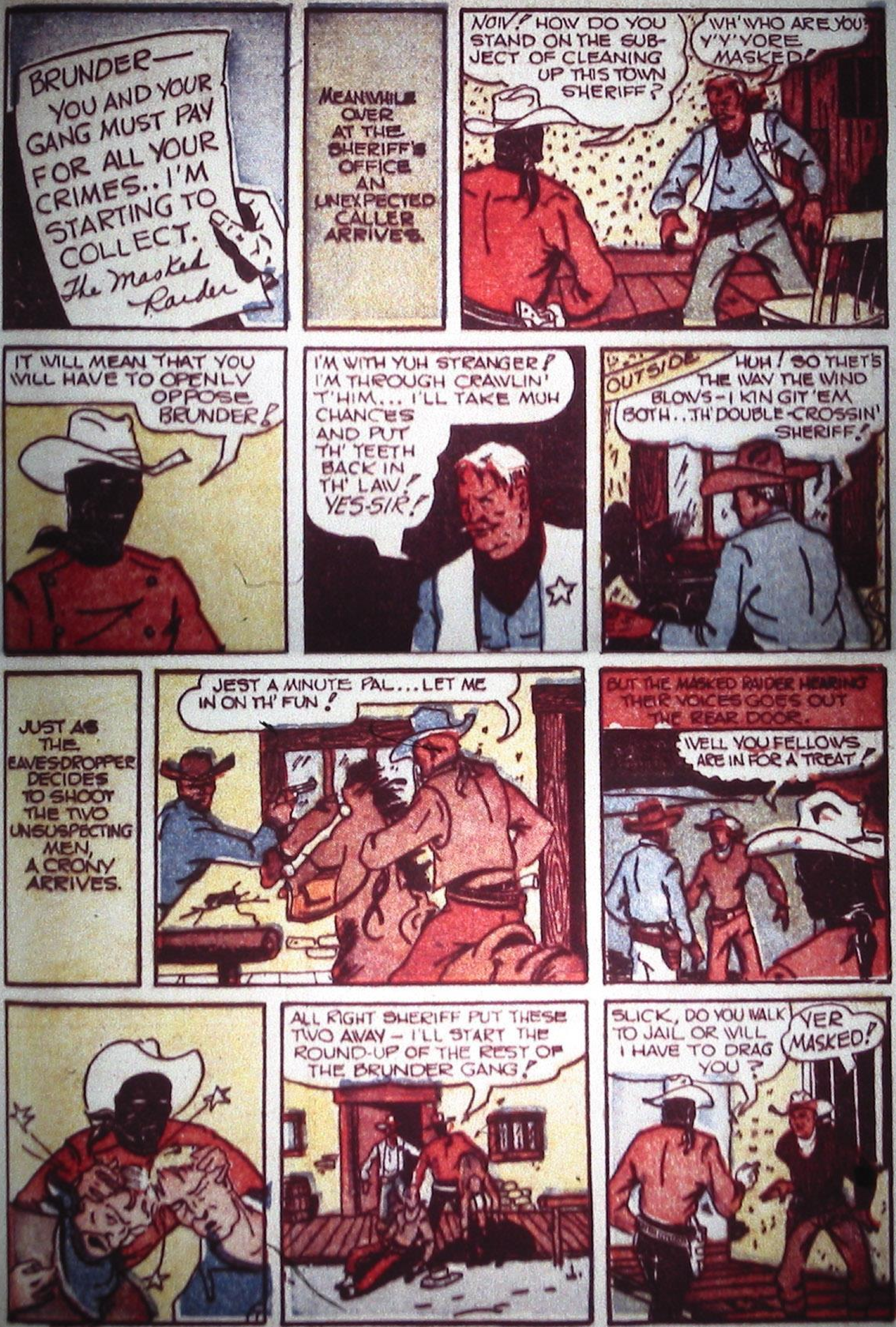

BRUNTER SOON REALIZES THAT GARDLEY IS UNAFRAID OF HIS THREATS.
NO USE WASTING ANY WORDS ON YOU—NOW I'LL GIVE SOME MEDICINE THAT WILL IN TIME CHANGE YOUR MIND!
BRUNDER SENDS FOR THE SHERIFF
WHAT'S ON YORE MIND CAL? GARDLEY!! WHAT, ARE YUH TIED UP FER ?
SHERIFF, MY BOYS CAUGHT GARDLEY RED HANDED—RUSTLING MY STOCK!
?
GARDLEY IS PUT IN JAIL TO AWAIT TRIAL ON A TRUMPED UP CHARGE OF RUSTLING.
GOSH A'MIGHTY KID—WHAT MADE YUH STEAL CATTLE—? YUH HAD A GOOD START, BUT NOW LOOK AT YUH!
BUT.. STEVE!
GARDLEY HAS PLENTY OF TIME TO THINK THINGS OVER.
POOR SHERIFF—I GUESS HE DOESN'T LIKE HIS JOB ANY TOO MUCH THESE DAYS—BOY, I'M IN A BAD SPOT!
IT'S TIME SOMEONE DID SOMETHING ABOUT THE BRUNDER GANG, AND I'M BEGINNING TO GET IDEAS.
YESSIR! IT MIGHT WORK!! I'M YOUNG AND STRONG—...I'LL TRY IT—HEY—SHERIFF
I HEARD YUH—WHA'D'YA WANT—HOME SICK A'READY?
HURRY STEVE! I'M—DYING.. ooOOH.. I CAN'T STAND THIS.. OH MY STOMACH.....
STEVE!
I'M COMIN'—YUH CAIN'T TAKE ON LIKE THIS—AN' YUH CAIN'T DIE! 'CAUSE YUH GOTTA GO ON TRIAL

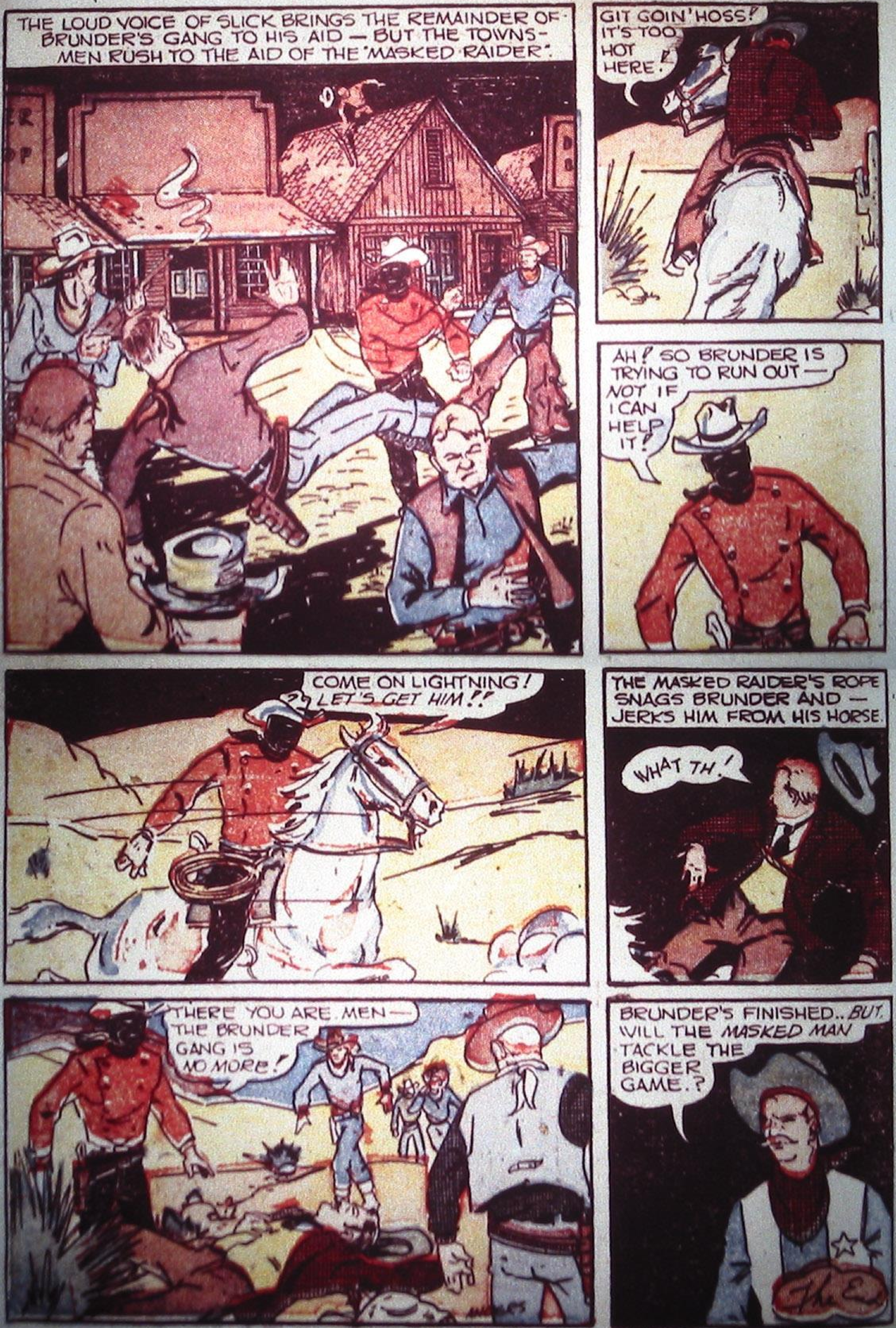

SHERIFF.. LEAN CLOSER.... I'M DYING! — I WANT TO... CONFESS!
AS THE SHERIFF BENDS A LITTLE CLOSER — A FIST, CRASHES INTO HIS CHIN —
SORRY STEVE, BUT I JUST COULDN'T STAY - I'LL ALSO NEED YOUR GUN!
LOCKING UP THE SHERIFF, GARDLEY STEPS OUTSIDE. THE STREET IS QUITE DESERTED.
THIS IS LUCK....I'LL BORROW ONE OF THOSE HORSES, AND SHAKE LOOSE FROM THIS TOWN!
SALOON
GARDLEY HEADS FOR THE HILLS.
SAFE, FOR THE MOMENT, GARDLEY MAKES A CAMP IN THE HILLS.
NOW OLD BOY, YOU, PRESENT SOMEWHAT OF A PROBLEM.
I HATE TO LET YOU GO OLD BOY - BUT YOU'D BE A DEAD GIVE A-WAY!
THEN, ONE NIGHT, GARDLEY, UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, RAIDS HIS OWN RANCH FOR SUPPLIES. THE DAYS OF HIS DISAPPEARANCE BECOME WEEKS.
AT LAST MY DRAW IS FAST AND SMOOTH, AND OF LATE I HAVE MISSED ANY SHOTS!
NOW I *MUST* GET A TOP-NOTCH HORSE SOMEWHERE!

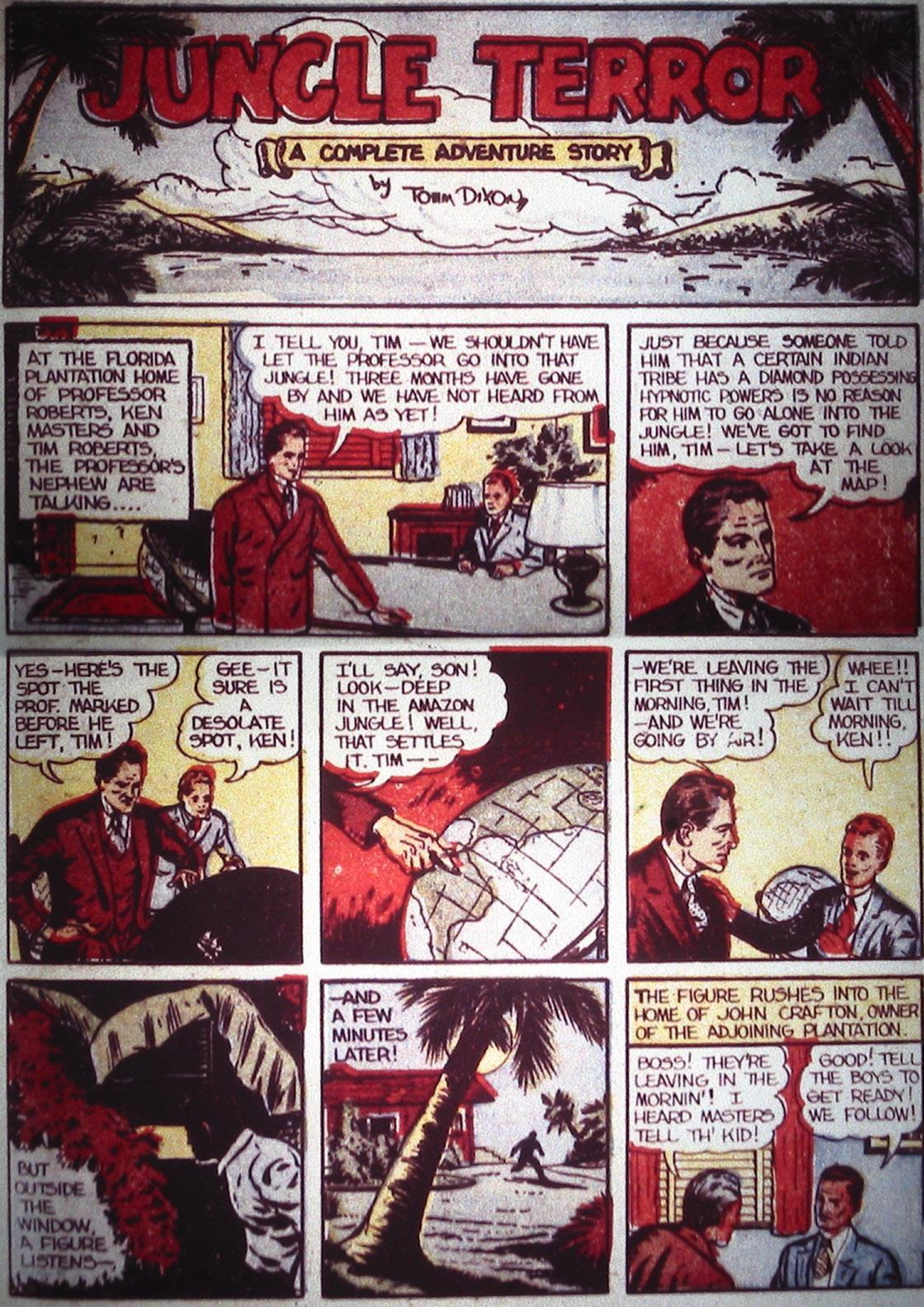

ONE DAY GARDLEY DISCOVERS A MAGNIFICENT WILD HORSE.
BOY! HE SURE IS A BEAUTY – HE'LL FILL THE BILL, PERFECTLY!
IN SPITE OF GARDLEY'S EFFORTS THE HORSE REMAINS FREE
– THEN ONE DAY –
DOGGONE! HE'S CAUGHT HIMSELF!
THEN CAME DAYS OF THE UTMOST PATIENCE GRADUALLY JIM WON THE FRIENDSHIP OF THE HORSE, HE CALLED *"LIGHTNING"*
NOW FELLOW THE FUN IS GOING TO START!
LIGHTNING IS SADDLED AND GARDLEY CLIMBS ABOARD HIS MOUNT PREPARED FOR THE WORST
LIGHTNING BREAKS INTO A RUN –
and GARDLEY IS MASTER.
PEOPLE ARE GOING TO HEAR A LOT ABOUT US, FROM NOW ON *LIGHTNING*!
4
JUBILANT OVER LIGHTNING'S ABILITIES, GARDLEY MAKES READY TO ADOPT A NEW ROLE THAT OF THE *MASKED RAIDER*.
I, JIM GARDLEY HEREBY MAKE A SOLEMN VOW TO FOREVER FIGHT THE LAWLESS... BRING JUSTICE TO THE OPPRESSED, AND HELP THE POOR – TO THIS END, I, THE *MASKED RAIDER*, DEDICATE MY LIFE TO THIS OATH!

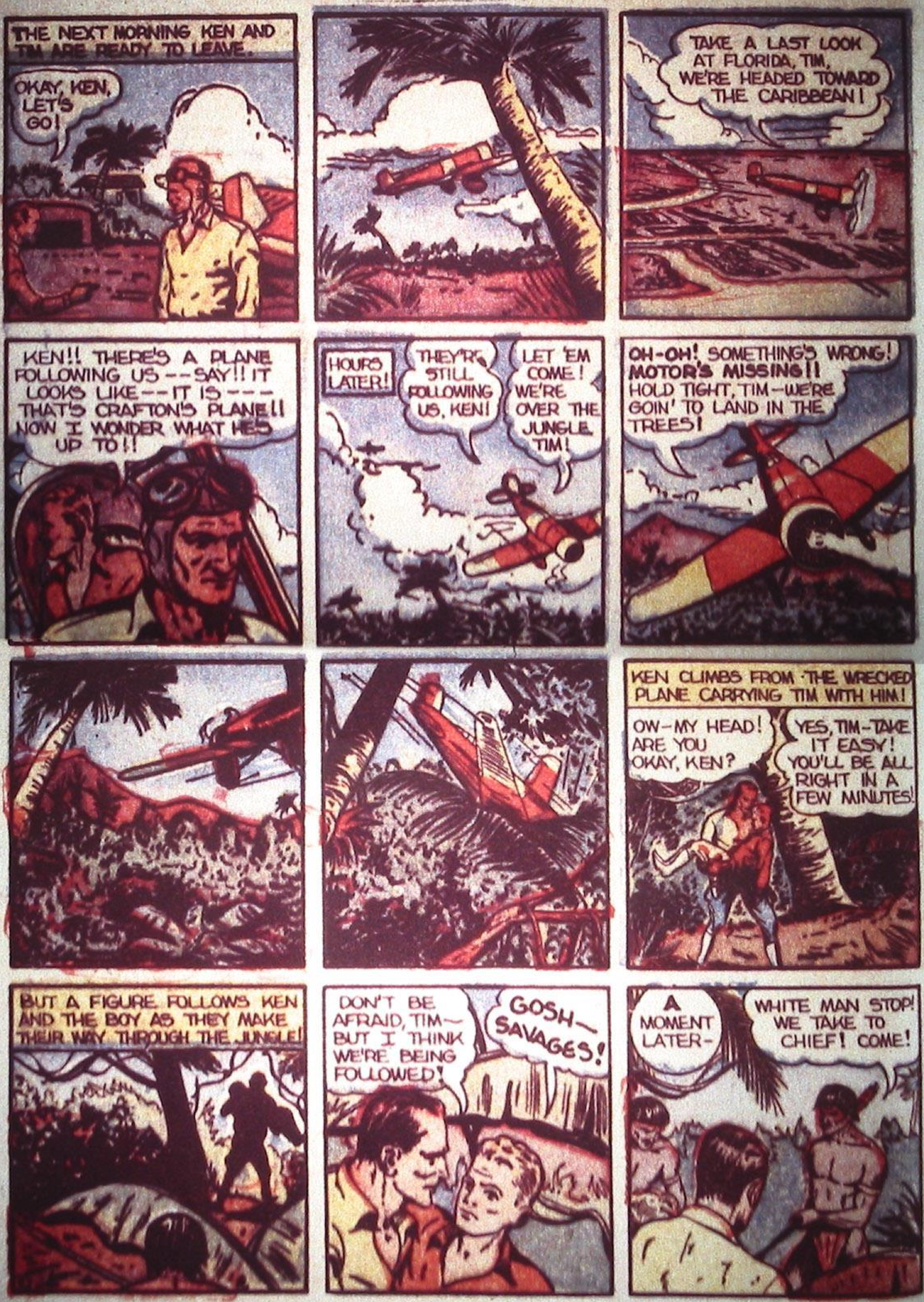

SLICK, ROUND THE BOYS— BURN THE BLECK'S PLACE. WHEN THEY SEE THAT I MEAN BUSINESS... THEY WONT ACT SO VERY TOUGH!
I DON'T CARE IF ROWDY HAS FIVE ACES..THE GAMES OVER... WE'RE RIDIN'!
AWRIGHT!
SLICK AND BRUNDER'S GUNSLINGERS, SET OUT FOR THE BLECK'S RANCH.
BUT BLECK A SMALL RANCHER SEES THEM FIRST—
DON'T YOU FELLOW'S COME NO CLOSER!
A BULLET REMOVES BLECK FROM THEIR PATH.
PING
THET'S DONE...LOOK'S LIKE MRS BLECK DIDN'T MAKE IT!
NEWS OF THE BURNING OF THE BLECK RANCH SPREAD LIKE WILD-FIRE.
BUT, KILLIN' AND BURNIN' THET'S GOIN' TO FAR
SHUT UP! WHAT RIGHT HAVE YOU TO THINK?
SMITH'S
IF YUH ASK ME — I BET PEOPLE ARE GONNA GIT READY AND DO A BIT OF SELLIN' OUT!

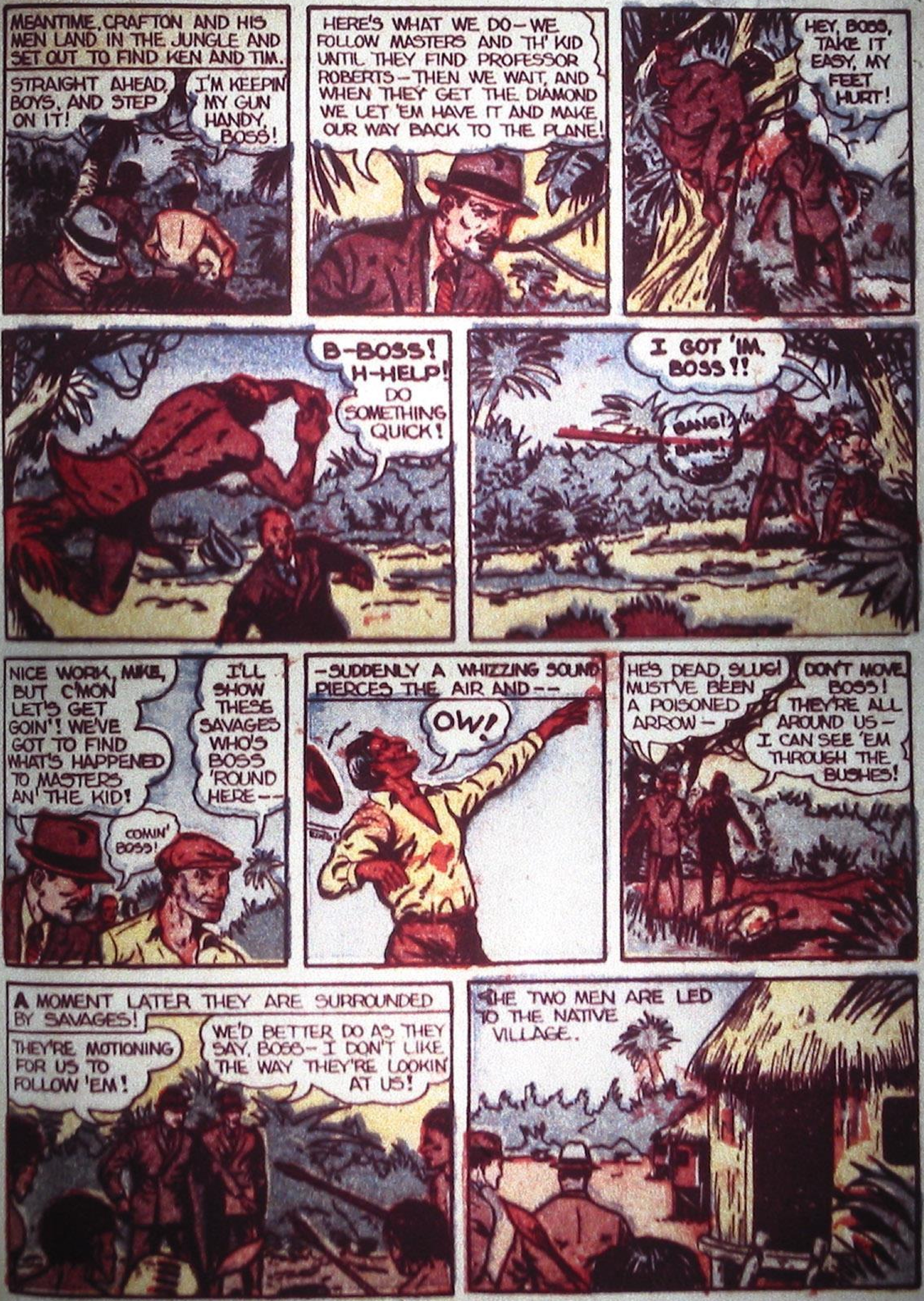

THE DESPERATE RANCHERS AT LAST DECIDE TO TRY AND FIND A SOLUTION TO THEIR PROBLEM.
WE BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT BRUNDER! I'LL HEAD SOUTH — YUH GIT THE RANCHERS NORTH OF HERE!
...AND WE MEET IN LORDIN'S BARN AT EIGHT T'MORROW!
YUH BET WE'LL BE THERE! IT'S TIME WE HAD A MEETIN'!
LORDIN, A WISE AND RESPECTED MAN IS CHOSEN TO SPEAK TO THE WORRIED RANCHERS.
AS MUCH AS I HATE TUH ADMIT DEFEAT I SAY SELL— WE DON'T WANT NO MORE KILLIN'S.
HE'S RIGHT!
I'M STICKIN'!
YER FREE T' DECIDE FER YORESELVES... BUT TUHMORRER I'M A'SELLIN' LORDIN'S RIGHT!
BACK IN TOWN BRUNDER HEARS OF THEIR DECISION.
HO! HO! I KNEW THEY'D SEE IT THAT WAY.
HEY SLICK! CALL BRUNDER
IT'S ROWDY, BOSS
WHAT TH-?
THIS WAS PINNED TUH ROWDY'S BACK... HE'S SHOT UP BAD!

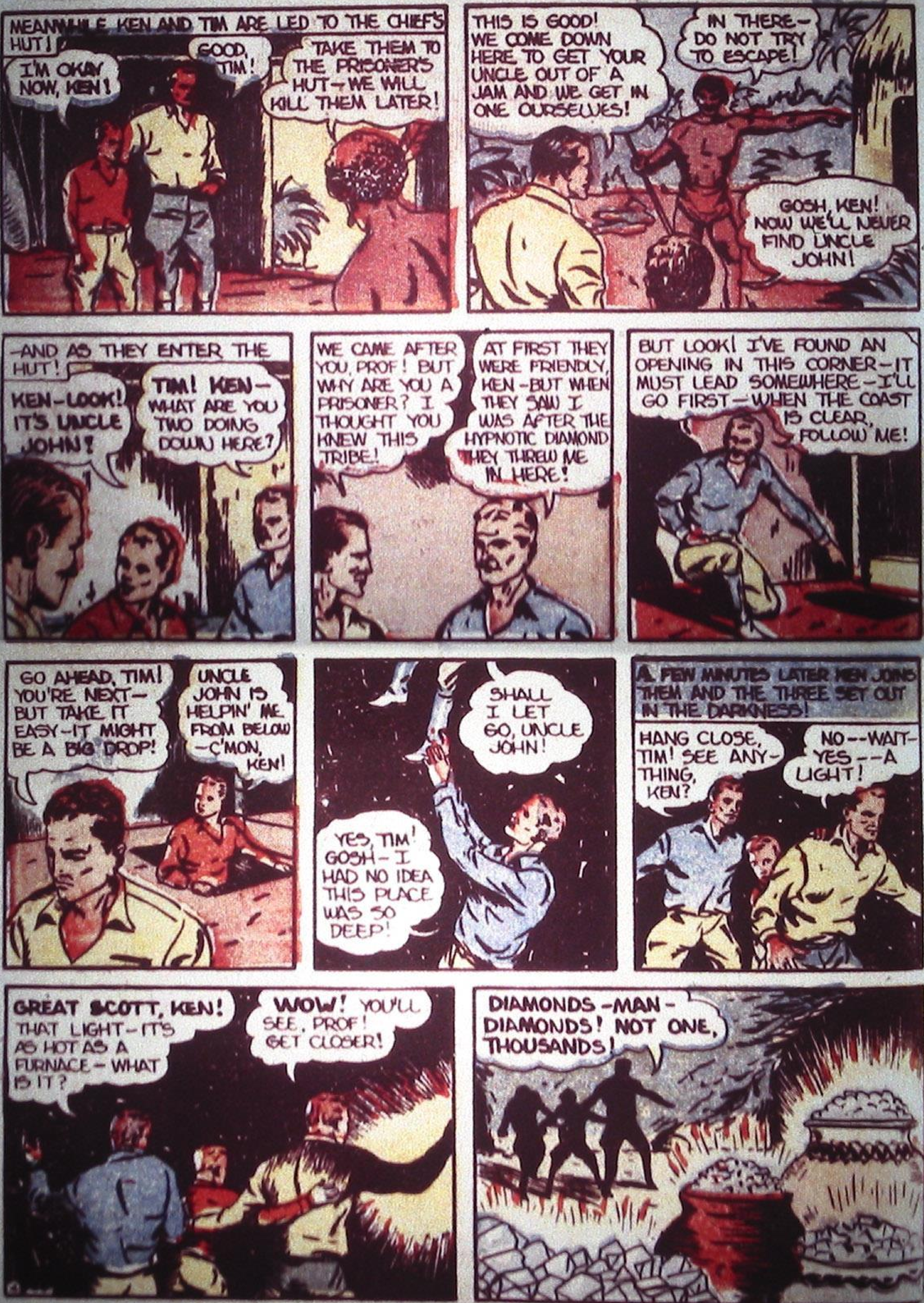

BRUNDER— YOU AND YOUR GANG MUST PAY FOR ALL YOUR CRIMES.. I'M STARTING TO COLLECT. The Masked Raider
MEANWHILE OVER AT THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE AN UNEXPECTED CALLER ARRIVES.
NOW! HOW DO YOU STAND ON THE SUBJECT OF CLEANING UP THIS TOWN SHERIFF?
WH' WHO ARE YOU? Y'Y'YORE MASKED!
IT WILL MEAN THAT YOU WILL HAVE TO OPENLY OPPOSE BRUNDER!
I'M WITH YUH STRANGER! I'M THROUGH CRAWLIN' T'HIM... I'LL TAKE MUH CHANCES AND PUT TH' TEETH BACK IN TH' LAW! YES-SIR!
OUTSIDE
HUH! SO THET'S THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS—I KIN GIT 'EM BOTH..TH' DOUBLE-CROSSIN' SHERIFF!
JUST AS THE EAVES-DROPPER DECIDES TO SHOOT THE TWO UNSUSPECTING MEN, A CRONY ARRIVES.
JEST A MINUTE PAL... LET ME IN ON TH' FUN!
BUT THE MASKED RAIDER HEARING THEIR VOICES GOES OUT THE REAR DOOR.
WELL YOU FELLOWS ARE IN FOR A TREAT!
ALL RIGHT SHERIFF PUT THESE TWO AWAY—I'LL START THE ROUND-UP OF THE REST OF THE BRUNDER GANG!
SLICK, DO YOU WALK TO JAIL OR WILL I HAVE TO DRAG YOU?
YER MASKED!

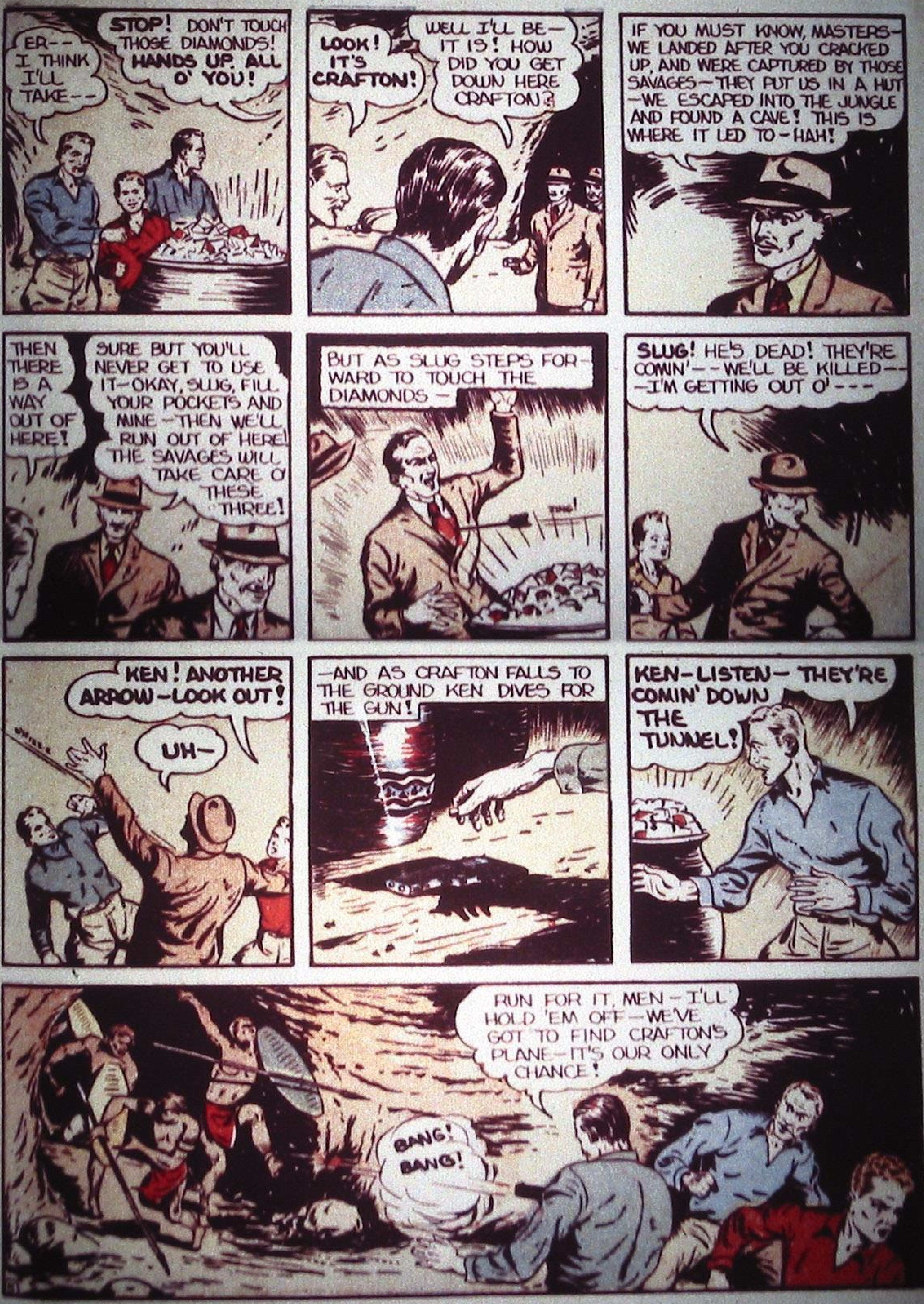

THE LOUD VOICE OF SLICK BRINGS THE REMAINDER OF BRUNDER'S GANG TO HIS AID — BUT THE TOWNSMEN RUSH TO THE AID OF THE "MASKED RAIDER".
GIT GOIN' HOSS! IT'S TOO HOT HERE!
AH! SO BRUNDER IS TRYING TO RUN OUT — NOT IF I CAN HELP IT!
COME ON LIGHTNING! LET'S GET HIM!!
THE MASKED RAIDER'S ROPE SNAGS BRUNDER AND — JERKS HIM FROM HIS HORSE.
WHAT TH!
THERE YOU ARE, MEN — THE BRUNDER GANG IS NO MORE!
BRUNDER'S FINISHED.. BUT, WILL THE MASKED MAN TACKLE THE BIGGER GAME.?
The End

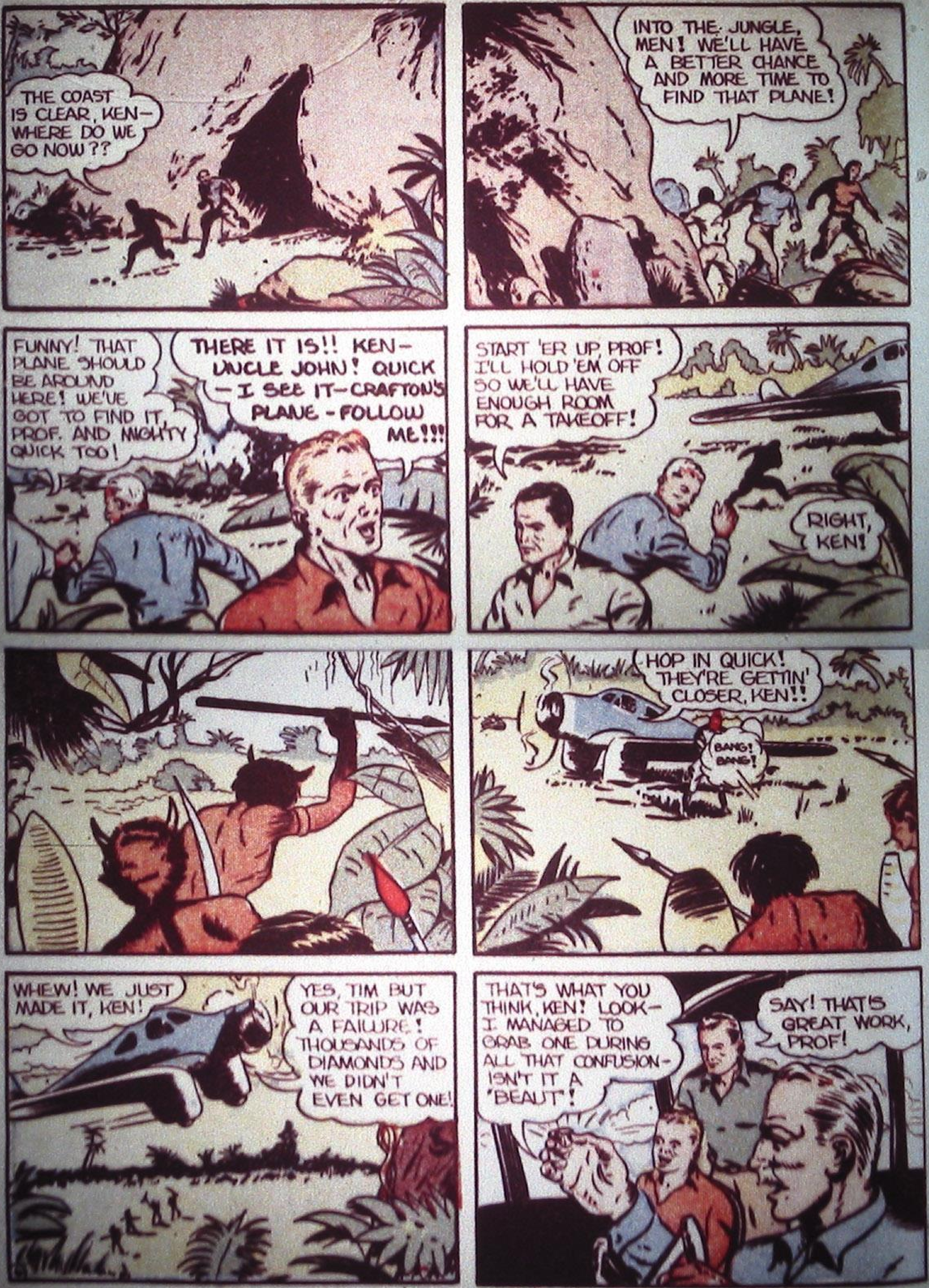

JUNGLE TERROR
A COMPLETE ADVENTURE STORY
by TOMM DIXON
AT THE FLORIDA PLANTATION HOME OF PROFESSOR ROBERTS, KEN MASTERS AND TIM ROBERTS, THE PROFESSOR'S NEPHEW ARE TALKING....
I TELL YOU, TIM — WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET THE PROFESSOR GO INTO THAT JUNGLE! THREE MONTHS HAVE GONE BY AND WE HAVE NOT HEARD FROM HIM AS YET!
JUST BECAUSE SOMEONE TOLD HIM THAT A CERTAIN INDIAN TRIBE HAS A DIAMOND POSSESSING HYPNOTIC POWERS IS NO REASON FOR HIM TO GO ALONE INTO THE JUNGLE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM, TIM — LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THE MAP!
YES—HERE'S THE SPOT THE PROF. MARKED BEFORE HE LEFT, TIM!
GEE—IT SURE IS A DESOLATE SPOT, KEN!
I'LL SAY, SON! LOOK—DEEP IN THE AMAZON JUNGLE! WELL, THAT SETTLES IT, TIM——
—WE'RE LEAVING THE FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, TIM! —AND WE'RE GOING BY AIR!
WHEE!! I CAN'T WAIT TILL MORNING, KEN!!
BUT OUTSIDE THE WINDOW, A FIGURE LISTENS—
—AND A FEW MINUTES LATER!
THE FIGURE RUSHES INTO THE HOME OF JOHN CRAFTON, OWNER OF THE ADJOINING PLANTATION.
BOSS! THEY'RE LEAVING IN THE MORNIN'! I HEARD MASTERS TELL TH' KID!
GOOD! TELL THE BOYS TO GET READY! WE FOLLOW!


THE NEXT MORNING KEN AND TIM ARE READY TO LEAVE.
OKAY, KEN, LET'S GO!
TAKE A LAST LOOK AT FLORIDA, TIM, WE'RE HEADED TOWARD THE CARIBBEAN!
KEN!! THERE'S A PLANE FOLLOWING US--SAY!! IT LOOKS LIKE--IT IS---THAT'S CRAFTON'S PLANE!! NOW I WONDER WHAT HE'S UP TO!!
HOURS LATER!
THEY'RE STILL FOLLOWING US, KEN!
LET 'EM COME! WE'RE OVER THE JUNGLE TIM!
OH-OH! SOMETHING'S WRONG! MOTOR'S MISSING!! HOLD TIGHT, TIM-WE'RE GOIN' TO LAND IN THE TREES!
KEN CLIMBS FROM THE WRECKED PLANE CARRYING TIM WITH HIM!
OW-MY HEAD! ARE YOU OKAY, KEN?
YES, TIM-TAKE IT EASY! YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A FEW MINUTES!
BUT A FIGURE FOLLOWS KEN AND THE BOY AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE JUNGLE!
DON'T BE AFRAID, TIM-BUT I THINK WE'RE BEING FOLLOWED!
GOSH-SAVAGES!
A MOMENT LATER-
WHITE MAN STOP! WE TAKE TO CHIEF! COME!


MEANTIME, CRAFTON AND HIS MEN LAND IN THE JUNGLE AND SET OUT TO FIND KEN AND TIM.
STRAIGHT AHEAD, BOYS, AND STEP ON IT!
I'M KEEPIN' MY GUN HANDY, BOSS!
HERE'S WHAT WE DO—WE FOLLOW MASTERS AND TH' KID UNTIL THEY FIND PROFESSOR ROBERTS—THEN WE WAIT, AND WHEN THEY GET THE DIAMOND WE LET 'EM HAVE IT AND MAKE OUR WAY BACK TO THE PLANE!
HEY, BOSS, TAKE IT EASY, MY FEET HURT!
B-BOSS! H-HELP! DO SOMETHING QUICK!
I GOT 'IM, BOSS!!
BANG! BANG!
NICE WORK, MIKE, BUT C'MON LET'S GET GOIN'! WE'VE GOT TO FIND WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MASTERS AN' THE KID!
I'LL SHOW THESE SAVAGES WHO'S BOSS 'ROUND HERE--
COMIN' BOSS!
-SUDDENLY A WHIZZING SOUND PIERCES THE AIR AND--
OW!
HE'S DEAD, SLUG! MUST'VE BEEN A POISONED ARROW—
DON'T MOVE, BOSS! THEY'RE ALL AROUND US—I CAN SEE 'EM THROUGH THE BUSHES!
A MOMENT LATER THEY ARE SURROUNDED BY SAVAGES!
THEY'RE MOTIONING FOR US TO FOLLOW 'EM!
WE'D BETTER DO AS THEY SAY, BOSS—I DON'T LIKE THE WAY THEY'RE LOOKIN' AT US!
THE TWO MEN ARE LED TO THE NATIVE VILLAGE.

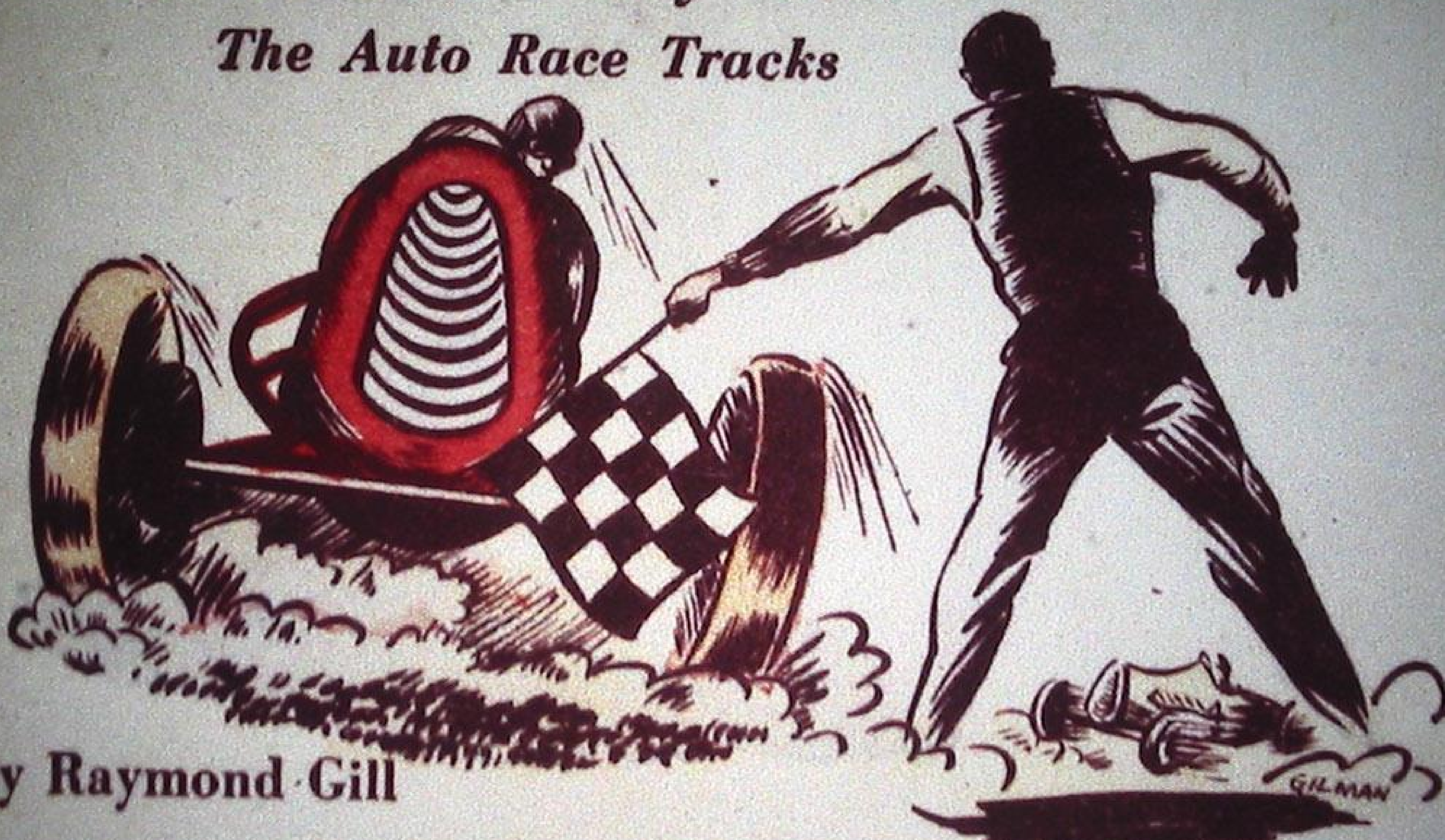

MEANWHILE KEN AND TIM ARE LED TO THE CHIEF'S HUT!
I'M OKAY NOW, KEN!
GOOD, TIM!
TAKE THEM TO THE PRISONER'S HUT—WE WILL KILL THEM LATER!
THIS IS GOOD! WE COME DOWN HERE TO GET YOUR UNCLE OUT OF A JAM AND WE GET IN ONE OURSELVES!
IN THERE—DO NOT TRY TO ESCAPE!
GOSH, KEN! NOW WE'LL NEVER FIND UNCLE JOHN!
-AND AS THEY ENTER THE HUT!
KEN-LOOK! IT'S UNCLE JOHN!
TIM! KEN—WHAT ARE YOU TWO DOING DOWN HERE?
WE CAME AFTER YOU, PROF! BUT WHY ARE YOU A PRISONER? I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THIS TRIBE!
AT FIRST THEY WERE FRIENDLY, KEN-BUT WHEN THEY SAW I WAS AFTER THE HYPNOTIC DIAMOND THEY THREW ME IN HERE!
BUT LOOK! I'VE FOUND AN OPENING IN THIS CORNER-IT MUST LEAD SOMEWHERE-I'LL GO FIRST—WHEN THE COAST IS CLEAR, FOLLOW ME!
GO AHEAD, TIM! YOU'RE NEXT—BUT TAKE IT EASY-IT MIGHT BE A BIG DROP!
UNCLE JOHN IS HELPIN' ME FROM BELOW -C'MON, KEN!
SHALL I LET GO, UNCLE JOHN!
YES, TIM! GOSH-I HAD NO IDEA THIS PLACE WAS SO DEEP!
A FEW MINUTES LATER KEN JOINS THEM AND THE THREE SET OUT IN THE DARKNESS!
HANG CLOSE, TIM! SEE ANYTHING, KEN?
NO--WAIT-YES--A LIGHT!
GREAT SCOTT, KEN! THAT LIGHT-IT'S AS HOT AS A FURNACE-WHAT IS IT?
WOW! YOU'LL SEE, PROF! GET CLOSER!
DIAMONDS-MAN-DIAMONDS! NOT ONE, THOUSANDS!


ER-- I THINK I'LL TAKE--
STOP! DON'T TOUCH THOSE DIAMONDS! HANDS UP, ALL O' YOU!
LOOK! IT'S CRAFTON!
WELL I'LL BE— IT IS! HOW DID YOU GET DOWN HERE CRAFTON?
IF YOU MUST KNOW, MASTERS— WE LANDED AFTER YOU CRACKED UP, AND WERE CAPTURED BY THOSE SAVAGES—THEY PUT US IN A HUT —WE ESCAPED INTO THE JUNGLE AND FOUND A CAVE! THIS IS WHERE IT LED TO—HAH!
THEN THERE IS A WAY OUT OF HERE!
SURE BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET TO USE IT—OKAY, SLUG, FILL YOUR POCKETS AND MINE—THEN WE'LL RUN OUT OF HERE! THE SAVAGES WILL TAKE CARE O' THESE THREE!
BUT AS SLUG STEPS FORWARD TO TOUCH THE DIAMONDS—
TING!
SLUG! HE'S DEAD! THEY'RE COMIN'--WE'LL BE KILLED-- —I'M GETTING OUT O'---
KEN! ANOTHER ARROW—LOOK OUT!
WHIZZ
UH—
—AND AS CRAFTON FALLS TO THE GROUND KEN DIVES FOR THE GUN!
KEN—LISTEN— THEY'RE COMIN' DOWN THE TUNNEL!
RUN FOR IT, MEN—I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF—WE'VE GOT TO FIND CRAFTON'S PLANE—IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
BANG! BANG!


THE COAST IS CLEAR, KEN— WHERE DO WE GO NOW??
INTO THE JUNGLE, MEN! WE'LL HAVE A BETTER CHANCE AND MORE TIME TO FIND THAT PLANE!
FUNNY! THAT PLANE SHOULD BE AROUND HERE! WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT, PROF. AND MIGHTY QUICK TOO!
THERE IT IS!! KEN— UNCLE JOHN! QUICK —I SEE IT—CRAFTON'S PLANE—FOLLOW ME!!!
START 'ER UP, PROF! I'LL HOLD 'EM OFF SO WE'LL HAVE ENOUGH ROOM FOR A TAKEOFF!
RIGHT, KEN!
HOP IN QUICK! THEY'RE GETTIN' CLOSER, KEN!!
BANG! BANG!
WHEW! WE JUST MADE IT, KEN!
YES, TIM BUT OUR TRIP WAS A FAILURE! THOUSANDS OF DIAMONDS AND WE DIDN'T EVEN GET ONE!
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, KEN! LOOK— I MANAGED TO GRAB ONE DURING ALL THAT CONFUSION— ISN'T IT A 'BEAUT'!
SAY! THAT'S GREAT WORK, PROF!

BURNING RUBBER

A Short Short Story About The Auto Race Tracks



By Raymond Gill

THE crowd roared . . . with laughter! Bill Williams knew what they were laughing at, his coveted Blue Bird. Compared to the other cars in the race, the Blue Bird did look a bit shabby. But one thing was certain, there weren't any better mechanics or drivers than Bill and his able mechanic, Fred Turner.

"Everything's shipshape, Bill. You know, I feel kind of sorry for those other mugs. I'd hate to lose a race if I spent a lot of dough on a two tone chrom plated model."

"Fine. Well, I don't know, I'd give a lot to dress my Lady Bird here up with a lot of new feathers. I don't give a hoot what the crowd thinks myself, but I feel sorry for my 'Laddie's' sake.

"Cut it fella, I think you did pretty well digging up the entry fee. After all, you spent plenty for parts for your new super-charger."

"Yep, that's our only hope now. Don't kid yourself that we have any cinch. We have the best drivers in the business here today."

"What's the matter with you today Bill, I've never heard you talk like this before. You sound as though you've lost faith in our Blue Bird."

"No, not on your life. That's one thing I'll never do. I guess it got under my skin a little bit . . . those people laughing at her, I mean."

"That's better. By the way, doesn't Ann ever complain about your spending so much time with your 'Lady' here?"

"Yea, she was kidding me the other night."

"Well, there goes the signal, Bill. Move over."

"Oh, ah. . . . Listen old man, let me take it alone this time. . . . I don't know why I want to. I . . . well, humor me this once, will you? I know I'll feel a lot better if I get out there alone. . . ."

"Ah, sure . . . sure, Bill. Anything you say. Only, be careful."

BILL shot ahead with a roar that surprised the smiling crowd that had gathered around to poke fun at the Blue Bird.

He was hardly topped on the line when the second starting signal was given. There were eight cars in the race besides the Blue Bird. The combined noise of dozens of unmuffeled explosions thundered out into an increasing crescendo that thrilled some and annoyed others.

To Bill it was sweet music . . . the powerful voice of his Lady Bird. Bill was in his glory, he could feel his whole body grow taught with a passionate desire to go faster, faster, faster. The stiffer his body grew, the harder his foot pressed the accelerator.

He was setting the pace, the other cars directly behind him, weaving back and forth. He was at his perfect ease now, he felt that the Lady Bird was standing still and that the track was some never ending ribbon that kept unfolding in front of him. He was in a new world, a world all his own.

Ann, the girl was literally sitting on the edge of her seat as she watched the Blue Bird madly rush on in meaningless velocity. Or so it seemed to her.

"Hello, Ann. Enjoying the race?"

"Fred! What are you doing up here? Why aren't you in there with Bill?"

"Whoa, take it easy. He's just a bit moody, I guess. He vants to be alone."

"Oh, Fred, I always feel better when you're with him. If it's possible to feel good when he's throwing himself bodily into the face of fate. You shouldn't have let him take it out there alone."

"Well, it's too late now to do anything about that, besides, there's something you can do to help Bill. That's why I came up here."

"Yes, Fred. You know I'll do anything for that grease monkey."

"That's the idea, calm down. I don't know what it is that's got everybody keyed up today. We've all gone through these races before together."

"Yes, we have, Fred. But somehow I feel that today it's all got to end. One way or the other."

"Ann, you know that we've spent a lot of time working on the Blue Bird these last few months. We always work hard on her before a race, but this time we've done something more than that. We've perfected a new gas feeder. I know Bill wouldn't want me to tell you but I feel that you have a right to know. Bill is in there right now, risking his life to test it. This test is the final step. If it works, Bill will retire from the track. He told me so. If it fails . . . well . . ."

"Fred! Tell me. What if it doesn't work, what will happen? What can a gas feeder do that will possibly crack him up?"

"Just this. That new feeder is mounted over the engine, it feeds with a combined force of gravity and pressure. If anything should go wrong, if it should spring the smallest leak . . . that hot motor will blow both him and the Blue Bird to kingdom come."

"Tell me, quickly Fred. What can I do that will help?"

"Well, you and Ruth Clerk, the daughter of the big motor magnet, C. G. Clark, are on pretty good terms, aren't you?"

"Why, yes. Ruth and I went to school together. Why?"

"Here's why. If you can get Ruth to get you in to see her father, now, before it's too late, we may be able to save the day . . . and Bill's neck."

"What am I supposed to do after I get in?"

"Here, show him these plans. It's the gas feeder. If you can sell him on the idea of manufacturing it, Bill could be flagged out of the race before that temporary mounting should blow."

"It's a deal. Give me those plans. You just watch . . . he won't make more than one more circle of the track . . . I'll see to that."

BILL, still madly kicking the gas pedal, was now unconsciously wiping oil off his face . . . suddenly he jerked himself back into stark reality. The oil he's wiping off is thin. . . . Too thin. . . . GASOLENE!

On the stands, Fred saw the thin shred of smoke trailing the Blue Bird. Terror gripping his heart, he called to Ann to hurry. . . . In another moment. . . .

But Ann hadn't wasted any time. Fred's nervous, scanning eyes finally located her, down talking to the starter.

He also saw the Blue Bird, never slowing, round the turn and come rocketing up the straightway in front of the stands. Just as he crossed the line the checkered flag waved him out of the race. The other cars shot right past him for the final lap. Bill leaped out of the Blue Bird and took the situation in at a glance. Of course, just like a woman. Ann became nervous . . . couldn't stand a little smoke . . . so she had him flagged out. She didn't care if she was throwing all of his hard work out of the window.

"Well, Ann, you did a beautiful job. I couldn't have done better myself. And you claim you care for me. Why, all you care about is yourself. . . ."

"See here, see here. This young lady just saved your life. A most ungrateful exhibition, young man. A most ungrateful exhibition."

"Why, Mr. Clark. I . . . Oh, whats' the use . . . she's probably queered that too. At least if she let me finish the race I'd be in that much. Oh, well."

"Young man, this young lady just explained the fine points of your new gas feeder to me. I'd like to have you drop in to my office this afternoon, if you will, and we can come to terms."

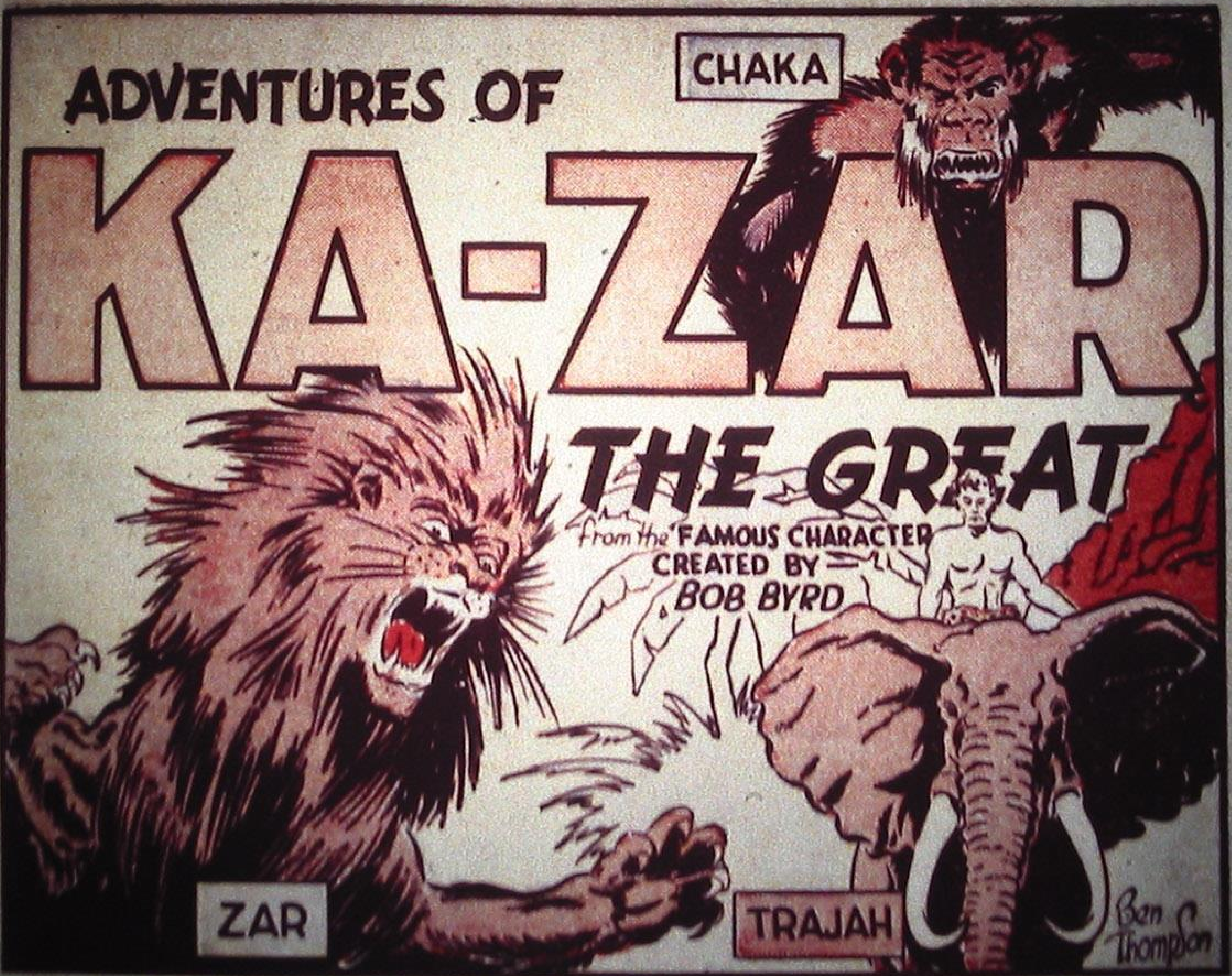
"What? Why didn't you tell me this before? Wheeeeee? Oh, Ann, forgive me. . . . To the devil with the race."

"Oh, ah, pardon me. But do remember me? I'm Fred, your mechanic?"

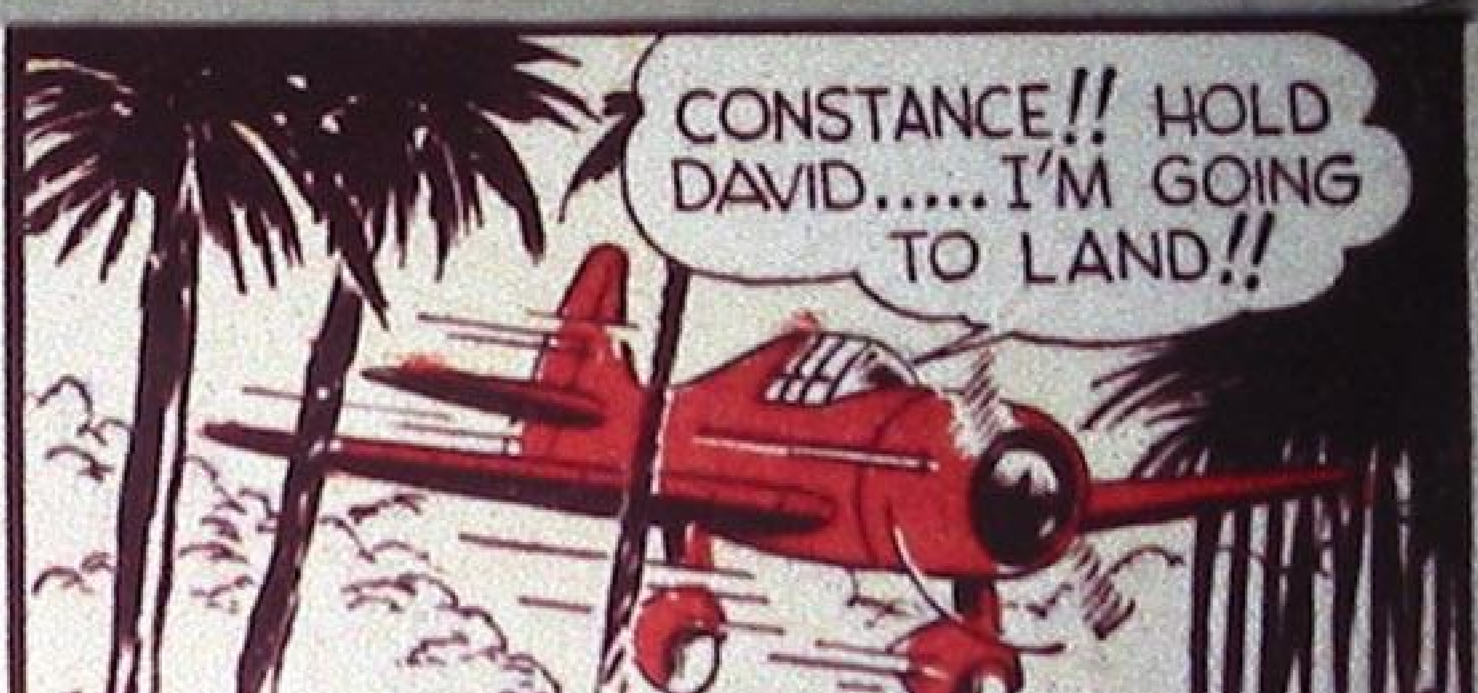
"Fred. You old sonofagun. Isn't it wonderful?"

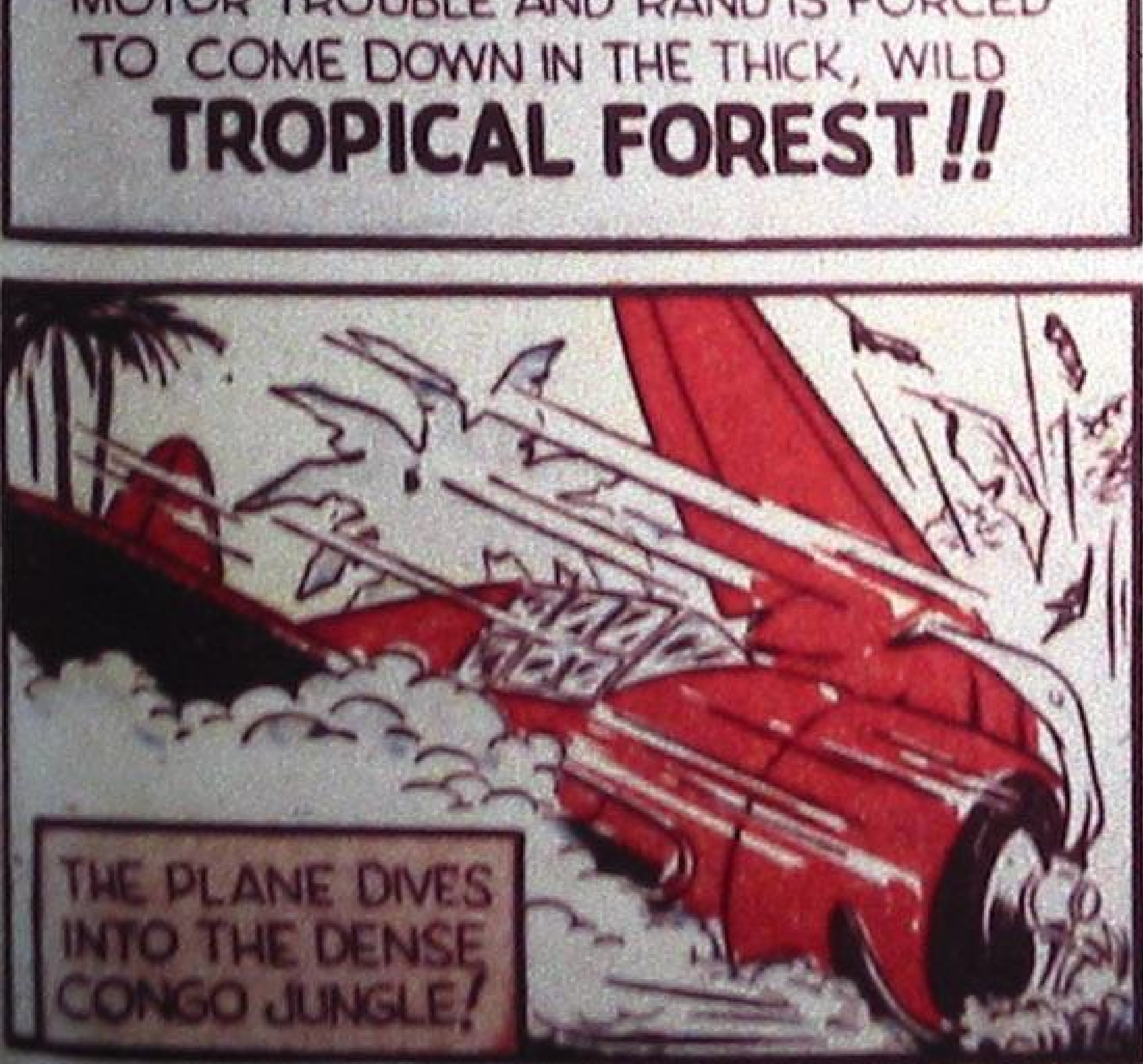
"It certinly is. The darn thing works! You did manage to gain a whole lap on those birds! They all had to go around an extra lap to compete for second place!"

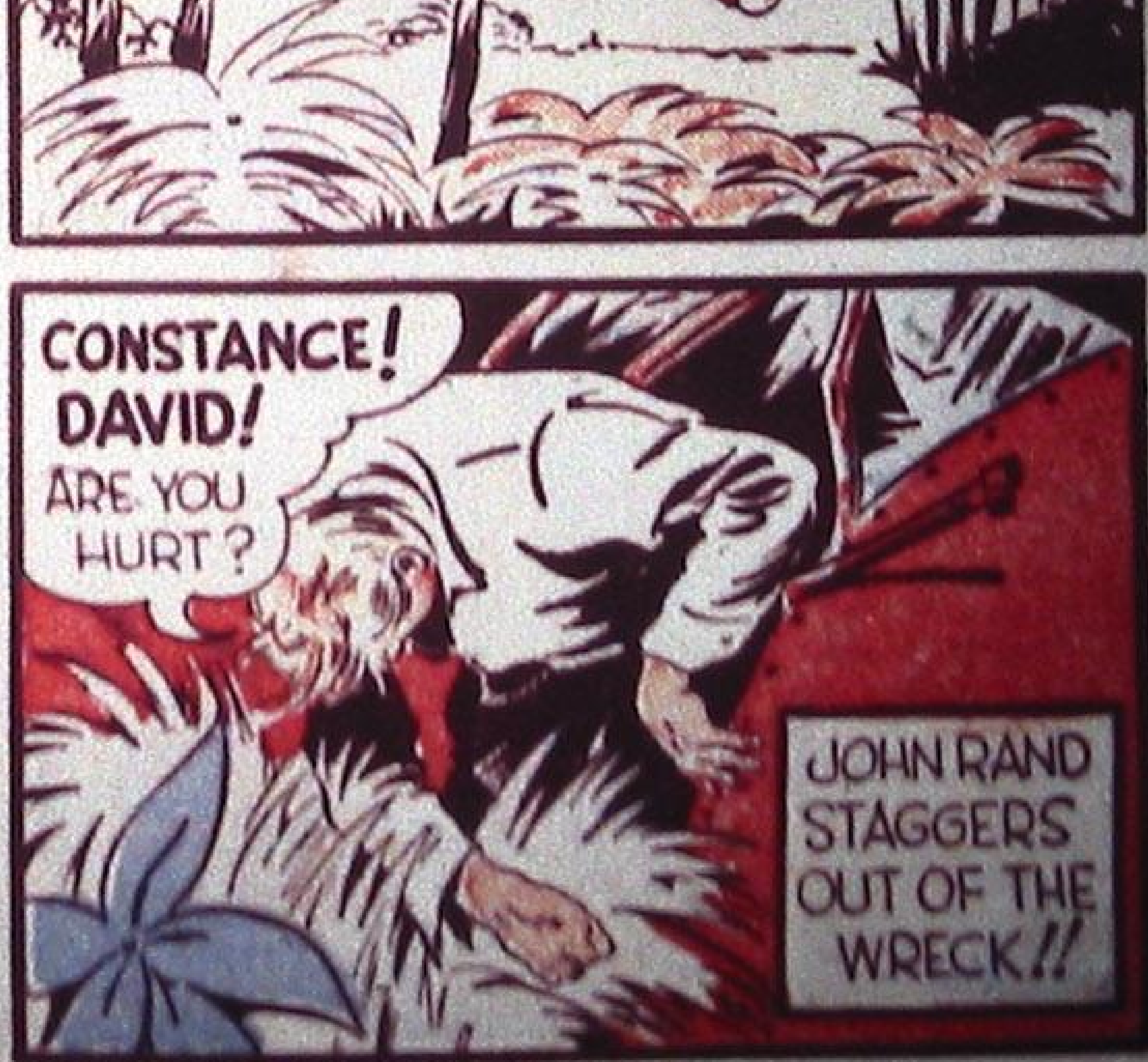
ADVENTURES OF KA-ZAR THE GREAT

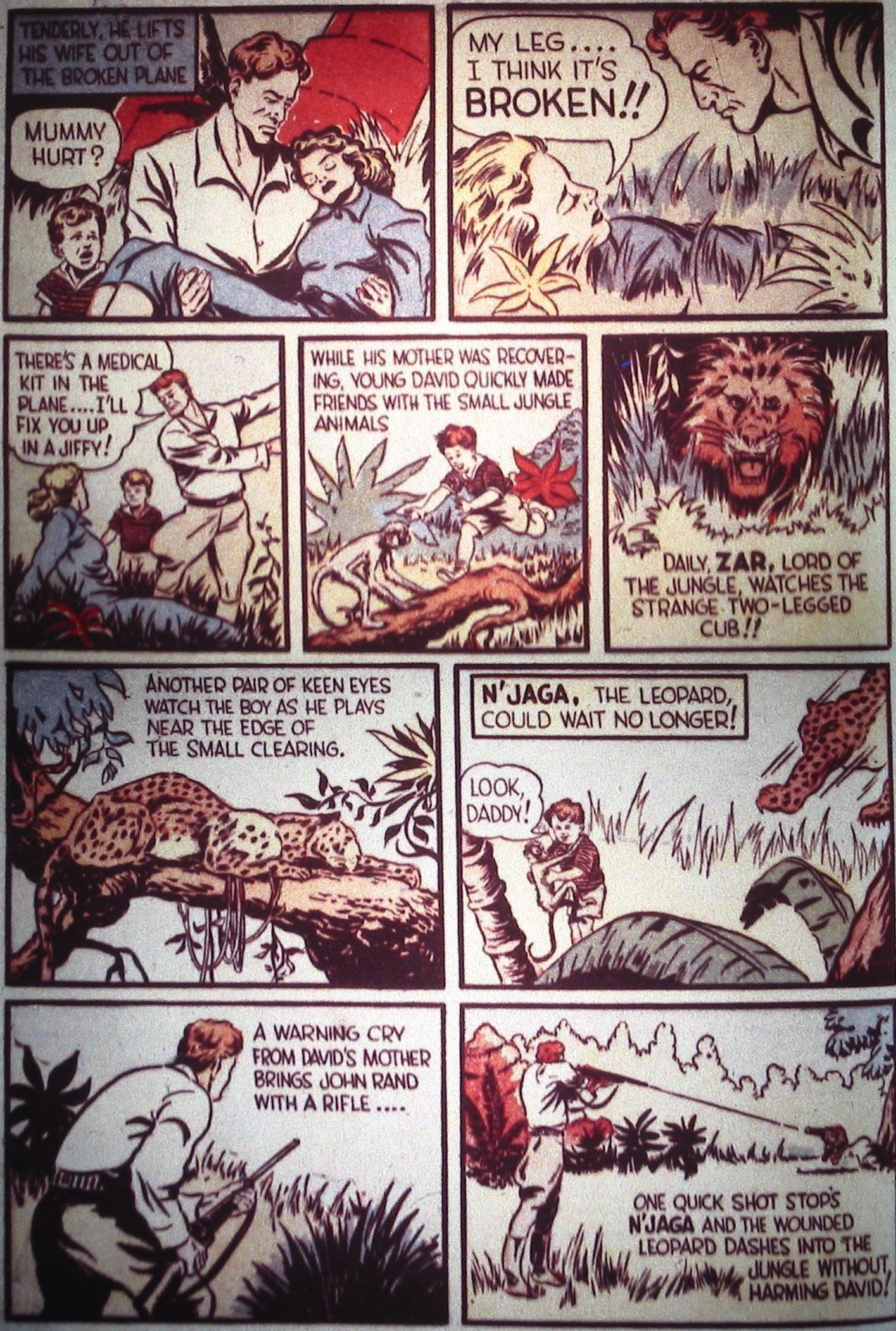

CHAKA
from the FAMOUS CHARACTER CREATED BY BOB BYRD
ZAR
TRAJAH
Ben Thompson

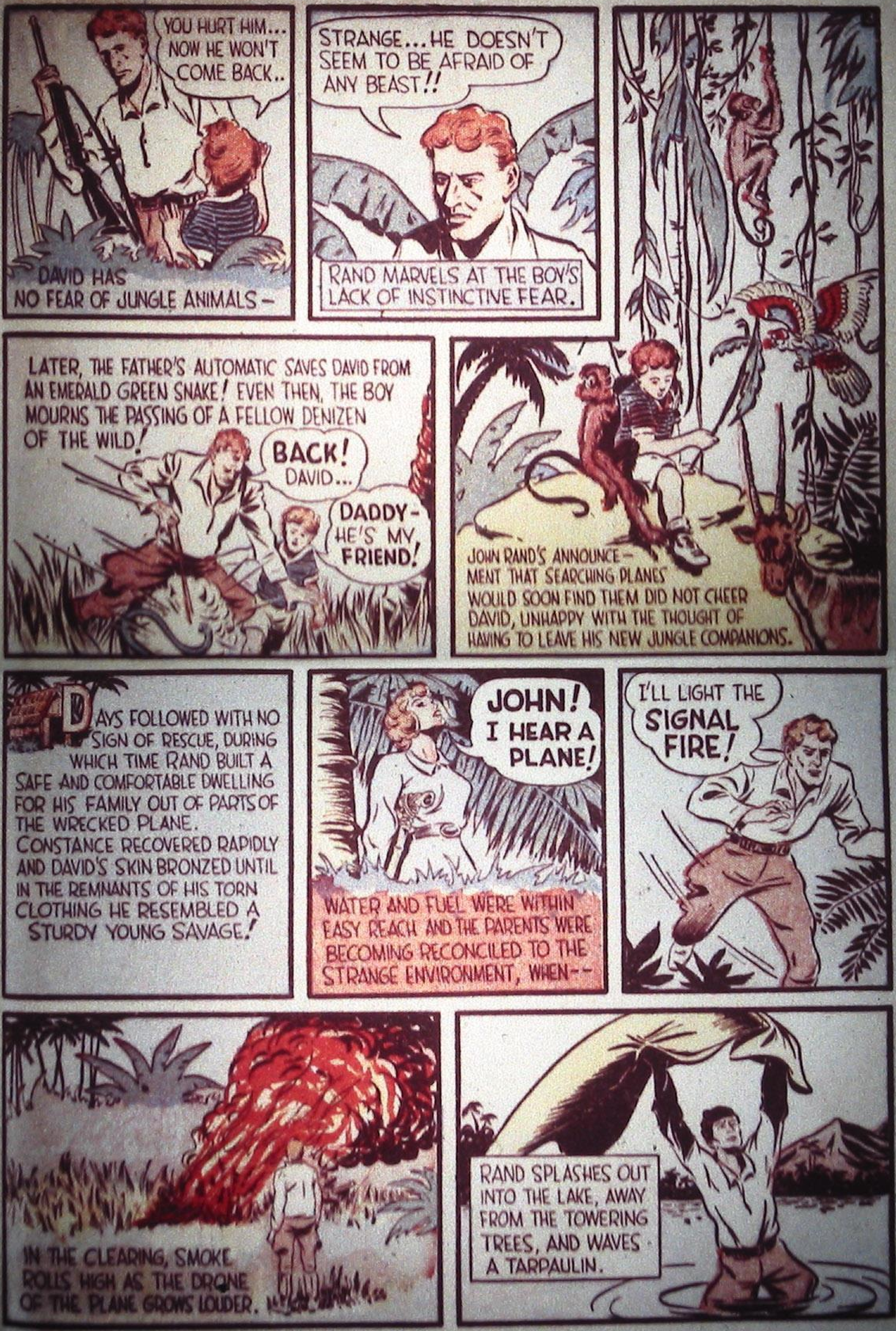
JOHN RAND, YOUNG OWNER OF A RICH DIAMOND FIELD IN THE TRANSVAAL, IS FLYING FROM JOHANNESBURG TO CAIRO WITH HIS WIFE AND THEIR THREE-YEAR-OLD SON DAVID. OVER THE HEART OF THE **BELGIAN CONGO** THE PLANE DEVELOPS MOTOR TROUBLE AND RAND IS FORCED TO COME DOWN IN THE THICK, WILD **TROPICAL FOREST!!**

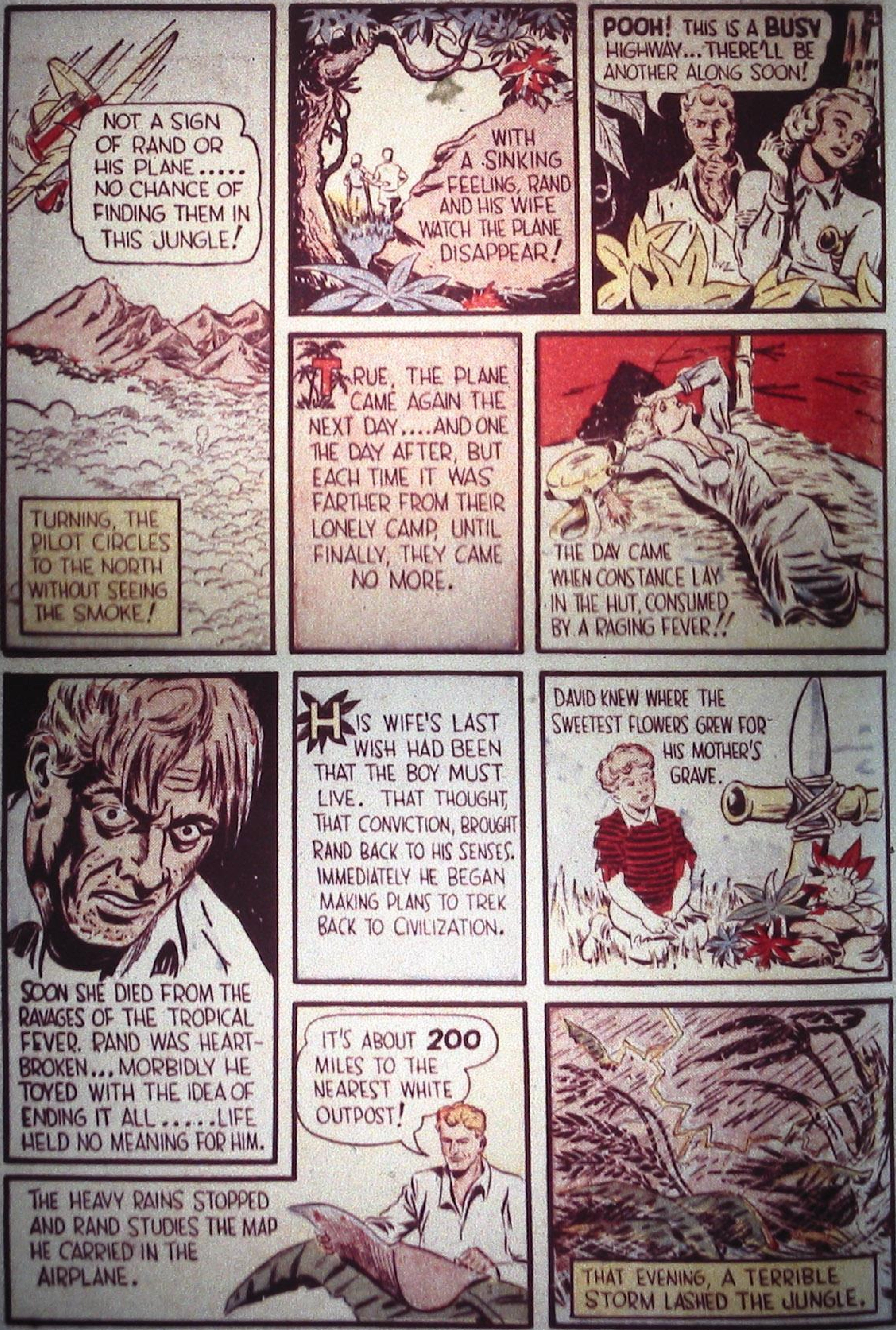

CONSTANCE!! HOLD DAVID..... I'M GOING TO LAND!!

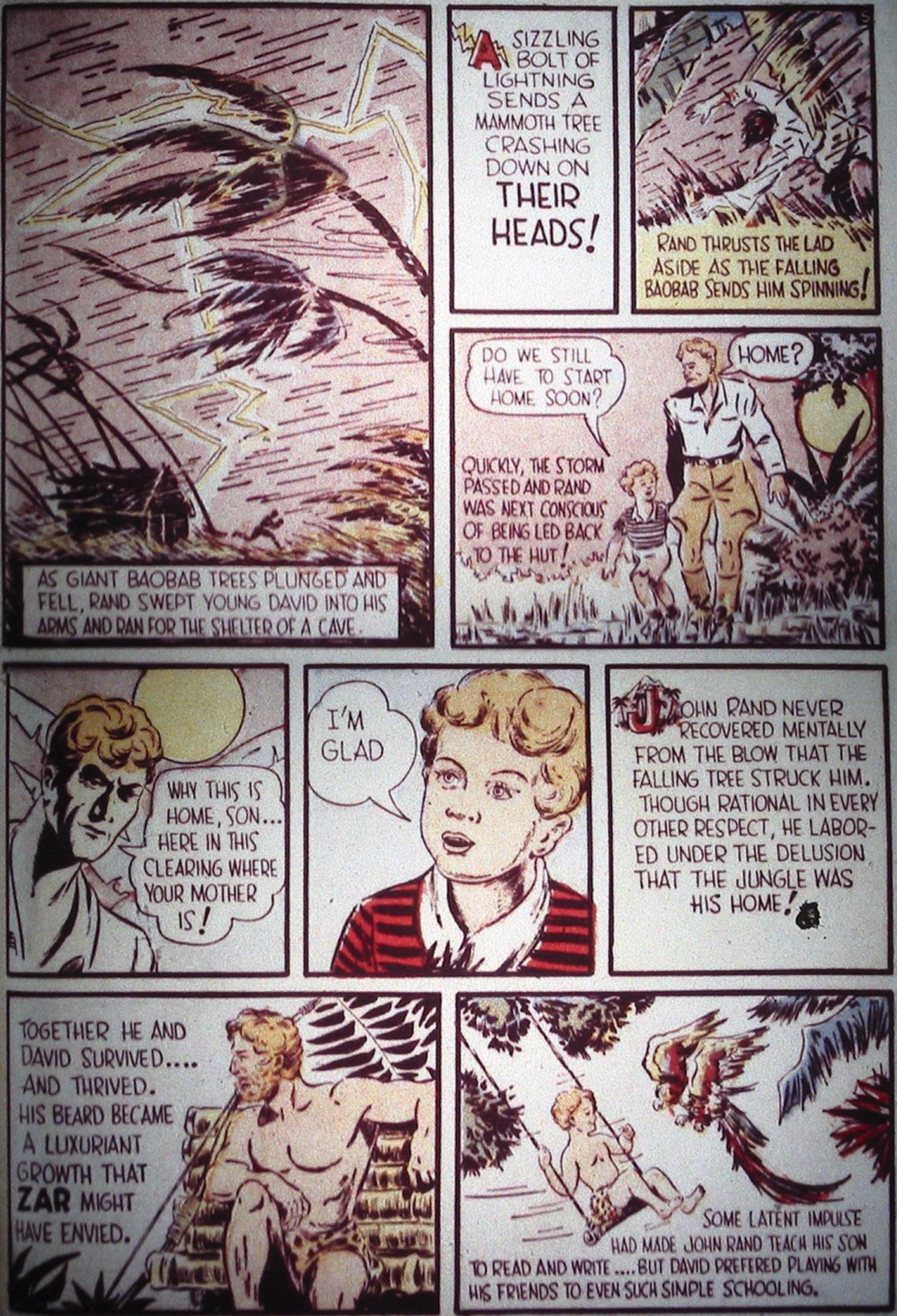

THE PLANE DIVES INTO THE DENSE CONGO JUNGLE!

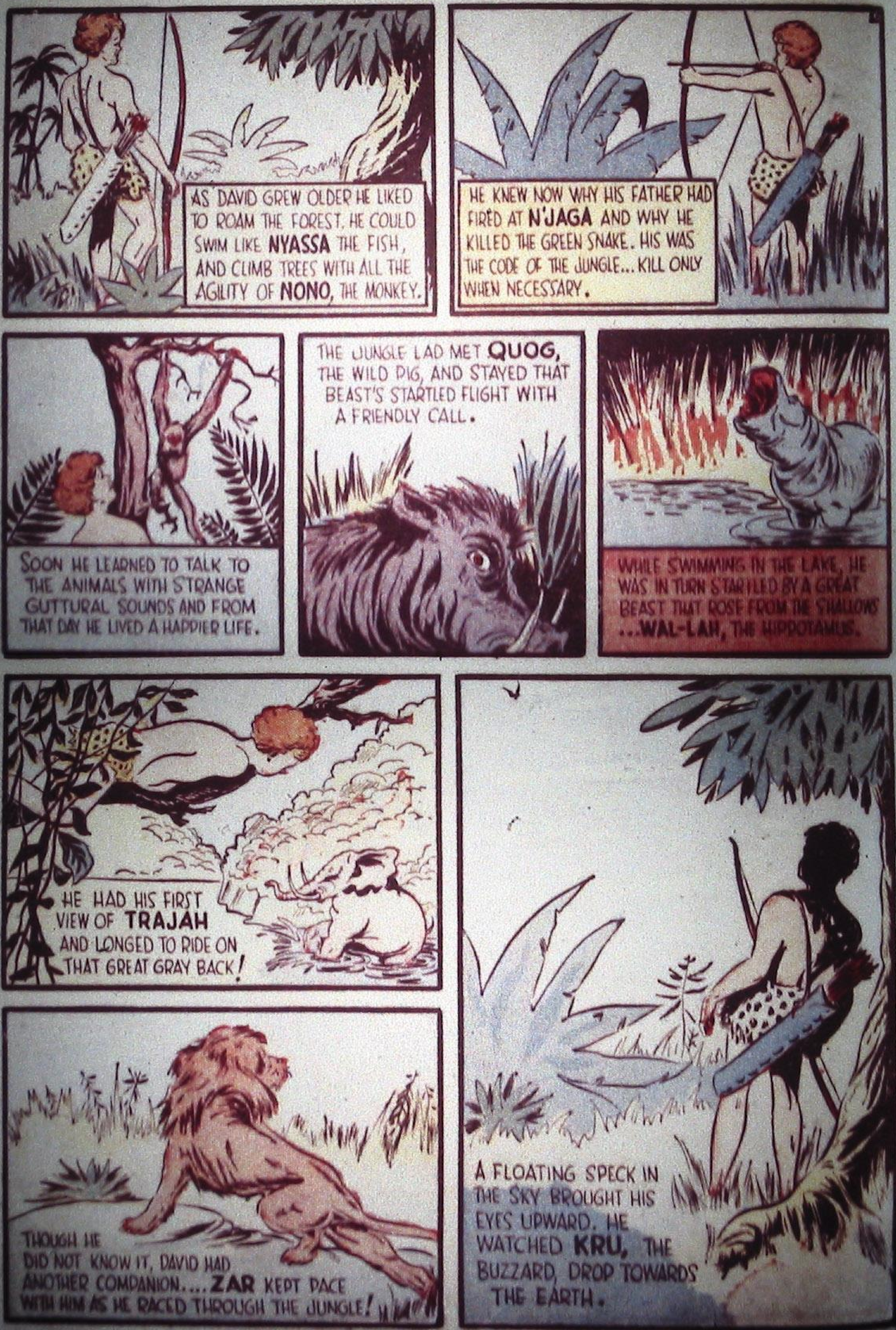

CONSTANCE! DAVID! ARE YOU HURT?
JOHN RAND STAGGERS OUT OF THE WRECK!!

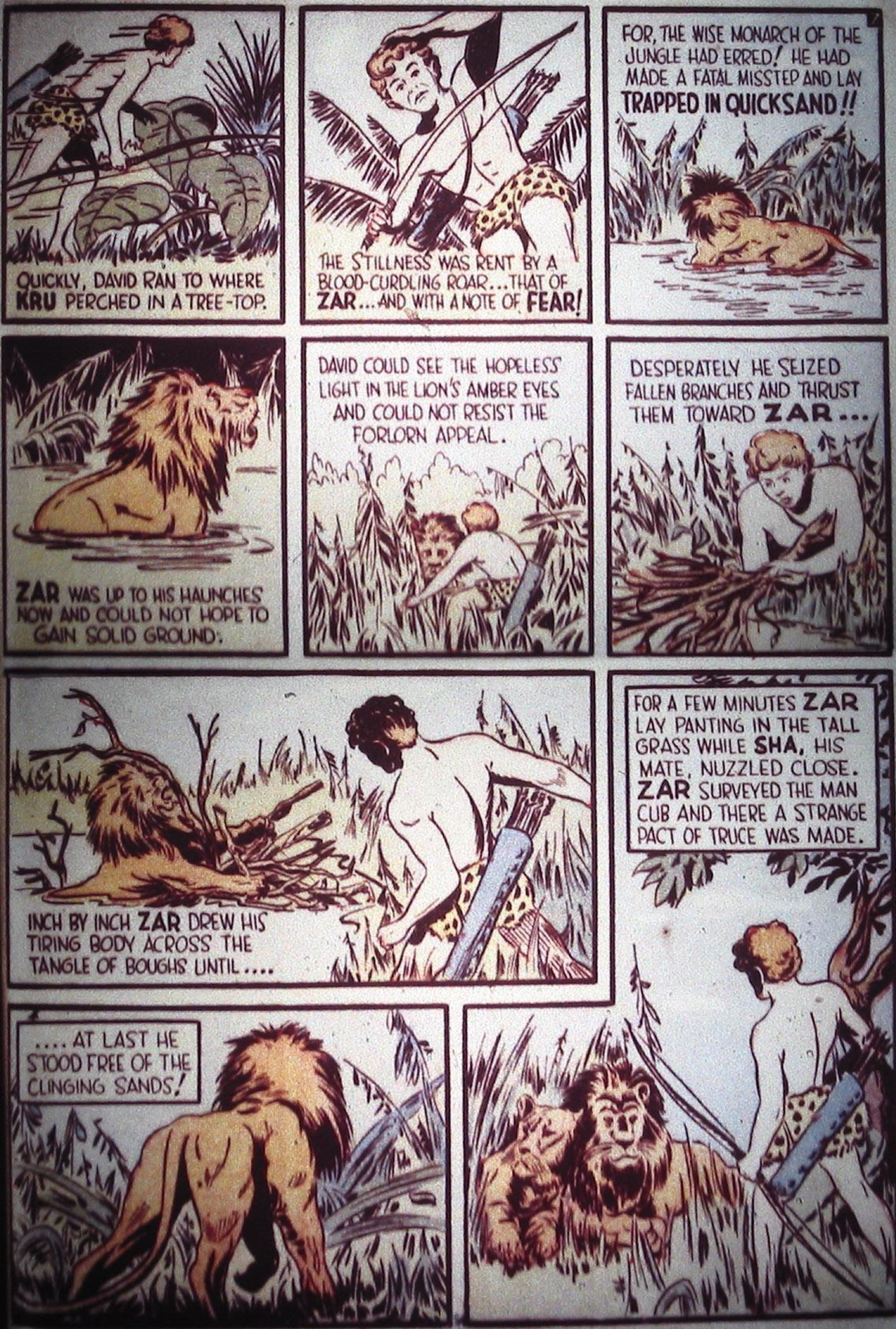

TENDERLY, HE LIFTS HIS WIFE OUT OF THE BROKEN PLANE
MUMMY HURT?
MY LEG.... I THINK IT'S BROKEN!!
THERE'S A MEDICAL KIT IN THE PLANE....I'LL FIX YOU UP IN A JIFFY!
WHILE HIS MOTHER WAS RECOVERING, YOUNG DAVID QUICKLY MADE FRIENDS WITH THE SMALL JUNGLE ANIMALS
DAILY, ZAR, LORD OF THE JUNGLE, WATCHES THE STRANGE TWO-LEGGED CUB!!
ANOTHER PAIR OF KEEN EYES WATCH THE BOY AS HE PLAYS NEAR THE EDGE OF THE SMALL CLEARING.
N'JAGA, THE LEOPARD, COULD WAIT NO LONGER!
LOOK, DADDY!
A WARNING CRY FROM DAVID'S MOTHER BRINGS JOHN RAND WITH A RIFLE....
ONE QUICK SHOT STOP'S N'JAGA AND THE WOUNDED LEOPARD DASHES INTO THE JUNGLE WITHOUT HARMING DAVID!

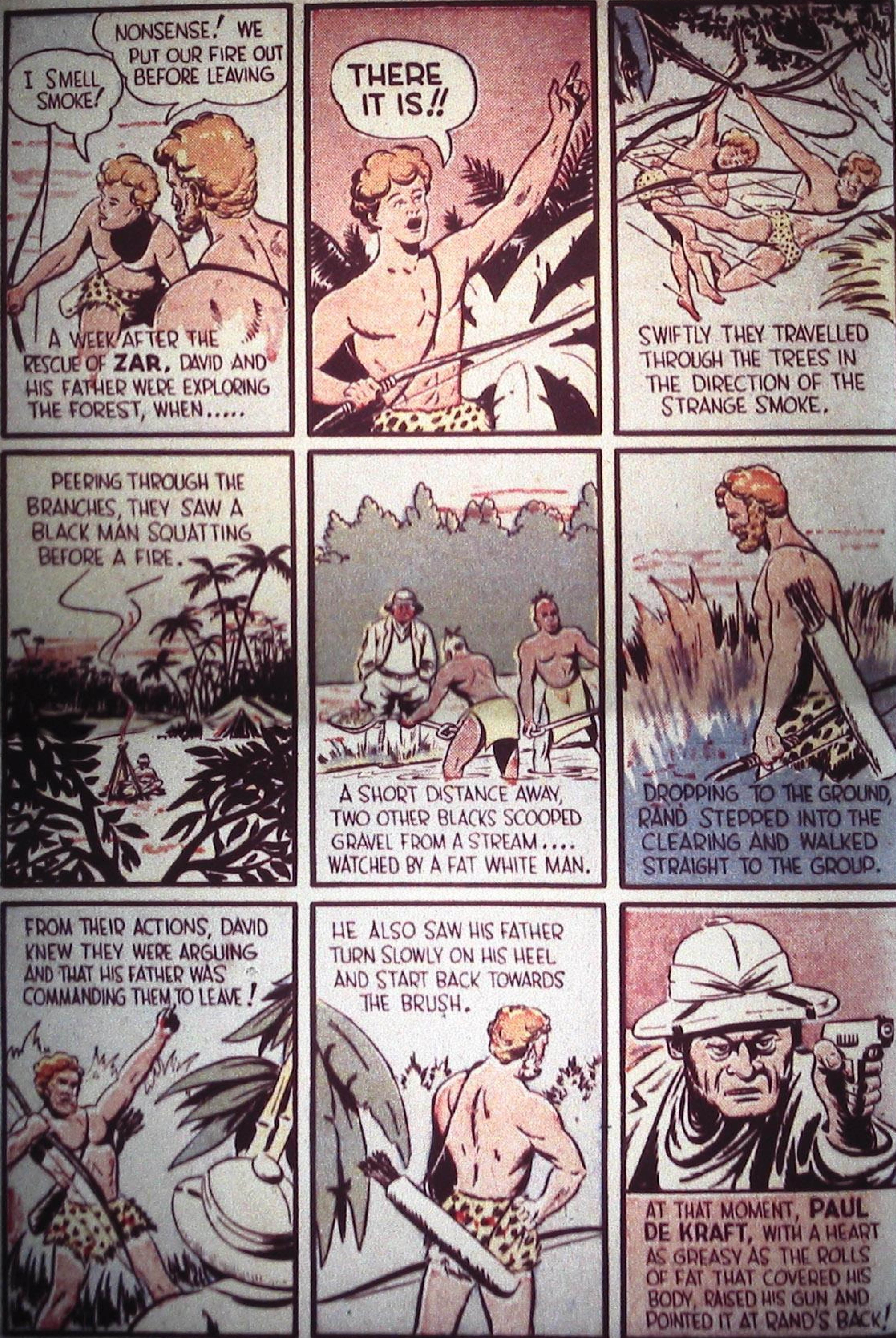

YOU HURT HIM... NOW HE WON'T COME BACK..
DAVID HAS NO FEAR OF JUNGLE ANIMALS–
STRANGE... HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE AFRAID OF ANY BEAST!!
RAND MARVELS AT THE BOY'S LACK OF INSTINCTIVE FEAR.
LATER, THE FATHER'S AUTOMATIC SAVES DAVID FROM AN EMERALD GREEN SNAKE! EVEN THEN, THE BOY MOURNS THE PASSING OF A FELLOW DENIZEN OF THE WILD!
BACK! DAVID...
DADDY– HE'S MY FRIEND!
JOHN RAND'S ANNOUNCEMENT THAT SEARCHING PLANES WOULD SOON FIND THEM DID NOT CHEER DAVID, UNHAPPY WITH THE THOUGHT OF HAVING TO LEAVE HIS NEW JUNGLE COMPANIONS.
DAYS FOLLOWED WITH NO SIGN OF RESCUE, DURING WHICH TIME RAND BUILT A SAFE AND COMFORTABLE DWELLING FOR HIS FAMILY OUT OF PARTS OF THE WRECKED PLANE. CONSTANCE RECOVERED RAPIDLY AND DAVID'S SKIN BRONZED UNTIL IN THE REMNANTS OF HIS TORN CLOTHING HE RESEMBLED A STURDY YOUNG SAVAGE!
JOHN! I HEAR A PLANE!
WATER AND FUEL WERE WITHIN EASY REACH AND THE PARENTS WERE BECOMING RECONCILED TO THE STRANGE ENVIRONMENT, WHEN--
I'LL LIGHT THE SIGNAL FIRE!
IN THE CLEARING, SMOKE ROLLS HIGH AS THE DRONE OF THE PLANE GROWS LOUDER.
RAND SPLASHES OUT INTO THE LAKE, AWAY FROM THE TOWERING TREES, AND WAVES A TARPAULIN.

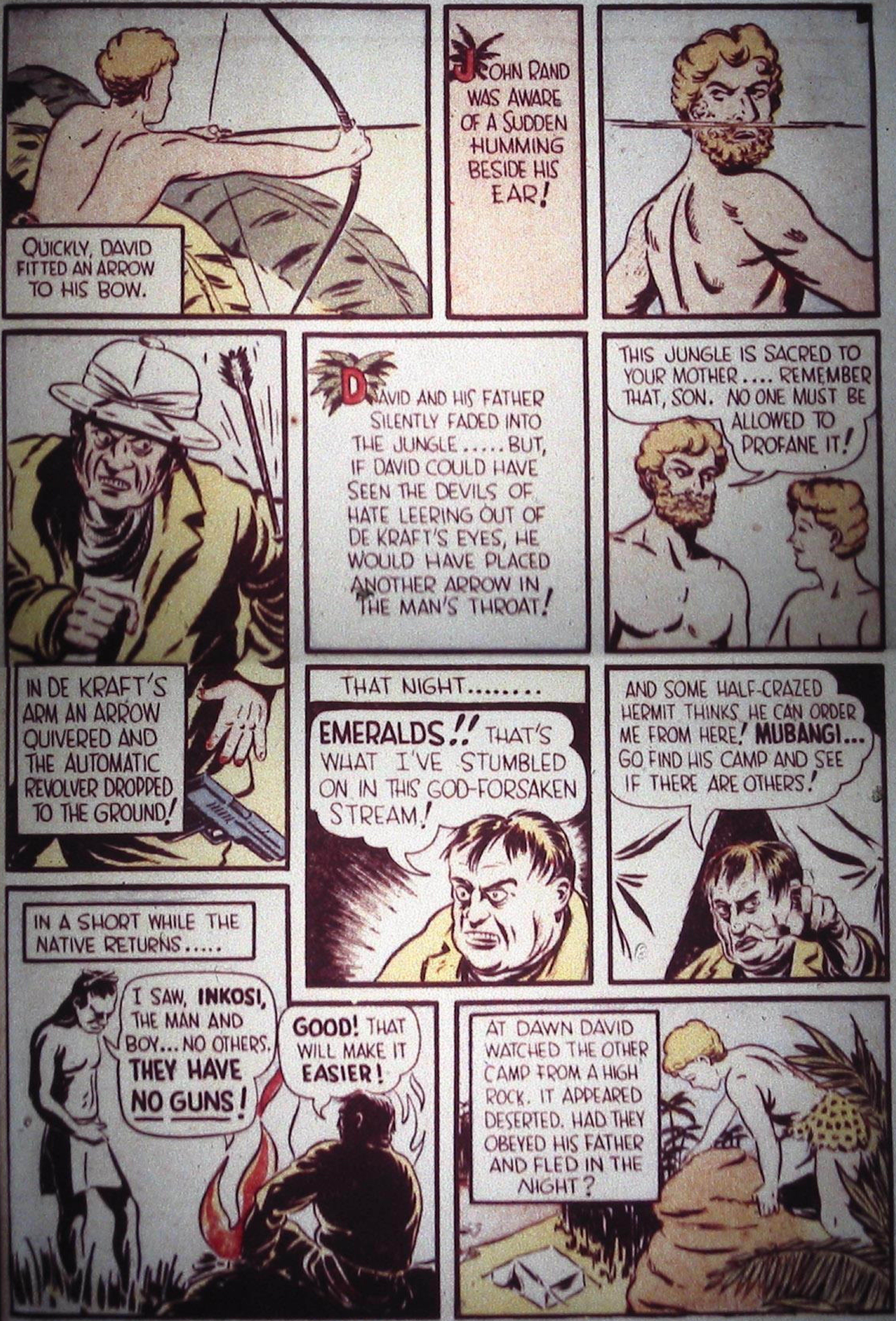

NOT A SIGN OF RAND OR HIS PLANE..... NO CHANCE OF FINDING THEM IN THIS JUNGLE!
TURNING, THE PILOT CIRCLES TO THE NORTH WITHOUT SEEING THE SMOKE!
WITH A SINKING FEELING, RAND AND HIS WIFE WATCH THE PLANE DISAPPEAR!
POOH! THIS IS A BUSY HIGHWAY... THERE'LL BE ANOTHER ALONG SOON!
TRUE, THE PLANE CAME AGAIN THE NEXT DAY....AND ONE THE DAY AFTER, BUT EACH TIME IT WAS FARTHER FROM THEIR LONELY CAMP, UNTIL FINALLY, THEY CAME NO MORE.
THE DAY CAME WHEN CONSTANCE LAY IN THE HUT, CONSUMED BY A RAGING FEVER!!
SOON SHE DIED FROM THE RAVAGES OF THE TROPICAL FEVER. RAND WAS HEART-BROKEN... MORBIDLY HE TOYED WITH THE IDEA OF ENDING IT ALL.....LIFE HELD NO MEANING FOR HIM.
HIS WIFE'S LAST WISH HAD BEEN THAT THE BOY MUST LIVE. THAT THOUGHT, THAT CONVICTION, BROUGHT RAND BACK TO HIS SENSES. IMMEDIATELY HE BEGAN MAKING PLANS TO TREK BACK TO CIVILIZATION.
DAVID KNEW WHERE THE SWEETEST FLOWERS GREW FOR HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.
THE HEAVY RAINS STOPPED AND RAND STUDIES THE MAP HE CARRIED IN THE AIRPLANE.
IT'S ABOUT 200 MILES TO THE NEAREST WHITE OUTPOST!
THAT EVENING, A TERRIBLE STORM LASHED THE JUNGLE.

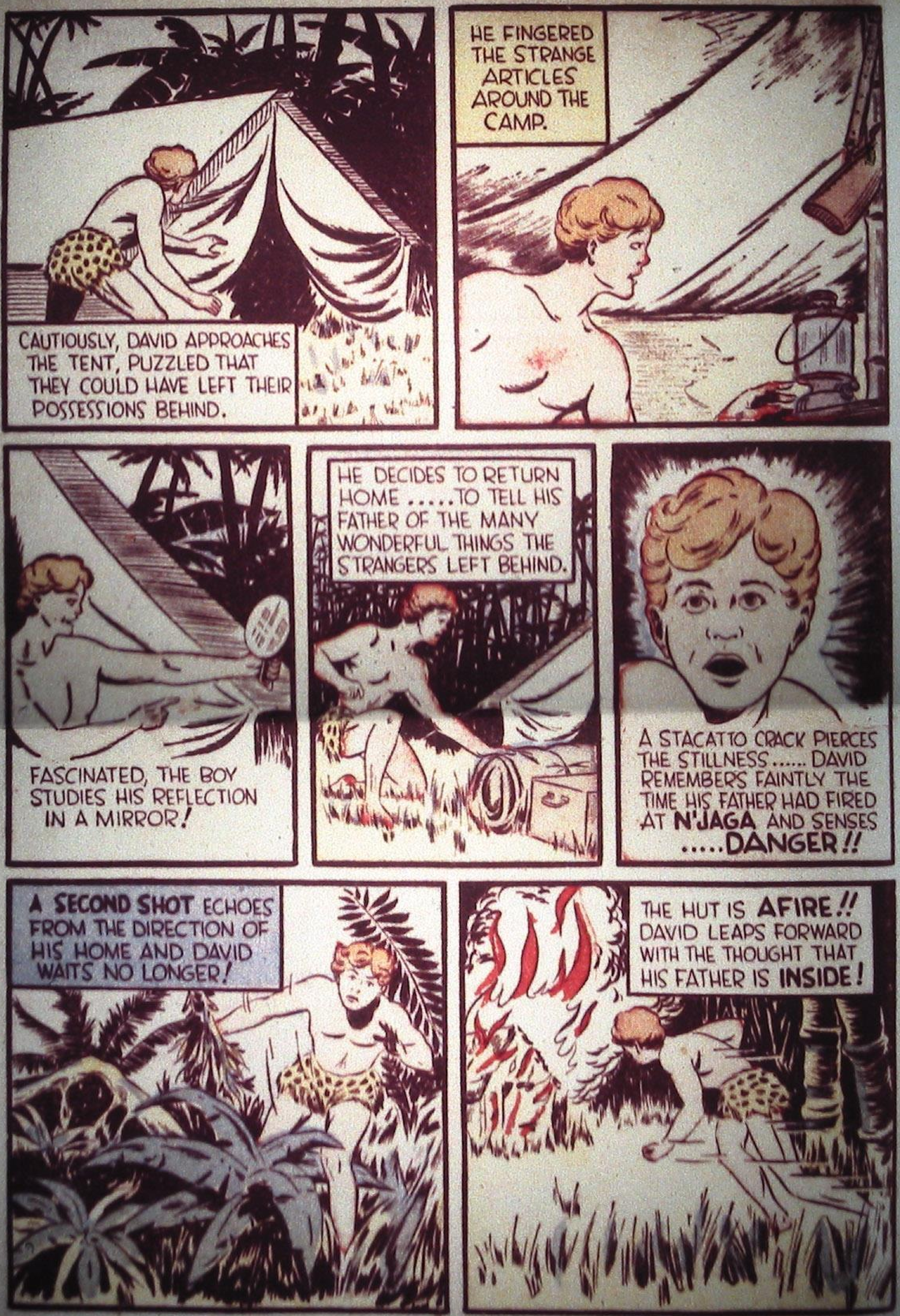

AS GIANT BAOBAB TREES PLUNGED AND FELL, RAND SWEPT YOUNG DAVID INTO HIS ARMS AND RAN FOR THE SHELTER OF A CAVE.
A SIZZLING BOLT OF LIGHTNING SENDS A MAMMOTH TREE CRASHING DOWN ON THEIR HEADS!
RAND THRUSTS THE LAD ASIDE AS THE FALLING BAOBAB SENDS HIM SPINNING!
DO WE STILL HAVE TO START HOME SOON?
HOME?
QUICKLY, THE STORM PASSED AND RAND WAS NEXT CONSCIOUS OF BEING LED BACK TO THE HUT!
WHY THIS IS HOME, SON... HERE IN THIS CLEARING WHERE YOUR MOTHER IS!
I'M GLAD
JOHN RAND NEVER RECOVERED MENTALLY FROM THE BLOW THAT THE FALLING TREE STRUCK HIM. THOUGH RATIONAL IN EVERY OTHER RESPECT, HE LABORED UNDER THE DELUSION THAT THE JUNGLE WAS HIS HOME!
TOGETHER HE AND DAVID SURVIVED.... AND THRIVED. HIS BEARD BECAME A LUXURIANT GROWTH THAT ZAR MIGHT HAVE ENVIED.
SOME LATENT IMPULSE HAD MADE JOHN RAND TEACH HIS SON TO READ AND WRITE .... BUT DAVID PREFERED PLAYING WITH HIS FRIENDS TO EVEN SUCH SIMPLE SCHOOLING.

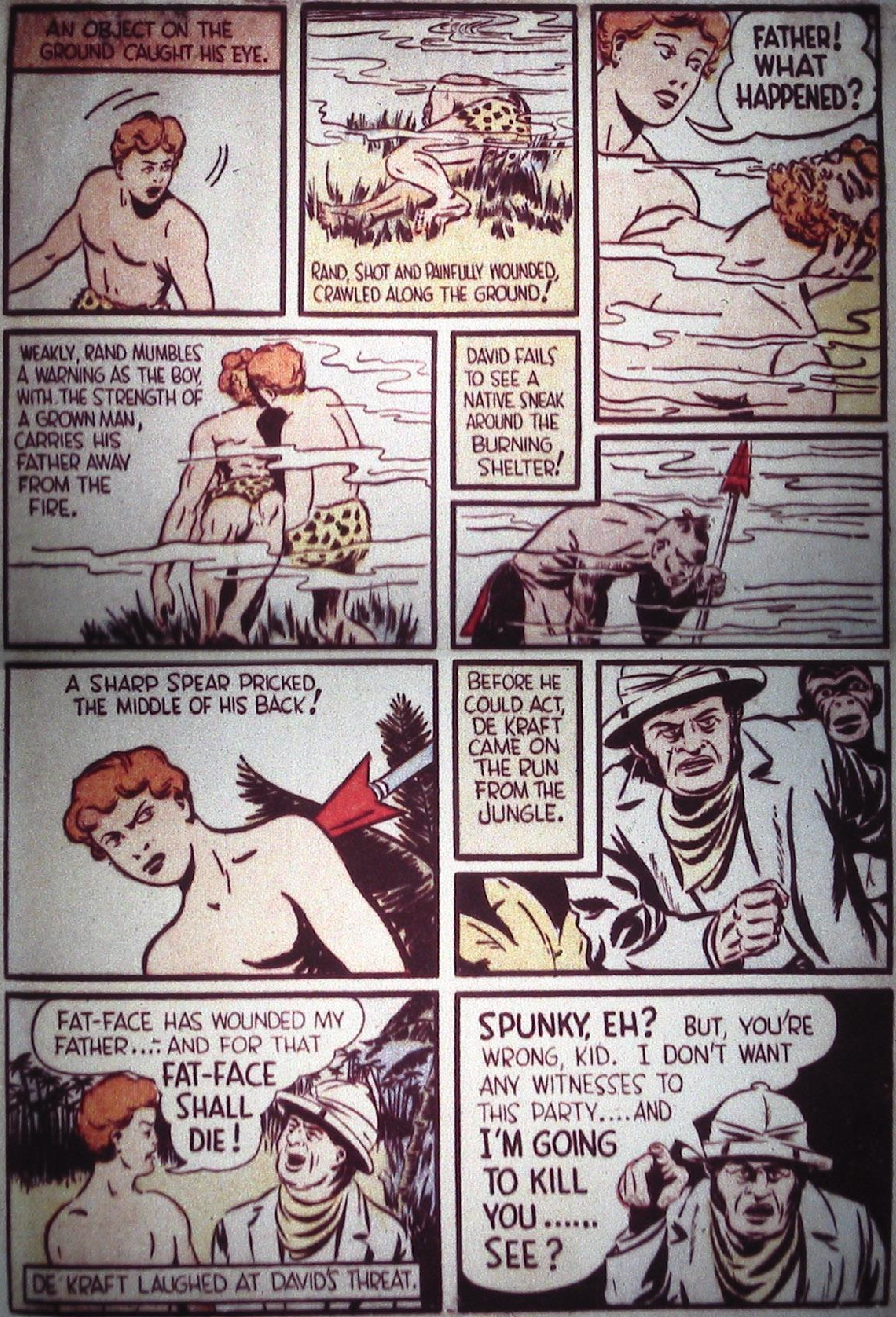

AS DAVID GREW OLDER HE LIKED TO ROAM THE FOREST. HE COULD SWIM LIKE NYASSA THE FISH, AND CLIMB TREES WITH ALL THE AGILITY OF NONO, THE MONKEY.
HE KNEW NOW WHY HIS FATHER HAD FIRED AT N'JAGA AND WHY HE KILLED THE GREEN SNAKE. HIS WAS THE CODE OF THE JUNGLE... KILL ONLY WHEN NECESSARY.
SOON HE LEARNED TO TALK TO THE ANIMALS WITH STRANGE GUTTURAL SOUNDS AND FROM THAT DAY HE LIVED A HAPPIER LIFE.
THE JUNGLE LAD MET QUOG, THE WILD PIG, AND STAYED THAT BEAST'S STARTLED FLIGHT WITH A FRIENDLY CALL.
WHILE SWIMMING IN THE LAKE, HE WAS IN TURN STARTLED BY A GREAT BEAST THAT ROSE FROM THE SHALLOWS ...WAL-LAH, THE HIPPOTAMUS.
HE HAD HIS FIRST VIEW OF TRAJAH AND LONGED TO RIDE ON THAT GREAT GRAY BACK!
THOUGH HE DID NOT KNOW IT, DAVID HAD ANOTHER COMPANION... ZAR KEPT PACE WITH HIM AS HE RACED THROUGH THE JUNGLE!
A FLOATING SPECK IN THE SKY BROUGHT HIS EYES UPWARD. HE WATCHED KRU, THE BUZZARD, DROP TOWARDS THE EARTH.

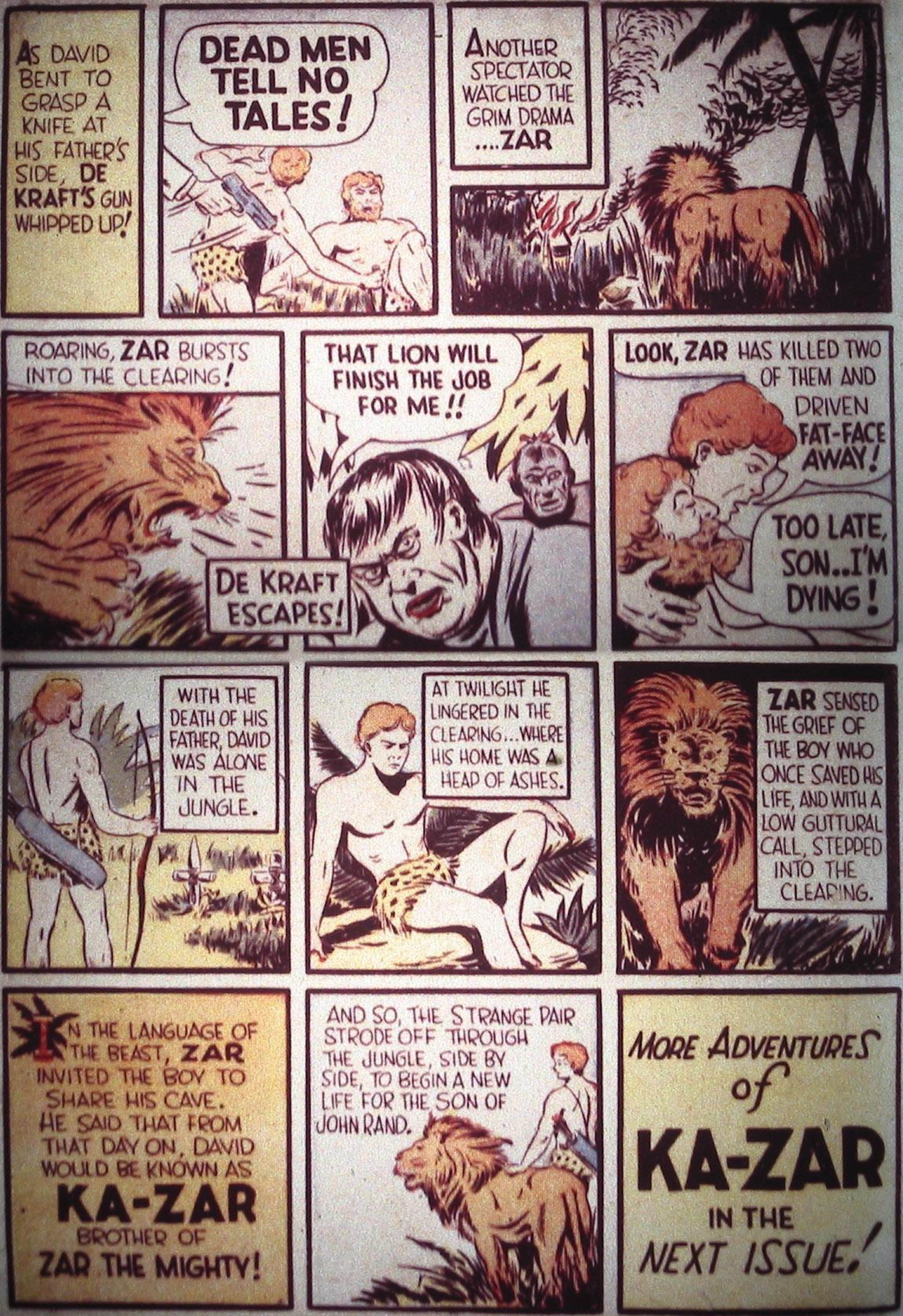

QUICKLY, DAVID RAN TO WHERE **KRU** PERCHED IN A TREE-TOP.
THE STILLNESS WAS RENT BY A BLOOD-CURDLING ROAR... THAT OF **ZAR**... AND WITH A NOTE OF **FEAR**!
FOR, THE WISE MONARCH OF THE JUNGLE HAD ERRED! HE HAD MADE A FATAL MISSTEP AND LAY **TRAPPED IN QUICKSAND!!**
ZAR WAS UP TO HIS HAUNCHES NOW AND COULD NOT HOPE TO GAIN SOLID GROUND.
DAVID COULD SEE THE HOPELESS LIGHT IN THE LION'S AMBER EYES AND COULD NOT RESIST THE FORLORN APPEAL.
DESPERATELY HE SEIZED FALLEN BRANCHES AND THRUST THEM TOWARD **ZAR...**
INCH BY INCH **ZAR** DREW HIS TIRING BODY ACROSS THE TANGLE OF BOUGHS UNTIL....
FOR A FEW MINUTES **ZAR** LAY PANTING IN THE TALL GRASS WHILE **SHA**, HIS MATE, NUZZLED CLOSE. **ZAR** SURVEYED THE MAN CUB AND THERE A STRANGE PACT OF TRUCE WAS MADE.
....AT LAST HE STOOD FREE OF THE CLINGING SANDS!


I SMELL SMOKE!
NONSENSE! WE PUT OUR FIRE OUT BEFORE LEAVING
A WEEK AFTER THE RESCUE OF **ZAR**, DAVID AND HIS FATHER WERE EXPLORING THE FOREST, WHEN.....
THERE IT IS!!
SWIFTLY THEY TRAVELLED THROUGH THE TREES IN THE DIRECTION OF THE STRANGE SMOKE.
PEERING THROUGH THE BRANCHES, THEY SAW A BLACK MAN SQUATTING BEFORE A FIRE.
A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, TWO OTHER BLACKS SCOOPED GRAVEL FROM A STREAM.... WATCHED BY A FAT WHITE MAN.
DROPPING TO THE GROUND, RAND STEPPED INTO THE CLEARING AND WALKED STRAIGHT TO THE GROUP.
FROM THEIR ACTIONS, DAVID KNEW THEY WERE ARGUING AND THAT HIS FATHER WAS COMMANDING THEM TO LEAVE!
HE ALSO SAW HIS FATHER TURN SLOWLY ON HIS HEEL AND START BACK TOWARDS THE BRUSH.
AT THAT MOMENT, **PAUL DE KRAFT**, WITH A HEART AS GREASY AS THE ROLLS OF FAT THAT COVERED HIS BODY, RAISED HIS GUN AND POINTED IT AT RAND'S BACK!


QUICKLY, DAVID FITTED AN ARROW TO HIS BOW.
JOHN RAND WAS AWARE OF A SUDDEN HUMMING BESIDE HIS EAR!
IN DE KRAFT'S ARM AN ARROW QUIVERED AND THE AUTOMATIC REVOLVER DROPPED TO THE GROUND!
DAVID AND HIS FATHER SILENTLY FADED INTO THE JUNGLE..... BUT, IF DAVID COULD HAVE SEEN THE DEVILS OF HATE LEERING OUT OF DE KRAFT'S EYES, HE WOULD HAVE PLACED ANOTHER ARROW IN THE MAN'S THROAT!
THIS JUNGLE IS SACRED TO YOUR MOTHER.... REMEMBER THAT, SON. NO ONE MUST BE ALLOWED TO PROFANE IT!
THAT NIGHT........
EMERALDS!! THAT'S WHAT I'VE STUMBLED ON IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN STREAM!
AND SOME HALF-CRAZED HERMIT THINKS HE CAN ORDER ME FROM HERE! MUBANGI... GO FIND HIS CAMP AND SEE IF THERE ARE OTHERS!
IN A SHORT WHILE THE NATIVE RETURNS.....
I SAW, INKOSI, THE MAN AND BOY... NO OTHERS. THEY HAVE NO GUNS!
GOOD! THAT WILL MAKE IT EASIER!
AT DAWN DAVID WATCHED THE OTHER CAMP FROM A HIGH ROCK. IT APPEARED DESERTED. HAD THEY OBEYED HIS FATHER AND FLED IN THE NIGHT?


CAUTIOUSLY, DAVID APPROACHES THE TENT, PUZZLED THAT THEY COULD HAVE LEFT THEIR POSSESSIONS BEHIND.
HE FINGERED THE STRANGE ARTICLES AROUND THE CAMP.
FASCINATED, THE BOY STUDIES HIS REFLECTION IN A MIRROR!
HE DECIDES TO RETURN HOME .....TO TELL HIS FATHER OF THE MANY WONDERFUL THINGS THE STRANGERS LEFT BEHIND.
A STACATTO CRACK PIERCES THE STILLNESS...... DAVID REMEMBERS FAINTLY THE TIME HIS FATHER HAD FIRED AT N'JAGA AND SENSES .....DANGER!!
A SECOND SHOT ECHOES FROM THE DIRECTION OF HIS HOME AND DAVID WAITS NO LONGER!
THE HUT IS AFIRE!! DAVID LEAPS FORWARD WITH THE THOUGHT THAT HIS FATHER IS INSIDE!


AN OBJECT ON THE GROUND CAUGHT HIS EYE.
RAND, SHOT AND PAINFULLY WOUNDED, CRAWLED ALONG THE GROUND!
FATHER! WHAT HAPPENED?
WEAKLY, RAND MUMBLES A WARNING AS THE BOY, WITH THE STRENGTH OF A GROWN MAN, CARRIES HIS FATHER AWAY FROM THE FIRE.
DAVID FAILS TO SEE A NATIVE SNEAK AROUND THE BURNING SHELTER!
A SHARP SPEAR PRICKED THE MIDDLE OF HIS BACK!
BEFORE HE COULD ACT, DE KRAFT CAME ON THE RUN FROM THE JUNGLE.
FAT-FACE HAS WOUNDED MY FATHER...AND FOR THAT FAT-FACE SHALL DIE!
DE KRAFT LAUGHED AT DAVID'S THREAT.
SPUNKY, EH? BUT, YOU'RE WRONG, KID. I DON'T WANT ANY WITNESSES TO THIS PARTY....AND I'M GOING TO KILL YOU...... SEE?


AS DAVID BENT TO GRASP A KNIFE AT HIS FATHER'S SIDE, **DE KRAFT'S** GUN WHIPPED UP!
DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES!
ANOTHER SPECTATOR WATCHED THE GRIM DRAMA ....**ZAR**
ROARING, **ZAR** BURSTS INTO THE CLEARING!
THAT LION WILL FINISH THE JOB FOR ME!!
DE KRAFT ESCAPES!
LOOK, ZAR HAS KILLED TWO OF THEM AND DRIVEN **FAT-FACE** AWAY!
TOO LATE, SON..I'M DYING!
WITH THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER, DAVID WAS ALONE IN THE JUNGLE.
AT TWILIGHT HE LINGERED IN THE CLEARING...WHERE HIS HOME WAS A HEAP OF ASHES.
ZAR SENSED THE GRIEF OF THE BOY WHO ONCE SAVED HIS LIFE, AND WITH A LOW GUTTURAL CALL, STEPPED INTO THE CLEARING.
IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE BEAST, **ZAR** INVITED THE BOY TO SHARE HIS CAVE. HE SAID THAT FROM THAT DAY ON, DAVID WOULD BE KNOWN AS **KA-ZAR** BROTHER OF **ZAR THE MIGHTY!**
AND SO, THE STRANGE PAIR STRODE OFF THROUGH THE JUNGLE, SIDE BY SIDE, TO BEGIN A NEW LIFE FOR THE SON OF JOHN RAND.
MORE ADVENTURES of **KA-ZAR** IN THE *NEXT ISSUE!*

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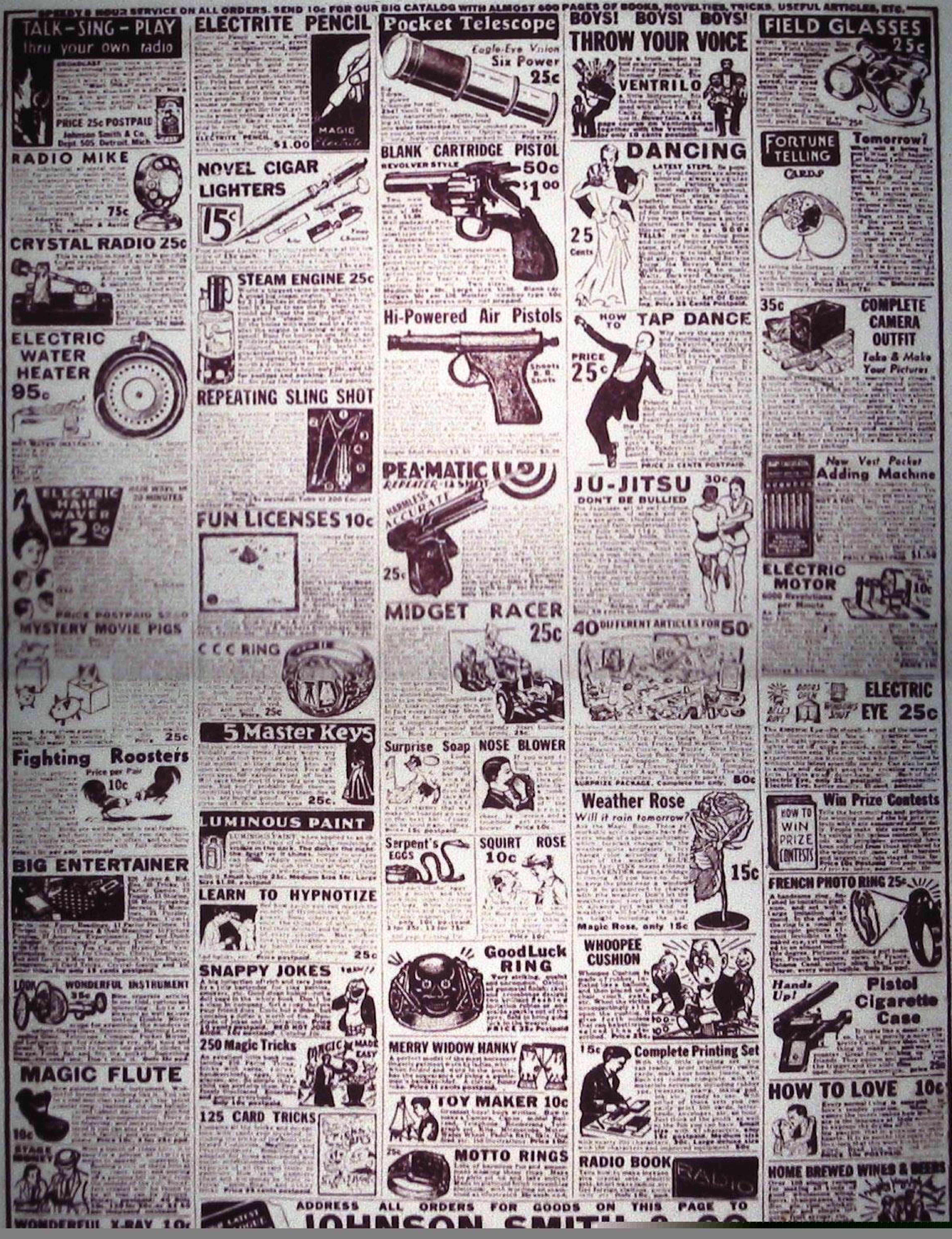

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